

# **A DIARY AROUND THE WORLD**

**30 COUNTRIES**

**160 PLACES**

**37,460 MILES**

**EXPENSE \$555**

**BY**

**C. B. STRUTHERS**

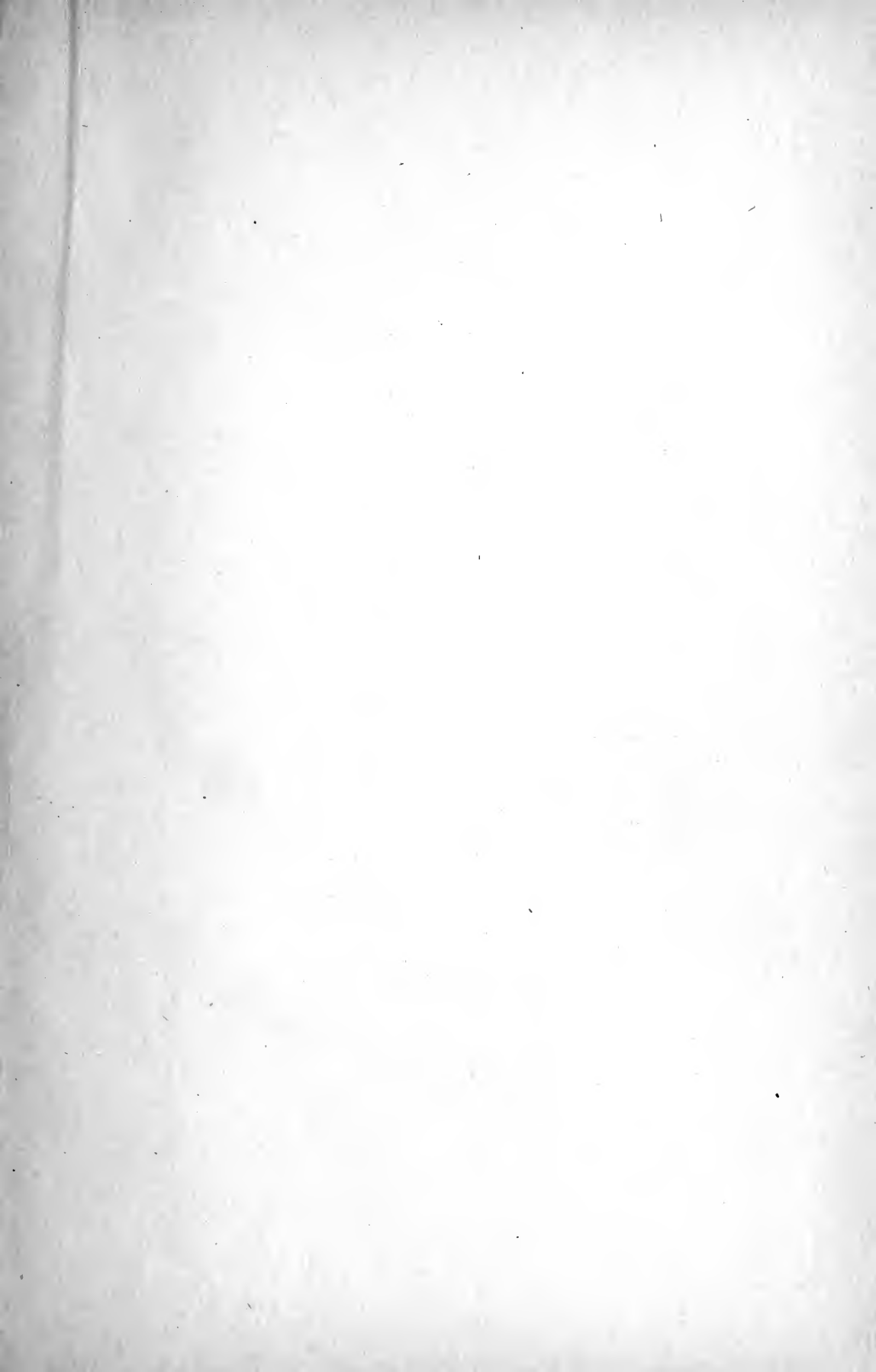


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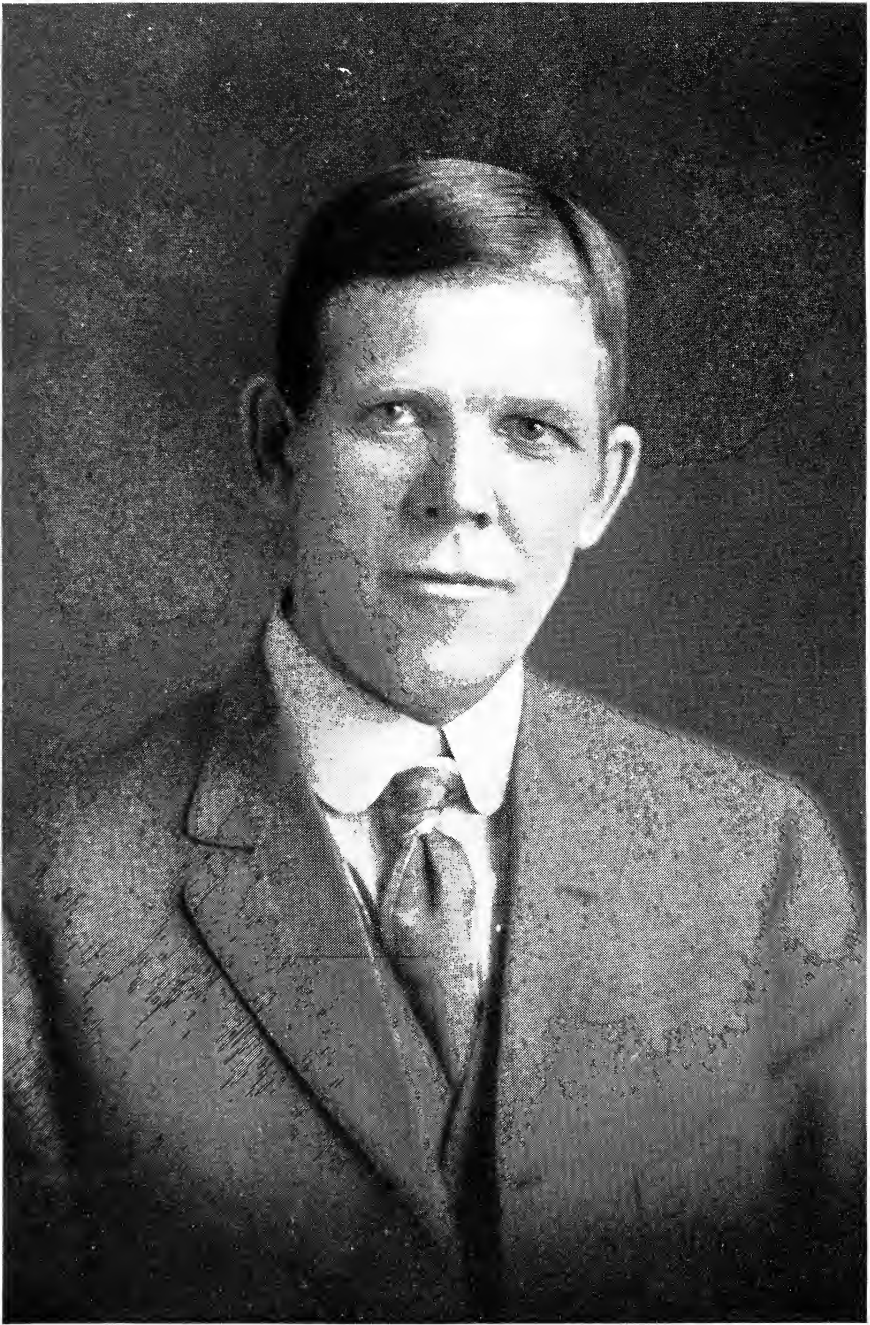
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*Yours truly*  
*C. B. Sturthers*

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BY

C. B. STRUTHERS  
"



1914

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## INTRODUCTION

THE following is the diary of a world trip in which the writer visited 30 countries, 161 cities and towns, traveled 22,534 miles by water and 14,926 miles by land. Spent the time from April 11, 1912, to May 2, 1913, on the trip and only spent \$555. This sum paid for everything with the exception of about twenty-five meals and a half a dozen lodgings. This means that I paid out good, hard money for every mile traveled for board, lodging, fees for museums, churches, etc.; post cards, stamps and clothes.

The countries I saw more or less of were: United States, Ireland, Scotland, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Norway, England, Wales, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Germany, Bohemia, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Palestine, Arabia, India, Island of Ceylon, Straits Settlements, Philippines, China, Japan and Hawaii.

The towns and cities visited were: Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Washington, Alexandria, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Jersey City and Brooklyn in the United States; Queenstown, Cork, Blarney, Mallow, Killarney, Waterford, Enniscorthy, Dublin, Lucan, Leixlip, Maynooth, Athlone, Galway, Sligo, Manorhamilton, Londonderry, Ballymena and Belfast in Ireland; Ayr, Paisley, Glasgow, Dunoon, Bannockburn, Stirling, Perth, Scone, Inverness, Aberdeen, Montrose, Arbroath, Dundee, Edinburgh, Leith, Galashiels and Abbotsford in Scotland; Copenhagen and Balerup in Denmark; Helsingborg, Halmstad, Astorp and Stockholm in Sweden; St. Petersburg, Russia; Helsingfors and Hango, Finland; Christiansand and Christiania, Norway; Hull, Leeds, Bradford, Liverpool, Douglas, Isle of Man, Manchester, Sheffield, Ilkeston, Nottingham, Birmingham, Stratford-on-Avon, Bristol, Bath, Swindon, Oxford, Greenwich and London in England; Cardiff and Llandaff in Wales; Rotterdam, The Hague, Scheveningen, Amsterdam, Zaandam, Haarlem and Leyden in Holland;

## INTRODUCTION

Antwerp, Ghent, Brussels and Waterloo in Belgium; Paris, Dijon, Dole, Mouchard and Pontalier in France; Berne, Lucerne, Zurich and Basle in Switzerland; Strassburg, Karlsruhe, Heidelberg, Darmstadt, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Mayence, Bingen, Coblenz, Cologne, Dusseldorf, Essen, Bremen, Hamburg, Berlin, Potsdam, Leipsic and Dresden in Germany; Prague, Bohemia; Vienna and Trieste, Austria. Just went across a small corner of Hungary. Venice, Milan, Bologna, Florence, Rome; Naples, Pompeii and Brindisi, Italy; Corfu, Patras, Piræus and Athens, Greece; Alexandria, Cairo, Port Said, and Suez, Egypt; Jaffa, Bethlehem, Bethany and Jerusalem, Palestine; Aden, Arabia; Bombay, Delhi, Lucknow, Calcutta, Madras and Tuticorin in India; Colombo, Ceylon; Penang and Singapore, Straits Settlements; Ilo Ilo and Manila, Philippines; Hongkong, Kowloon, Canton and Shanghai, China; Nagasaki, Kobe, Yokohama and Tokio, Japan; Honolulu, Hawaii; San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Burbank and Chicago in the United States.

Anyone who reads the full account of the trip will have some idea of how I was enabled to make such a wonderful trip on such a small amount of money.

C. B. STRUTHERS.



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# SUMMARY OF COST

OF

ENTIRE TRIP COVERING

37,460 MILES

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Transportation on land, 14,926 miles.....	\$181.46
Transportation on water, 22,534 miles .....	225.22
Entrance Fees—Museums, Art Galleries, etc..	27.35
For Food .....	47.28
For Lodging .....	39.64
Clothing, Laundry, Barber, etc.....	17.80
Postage .....	7.32
Post Cards .....	5.16
Loss—Changing Money.....	3.77
Total .....	<u>\$555.00</u>

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A detailed list of the Transportation Cost, showing the Railroad and Boat rates between all points visited, appears on pages 414, 415 and 416.



## A DIARY

# AROUND THE WORLD

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APRIL 11, 1912. Left Detroit at 7:30 a. m. and arrived in Cleveland at 2 p. m.; hustled out and saw a ball game. It was a fine scientific game; ran 11 innings and only one two-bagger made. Poor Cobb never made a hit, although he brought in one of the runs for Detroit. Score was 3 to 2 in favor of Cleveland. Had supper with an old Chatham friend and helped him and another man take up and relay in another house a large amount of linoleum. This was fine exercise, especially as I was tired already. Left at 11:30 for Pittsburgh.

APRIL 12. Arrived in Pittsburgh at 5:30. Had breakfast and wandered around the city until 9:30, then left for Washington, arriving at 7:15. This was certainly a beautiful ride—such grand scenery, mostly mountains. The principal cities passed were: Alleghany, Harrisburg and Baltimore. I certainly enjoyed this day as well as a thumping headache would let me. I would not care to pay much per acre for the land, especially if I expected to use it for agricultural purposes. On my arrival in Washington, I had supper and hustled out to find a room.

APRIL 13. Arose at 8. After breakfast hunted up the capitol, went through, looking at all the great pictures and paintings, statues, etc. Saw Congressman Doremus and got cards of admission to both houses. Heard two great speeches by Representative Mann of Illinois, and Senator Cummins of Iowa. Afterwards went through the Congressional library. Wonderful rare volumes of the first books printed. Two building maps of the city, first maps made of the world. Afterwards wandered around town until bedtime. Took a walk up to the Washington museum.

APRIL 14. Arose at 8. After breakfast walked around until I located a church, and heard a very good sermon, then went out to Arlington cemetery and Fort Meyer. Went through the house belonging to C. W. Custis, grandson of Martha Washington. Went to Epworth League and to church and then to bed. This is a description of room and furniture: About 18 foot square by 12 foot high, grand massive bedstead, two beautifully upholstered settees, one chair, one large marble chiffonier, one ditto bureau, one magnificent gold trimmed pier glass, one stool and one marble topped table. For all this elegance I paid the large sum of fifty cents.

APRIL 15. Arose at 7. After breakfast viewed the treasury, army, navy and state buildings, Corcoran museum; went through White House grounds and then went to Mount Vernon where I went through the house and grounds and visited the tomb. It was an ideal day. Saw the old church in Alexandria that Washington attended at one time. Came back to the city and went to the top of Washington's monument. Wrote a card while 500 feet in the air and sent to a Detroit friend. Left for Baltimore at 4 o'clock. Arrived at 5. Had supper of fried shad—never again. Wandered around the city until 9. Great excitement on account of loss of Titanic.

APRIL 16. Arose at 6:30. Breakfast of fried oysters—no more. Left at 8 for Philadelphia. Arrived at 10:30. Stayed until 1:30. Saw Federal Hall and other points of interest.

Left at 1:30 for New York by street car, ferry and underground. Having plenty of time was looking for a slow ride and certainly got it. Did not arrive in New York until 11:30. Rode on six different cars and nearly wore out my pocket digging down for nickels, as the fare was taken up so often on each car. I had a fine opportunity to see something of the country and a number of towns on the way.

APRIL 17. Went to steamship office. It starting to rain I made my way back to the hotel; stayed there all day. It



rained and then rained, and rained some more. This great hotel is a wonderful place; had 1600 rooms. On the main floor there are four great rooms besides the main lobby. Right now while I am writing this there must be at least a thousand men scattered about these rooms.

APRIL 18. Arose at 8; after breakfast traveled down Broadway and Fifth avenue for miles. Rubbed at dozens of noted buildings, called on Mr. Guernsey, a friend of a Detroit acquaintance of mine. Went into dozens of ticket offices seeking information, and finally found that I could get away on Saturday. Was in White Star offices and heard numbers of people inquiring for friends. The papers were full and there was nothing talked about but the Titanic disaster.

APRIL 19. After breakfast read until 10 about the arrival of the Carpathia with the Titanic survivors. Started out and walked 8 or 10 miles; was in ticket offices and had a look at the California. Had some thoughts of booking on her for Londonderry, but she did not look good to me. Held down the hotel all afternoon reading and took a short walk after supper and then went to bed.

APRIL 20. After breakfast read until noon; had dinner and took a long walk. Found the library and stayed there till 5 looking over atlases and reading. Went back to hotel, read a while and then got into conversation with a man about the West. Kept this up until supper time; took a short walk and then went to bed.

APRIL 21. After breakfast took a long walk down to the dock and located an old-fashioned Methodist Church, attending class and regular church services. In the afternoon attended a great memorial mass meeting for the Titanic dead. W. J. Bryan was among the many speakers. I walked four miles to attend a meeting at the Jerry McCauly Mission on Water street and found they were just dedicating a beautiful new building. Had a splendid time and did not get home till 11.

APRIL 22. After breakfast, with the exception of two short walks, stayed in the hotel all day as it was raining quite hard. Read the papers until noon and in afternoon and evening read a couple of favorite books.

APRIL 23. After breakfast walked to Public Library and stayed until noon. In the afternoon went to Mill's Hotel, No. 3, and wrote for a couple of hours, then booked my passage on the Celtic. On the way up, about 4 o'clock, I was taken with a severe pain in my left lung, which continued until 12, when I finally got relief.

APRIL 24. Arose at 8. After breakfast went to library and read until noon. In the afternoon walked down Broadway to the postoffice, then went to Wall street to the subtreaury and then visited the stock exchange, afterward going to the White Star offices and stayed there for some time looking over time-tables. Then went through the Aquarium in the Old Castle Garden, afterwards to the library, reading until supper time, then a short walk and to bed.

APRIL 25. Arose at 6. After breakfast took a car for White Star docks and sailed at noon. Stayed on deck all afternoon—it was simply grand. Watched the sun go down and then went below and listened to music until bedtime. A survivor of the Titanic's crew was one of the performers on the piano. There were four in the same room with me—one of whom was a Baptist minister.

APRIL 26. Arose at 7. After breakfast wrote in my diary on the upper deck for a while, and then read or listened to music until noon. After noon divided time between reading and listening to music and promenading deck. After supper, more music.

APRIL 27. After breakfast—the boat had been rolling quite badly all night—was taken very sick and went to bed and stayed there. One of my roommates kept me company after dinner.

APRIL 28. Stayed in bunk all day. Roommate still with me. One of our bunkies, a parson, was in a number of times to see if he could do anything for us. My comrade in distress and I talked most of the time.

APRIL 29. In bed all day and felt very miserable.

APRIL 30. Got up and went in to breakfast and ate a little dry oatmeal. In the afternoon had some sports, consisting of about a dozen events, the women only taking part. Everything went off fine and in the evening had a fine concert and the prizes for the sports were distributed at that time.

MAY 1. Breakfasted on a small quantity of dry oatmeal, and read and talked until noon. Thought I would go in and see what they had for dinner. Would have had a strong inclination to jump overboard if I had not done so, as I found, to my joyful surprise, that on the menu there was a luxury, which I had been especially craving—beans. Although not feeling up to the mark as yet, I made out a fairly decent dinner, and in the afternoon was sitting on the lower deck talking to a couple of ladies. One bright young fellow on the upper deck tried to lasso me. This led to some scuffling and finally some one captured the rope and there was all kinds of fun until supper time. In the evening some more music. Quite foggy part of the day.

MAY 2. Feeling all O. K. again, read and talked until noon. In the afternoon watched boys and girls skip with a rope and then we had a few exhibitions of boxing and wrestling. After tea, had a grand concert, which was fine, not breaking up until 10:30. The two Titanic survivors of the crew on board—Lee and Hinchin—took part, one of my roommates, Rev. Short, acting as chairman.

MAY 3. After breakfast talked, read and watched games until noon. Saw land at 12:30. Put in the afternoon watching land and our boat met the Cedric, a sister vessel, going out from Queenstown. Arrived outside of

Queenstown at 7:30. Was taken in about five miles on a tender, waited around a couple of hours, while the customs officers were going through the trunks, then went with about thirty others to a hotel. This bunch were Irish, going back to the old sod and they raised such a racket that night that I got no sleep.

MAY 4. I arose at 5:30. After breakfast walked around the town, visited a great cathedral, and left for Cork at 8 o'clock. Traveled around town until 1 when I went to Blarney, afterwards going to Killarney; spent a few very pleasant hours walking out to the lake and around the grounds of Lord Kinmare. Took special notice of the thatched houses of the town, and also the donkeys. It is a comical sight to see men, women and children running these modern auto-trucks, viz., donkeys, hitched to a small two-wheeled cart. It was a very beautiful country all the way from Queenstown to Killarney.

MAY 5. Wandered around the town watching the donkey carriages bringing the people to church. At 10 left for Mallow, arrived at 11:30. On the way had a fine talk with a man from Australia. At 12 attended a Presbyterian Church; after service was invited into the house by the minister; had lunch and enjoyed three hours of solid conversation.

At 4 left for Waterford, arriving at 7. Went to a Methodist Church and afterward walked around the town until bedtime. Saw an ice cream sandwich car for the first time since leaving New York.

MAY 6. Took a walk along the quay and stood a while watching the men unloading coal from a ship. At 9:15 entrained for Enniscorthy, arriving at 10:30; went through a cream and oleo factory.

After dinner walked four miles into the country to call on people, the parents of a man I had worked with in Detroit. Stopped a couple of hours, and saw for the first time the interior of a real old-fashioned Irish cabin—two small rooms, fireplace, dirt floor and thatched roof.

In walking back to town got caught in a shower. Saw a stove for the first time at noon. It was a very small affair and fitted inside the fireplace. Also saw a Massey Harris sign. At 5 started for Dublin, passing through the noted towns of Arklow, Wicklow and Newross. The scenery between Waterford and Dublin was very wild and picturesque; passed through a dozen tunnels and innumerable deep cuts. The railway line runs close to the ocean; part of the time it was almost on a level with the water and the balance of the way along the cliffs.

At 7:30 arrived in Dublin and after hunting up a place to stay I wandered around the town until 9:30. From what little I have seen of the city it appears more modern and up-to-date than Cork.

MAY 7. After breakfast took a long walk around Sackville street. This is a splendid thoroughfare, somewhat wider than Woodward avenue in Detroit.

In the center of the street are three great monuments a few blocks apart—Parnell's, O'Connell's and Lord Nelson's. The last is a gigantic tower more than 200 feet high. I located the Y. M. C. A.

I spent the rest of the morning and most of the afternoon looking up time-tables and reading. After an early supper strolled out for a couple of hours and saw a number of old churches. At 8 attended an illustrated lecture at the Y. M. C. A. This was given by a missionary from the Hudson Bay country.

MAY 8. Spent the forenoon at the Y. M. C. A., writing, reading and looking over time-tables. Afternoon strolled around for a while and saw a number of noted places, viz., Bank of Ireland, Sherbourne Hotel, Trinity College and the New Technical Institute.

Strolled through St. Stevens' Park and then visited the National Library and Museum, spending a most interesting couple of hours here. They have a grand collection of iron antiquities.

After supper took a long walk and then attended a service at the Methodist Church, afterward having a short talk

with the minister. Today saw an auto-truck for the first time in this country.

MAY 9. After breakfast strolled a while, then went to the Y. M. C. A., read and wrote for a couple of hours. After this I took a ride out to Phoenix Park, strolled through the grounds, visited Wellington's (the Lord Lieutenant's) palace. Had a long talk with the policeman standing here. Then came back to the polo ground and watched the game played. Although I had read considerable about the game this was the first one I had ever seen.

It is a very interesting, although decidedly dangerous, game. I then came back to the city, had supper, read for a while, then strolled about Sackville street, rubbing at the crowd till bedtime.

MAY 10. After breakfast had a long walk, and then went to the Y. M. C. A. and wrote till noon. In the afternoon spent most of the time walking along the quay and watching the loading and unloading of boats. In the evening read a little and then went out and inspected Dublin after dark.

MAY 11. After breakfast packed my suit case and then went to the Y. M. C. A., leaving the suit case in care of secretary. Gave him one of my books, started out and walked to Maynooth, a distance of fifteen miles. At this point concluded that I had enough for my purpose and boarded the train for Athlone, sixty-three miles farther on.

This walk was certainly a new experience, a macadamized road, either hedge or wall on either side. I passed through the villages of Lucan and Leixlip, but it was one continual village all the way. Beautiful is the only word I can use to express the scenery. At Leixlip I crossed the Liffey. I passed three steam rollers which were pressing the road. At Maynooth there is a small canal and I had the pleasure of seeing two boats pass each other here.

This town is the seat of a great Catholic college. There are also four splendid ruins supposed to have been an old castle. The duke of Leinster also has his country seat here,



a grand old mansion. The country between Maynooth and Athlone is considerably broken and more given over to stock. There is quite a lot of peat bog land, too. The country between Athlone and Galway is very much the same. Arrived at Galway at 9, watched the Saturday night crowd for a while and then turned in. In my room was an old-fashioned electric light, viz., a candle. There were a Scotchman and a German in the same compartment of the train, the first persons that were not Irish that I had seen since I landed. At Athlone we crossed the Shannon, the largest river in Ireland.

MAY 12. After breakfast walked around the town until 11:30; attended church. After dinner went out along the bay for a couple of miles. Came back another way and kept strolling about till 4, then called on the minister of the church; attended in the morning and stayed until time for evening service. Had a splendid conversation with both the minister and his wife.

MAY 13. After breakfast entrained for Sligo at 9:40. Arrived at 2. Had something to eat and walked around town till 4, when I started for Manorhamilton. Arrived at 5:15. I hunted up people whose address had been given me in Detroit only to find that the man of the house had just left for Dublin. Had tea with his wife and then walked out into the country five miles to the residence of a young lady whom I knew in Detroit.

I just had the man's name, not thinking of there being more of the same name, and must have traveled several miles out of my way before I finally located the right party. It was 9 o'clock before I found the place. They were just preparing for bed and I cannot put down in cold writing the heartiness of the welcome I received. I could not have been more sincerely welcomed if I had been a half a dozen prodigal sons. We sat up in front of the turf fire and talked until after 12.

The country between Galway and Sligo was very poor, a miserable, stony, desolate looking country. I noticed a

great number of people digging turf along the way. Sligo is a very pretty place, situated as it is on an inlet of the sea.

MAY 14. Took a walk to one of the neighbors; on going back sat down and talked to Mr. Rutherford till noon. After dinner I watched him take a piece of oak timber like a cordwood stick and manufacture this into what he called a butt, but what in Detroit would be called a butter firkin. This was interesting to me as I had never seen anything of the kind before. After supper we gathered around the old fireplace once more and talked till midnight.

MAY 15. After breakfast I talked to the mother and daughter till 10, then the boy of the family and I took a long walk down around a beautiful little lake. After dinner I divided my time between the house and small building where Mr. Rutherford was building, and also took a short walk after supper. As I intended to leave in the morning we kept up the talking game until after 12. It certainly looked homelike sitting around that old fireplace watching the turf burning. I do not wonder that Irish people in America get homesick for the old sod.

MAY 16. After breakfast I had one last talk with everybody and then after almost tearful good-byes, left at 10 for the town; got caught in a heavy shower, but luckily having an umbrella did not get very wet. Bought a post card in the town and posted it to Miss Rutherford at 11. Entrained for Londonderry, eighty-five miles away. Arrived at 3; strolled around the town, was in the Y. M. C. A. for a while. At 8 attended a Salvation Army meeting. I do not know when I have felt so homesick. I have not felt so bad at leaving folks in ten years as I do now, after leaving Rutherfords. I shall remember the kindness of these people as long as I live.

MAY 17. After breakfast, strolled along the quay and streets till 11. St. Eugene Cathedral is one of the fine churches. I stood and watched men unloading grain from

a vessel for some time. Just before taking a train watched a company of soldiers marching, headed by a man with bagpipes. Broke journey at Ballymena; strolled around town for a couple of hours; was in the Y. M. C. A. for a while and then entrained for Belfast. Arrived at 6. Had something to eat then walked around town till 8. Went to the Y. M. C. A. hall and listened to a great crowd of girls and boys practicing singing for the 24th of May, "Empire Day" they call it here. The country between Derry and Belfast is the best appearing and most prosperous looking I have seen in Ireland. Part of it puts me in mind of the country between Stratford and Toronto in Ontario.

MAY 18. After breakfast strolled down along the docks until 12. Saw boats loading and unloading and ship building operations carried on. Went past the great works of Harlan and Wolff who built the Titanic. They have the largest traveling crane in the world, made especially for handling the material that went into the Titanic.

After dinner stayed in the Y. M. C. A. and read until 4. At that time hearing music went out and followed a procession around for about an hour. There were three bands, one of these being all pipers, dressed in Highland costume. This turn-out was to aid the Royal Life Boat Institute, the society that presents prizes for the saving of life.

After supper I went to a meeting of the Y. M. C. A.; on returning to my lodgings I discovered that the landlord had been over a large part of the States and we had a very interesting conversation.

MAY 19. After breakfast I strolled around till 10; attended a splendid men's meeting at the Y. M. C. A. At 11 attended service at the Methodist Church, Donegal square, and heard a very good sermon. After service shook hands with a lady and gentleman who had a son in Toronto; also had a few moments' conversation with the minister. After dinner strolled around until 3. Just before I finished this walk was an eye witness of the first tragedy seen on this trip. I heard screams and was just

in time to see what looked like an 8-year-old boy placed in a rig for conveyance to the hospital, after having one leg ground off by a street car. At 3 I attended a Sunday school where the children were practicing for children's day.

MAY 20. After breakfast started out and put in a couple of hours wandering through the dock-houses, and going and coming to meals. After dinner I spent the whole time until 9:30 at the Y. M. C. A. reading and writing.

There was a large fireplace in the reading room, and a fire was lit in this at 10 a. m., and it was nice and comfortable. It was certainly a luxury, it being the first time I was really comfortable in any of these places. Was certainly cheerful and homelike, sitting in front of the fireplace with a blazing fire on the hearth.

MAY 21. After breakfast strolled down along the docks, passed by Harland and Wolff and saw a great amount of work going on. After dinner took a long walk, tried to get in the great linen works, but could not get permission. Went to the Y. M. C. A. and read until supper time; then went down to the docks and secured a ticket and went aboard a boat bound for Ayr. Boat sailed at 8. After watching her out of port went down below as it was quite cold. There were only two others beside myself going across. We had a little cabin warmed by a small stove, to ourselves. There being no bunk, we had to make ourselves comfortable on benches.

MAY 22. Got into Ayr at 2 a. m. but did not leave the boat until 8. I had struck up a friendship with one of the passengers who was a Yorkshire farmer and trader. He had just been across to Ireland buying donkeys. We had breakfast together and then set out to visit Bobbie Burns' birthplace, two miles out of town. We visited the cabin and also the monument, which is a little farther along the road. Then parting from my farmer friend, who was going farther out, I returned to the city, staying there

until 2, when I entrained for Paisley. Ayr has a population of 33,000 and is a very charming place.

Arrived at Paisley at 3 p. m., and spent the balance of the time until 6 walking about the city, which has a population of 85,000, and is principally noted for being the home of J. P. Coates Company, thread manufacturers, one of the greatest concerns of its kind in the world. They also have a few splendid public buildings that would do honor to any city. The Coates Memorial Presbyterian Church is the finest church I have seen on this side of the water. After supper I spent the time reading until 9 at the Y. M. C. A.

MAY 23. After breakfast wrote and read until noon; had dinner and then wandered around until 5 o'clock. Had a good sight of the old Abbey church and cemetery. This church was built in 1160. Paisley had a great many fine business blocks and an especially fine street car service. A person can ride in any direction from a central point about two miles for one cent. At 5 o'clock I started for Glasgow, arriving there in the course of an hour. This is the second city of the British Isles. After supper I wandered around the city until 10 o'clock. It is a place about the size of Pittsburgh. The Caledonia and Glasgow and Southwestern Railways have magnificent stations.

I inquired the way to the Y. M. C. A. and got into conversation with a man and found out he had lived a number of years in America. He walked up to the Y. with me and we had quite an interesting conversation. They were celebrating Victoria Day and the Y. was closed, so I strolled about until bedtime.

MAY 24. After breakfast went to the postoffice and found a copy of a Detroit paper waiting for me. Sat down in the square beside the postoffice and read it through, then was guided through the splendid City Hall they have there, and afterwards hunted up the library and stayed there until 4:30 looking over maps and Bradshaw's, figuring out routes, etc.; then walked around until supper time, afterwards strolling around the city until bedtime.

MAY 25. After breakfast walked about a mile to Bridge wharf and boarded a boat for a place called Dunoon, near the mouth of the Clyde, about 50 miles from Glasgow. We passed the towns of Govan, Bowling and Kirn and the cities of Renfrew and Greenock. It was a beautiful trip. At first there must have been five miles of docks and ship building yards on either side of the river, and then short stretches of country and mountains between the towns, and at Dunoon there were great ranges of mountains on either side of the bay. This town joins Kirn and the two together extend along the shore upward of three miles.

We landed at 12:30 and after getting some dinner I strolled along the shore and back through the town until 3, then listened to a Highland Pipers band play for an hour or so. Walked around a little more, climbed a hill surmounted by a statue of Highland Mary, boarded the steamer and returned at 5:30. If anything the return trip was finer than the trip out. The weather was perfect and there seemed to be a continual procession of boats going out towards the ocean on their way to America, the Promised Land. Arrived at 7:30, I hustled to the Library, as I wanted to find out about boats running to Inverness. Stayed there until 9 and then went out and tried to find a barber shop, but they were all closed.

MAY 26. Went out to get some breakfast and found that eating places seemed to be closed. At last after going probably a couple of miles, got some cakes at a small bakery. I also found a barber shop open and had a shave, and then strolled up High street to the Cathedral, the oldest church in Glasgow. There are several noble buildings at this point—four other churches, the Royal Infirmary, the great Hospital and the City Prison. There is also a pretty little park occupying the square.

I attended church at the Cathedral. It is a grand old building. The entrance, or nave as they call it, is about 100 feet deep, has great rows of pillars down the side, and on both walls are memorial tablets and statues. The church proper is about the same depth as the nave, and the pulpit



and reading desk are about fifty feet from the wall. The seats were got up especially to remind people that they were miserable sinners, just about room for a ten-year-old. I, being rather lengthy, was in torture, not being able either to stand or sit comfortably.

The service consisted of an interminable amount of preliminaries and a very short sermon. I gave a very long sigh of relief when it was over. I then had dinner and attended a meeting in a small mission hall near where I stopped. There was good singing and we had a very good talk.

After this I strolled about until 6. I found out for certain what I practically knew, that Glasgow is a Presbyterian city. In this walk I passed about twenty-eight Presbyterian churches. After supper listened to an open-air meeting until 7 and then went to the mission hall again, afterwards going home to bed.

MAY 27. After breakfast went to the Library and looked over some more time-tables, then strolled around to three different ticket offices looking for information; found that I would have to sail from Leith to Norway instead of being able to go from Aberdeen as I had been figuring. After dinner went out to Kelvin Grove Park where is situated the Presbyterian University and the Art Museum. In the latter is a splendid collection of all kinds of paintings, statues, models of machinery, ships, etc., and all kinds of curiosities. I spent a profitable time going through this building and then went across the ground to the University, going through a couple of rooms of the latter. After this I watched a number of games of bowling on the Green, and then went back to the city. After supper wrote and read till bedtime.

MAY 28. After breakfast strolled around for a while and then headed for the Library, sitting there till noon. After dinner went to Glasgow Green Park, strolled around the park for some time; then inspected the small Museum located there, then went back to the Y. M. C. A., reading till supper time, afterwards taking a tram ride to Queen's

Park; walked around and listened to the band playing till 10 o'clock, when I went home. This is a beautiful park; slopes gently up a high hill where there is a succession of terraces, which are very pretty.

MAY 29. After breakfast strolled about two miles to a Library on the main street, stopping there till dinner time, afterwards going to Alexandra Park.

At this place, which is almost out in the country, besides other fine points there are three golf links. After wandering around for a couple of hours I came back to the Cathedral cemetery and wandered through this until supper time. This is laid out on the sides of the hill, there being a succession of terraces from the bottom to the top, the very peak being surmounted by a monument of John Knox.

In the cemetery I met a gentleman whose daughter was a resident of Chicago and we had a lengthy conversation in regard to America. I then noticed the name Struthers on a tombstone—probably one of my relatives. After leaving the cemetery was shown the oldest building in Glasgow, built in 1455. After supper went to Ruchill Park to the band concert. This park is the farthest out on the west side and is very large, there being a number of golf links there. It is very rolling and a grand view is obtained from the top of a hill in the center. The concert, which was certainly fine, closed at 10 o'clock, and then it was home for me.

MAY 30. After breakfast started out to hunt up a couple of men named Struthers to see if they were related to me. Found one a stock broker, in his office, but could not locate any relationship. Had a pleasant conversation, afterward going to the Library, where I stayed till dinner time.

In the afternoon, as it was cold and showery, went to the Y. M. C. A. and stayed till supper, afterwards stopping at my lodging till 8 p. m., when I went to a small mission near by. Two lady missionaries from China gave interesting talks, and also sang songs in Chinese. After the meeting I went home and to bed.

MAY 31. After breakfast, it being so cold and disagreeable went to the Library and stayed till dinner, and then boarded the train for Stirling, arriving there at 2:30 p. m. This is a very noted old city and is especially famed for having Stirling Castle in its midst. Near by is the field of Bannockburn, on which the battle of that name was fought. The castle is situated on the top of a great hill, more than 1,000 feet above the surrounding country. It must have been almost impregnable in early times. About two-thirds around it there is a sheer wall of stone, more than 500 feet deep. This castle was at one time the home of the Scotch king. It is now the Military Barracks. A very wonderful view of the mountains and country was to be had from the top of Stirling Castle.

Just outside the old moat is a statue of King Robert the Bruce, and across on another hill is a monument to William Wallace, a noted Scot. In a churchyard near by is a monument to the Maid of Forth, a young girl who, because she would not renounce her religion, was tied to a stake on the Forth, at low tide, and left there until the water, slowly creeping up, drowned her. I certainly felt that I was getting the worth of my money, as far as this place was concerned.

At 5:30 I entrained for Perth, arriving at 6:30. I went down through the main part of the city and then out to the village of Scone, about three miles, where the old palace of that name is situated. As the grounds were closed, I had no opportunity to view the interior. I rode back on the tram car, then after wandering around a while, about 9 p. m. I ran across a Socialist open air meeting and stopped and listened for some time.

JUNE 1. After breakfast, took a long walk around the town. This place is very prettily situated on the Tay river; has a grand park and esplanade fronting on this stream, the same being upwards of two miles in length, and probably half a mile in width. I meandered into a small grist mill, an old style water-power, and had a long talk with the owner. Strolled around a while longer and then entrained for Inverness, 118 miles away. Part of this dis-

tance we were traveling through a fairly decent farming country, but the most of the distance was through the highlands. We passed within sight of some of the highest peaks in Scotland. The scenery was splendid all the way.

Arrived at Inverness at 5 p. m. and roamed around the town till bedtime. It was a grand place, entirely surrounded by hills, there being a very old castle, in front of which is the statue of Flora McDonald, the savior of Prince Charlie. There is also a cathedral and a number of ancient buildings that have historical significance.

JUNE 2. Not being able to find any eating house open, I had to go without breakfast. At 11 a. m. I attended church; after church wandered around and finally located a place where I obtained something to eat. Afterwards, when nearly frozen, I located the Y. M. C. A. and the door being open, wandered in, sat down and read for a while, slowly freezing to death, then the caretaker came in and introduced himself, and suggested a walk; the rain having desisted for a time he and three others and I started out. There was a beautiful stretch along the canal to Tomahuaack cemetery. This is claimed to be one of the prettiest spots in the whole world. It is a hill shaped like an inverted boat, and is terraced all the way up. A splendid view is obtained from the top of this hill.

We afterwards walked back to the Y. M. C. A., I having talked thirteen to the dozen both going and coming. There the conversation was continued till 5:30, when we adjourned. I didn't know when I would have enjoyed an invitation out to supper as much as I would have at this time, but as no one happened to think about it I had to go out and skirmish, landing at the same place as at noon, and having to content myself with a few cakes.

After another stroll in the rain I attended church at 6:30, afterward a meeting at the Y. M. C. A., which finished the day.

JUNE 3. On arising hustled right down to the boat landing to see what time the boat started for Aberdeen. I was told that 11 was the time, so went uptown, had

some breakfast, went to the Library a little while, then to the Y. M. C. A., said goodby to the caretaker, and after buying some provisions for the trip went down to the boat, only to learn that it would not sail before 1 p. m. Went back uptown and stayed at the Library till time to start. Coming aboard, wrote awhile in my diary. The boat didn't start till 2 and I stayed on deck watching them pull out of the Loch. I then went down below and read till 5 p. m., when I succumbed to the heavy roll of the ship and was very sick.

JUNE 4. Landed in Aberdeen at 4 a. m., but didn't leave boat till 9 a. m. This is the most miserable day I have experienced since leaving Detroit. In the first place I was very weak from sickness and the temperature was almost down to zero, with a strong wind blowing, and I never saw a fire of any kind all day. If I walked I was cold, and if I went into the Y. M. C. A. or Public Library it was the same. I must say this much for Aberdeen, that it is a very beautiful city. With a few exceptions the buildings are built of a light gray stone, almost white, which is very pretty, and the streets are wider than in most of the European cities. Everything must come to an end, and finally I felt fairly comfortable when I got to bed that night.

JUNE 5. Had breakfast and stayed by the fire until after 9. Then wrote a post card and hunted up the post-office and mailed this to a friend in North Dakota. At 10 o'clock took train for Montrose, arriving at 11:30. Still very cold. Wandered around this town for some time; drifted into the Y. M. C. A. and Library. Had dinner and then strolled around watching a bowling match and at 4 boarded train for Arbroath, arriving at 5. Wandered around the town, examined the ruins of an old abbey, looked into the Y. M. C. A. and finally entrained at 7:30 for Dundee. For the first time in all my travels I got off at the wrong station, and had to wait for another train. Did not arrive in Dundee until 10.

JUNE 6. Had breakfast, then hunted up the Y. M. C. A. and wrote up my diary, as I was behind. After an early dinner started out and wandered around for three hours, taking in the sights of the city. At 3:30 entrained for Edinburgh. Crossed the Tay, the longest bridge in the world, just out of Dundee. And later a few miles out of Edinburgh crossed the Forth on another great bridge.

Arriving at Edinburgh immediately went on to Leith, which is practically part of Edinburgh. I at once hunted up the parents of a young man with whom I had worked in Detroit, and was treated as well as if I had been the young fellow himself. Stayed until 10:30. Then I went back to Edinburgh.

JUNE 7. This was a beautiful morning, sun shining and bright and warm. Walked around a while admiring the wonderful city—the most beautiful and wonderful I have seen yet. On both sides of the railroad tracks, which are depressed, are hanging-gardens, terraced up from the ground. I went down and taking a seat allowed the sun to soak into me for a couple of hours.

While here I got into conversation with a gentleman from the South of England. After this I hunted up the Y. M. C. A. and wrote until noon. I then went over the great historical mile, the High Street and Cannon Gate. This is packed with historical objects the whole length. At the top is Edinburgh Castle. There are a number of noted churches and old mansions, then the Parliament buildings, and among the houses is a place where Bobbie Burns put up when in the city, also the home of John Knox. It is now an old curio shop. Then the second oldest church in Scotland, the Cannon Gate. Then lastly at the foot, Holy Rood Palace.

Most all of the old mansions are swarming with the poorest class of the city. As I was standing outside the fence looking in at the old Cannon Gate Church, a wee laddie, who could not have been more than seven years of age, started to “ring off” a whole string of dates regarding some of the landmarks. After viewing the place from the outside, I then attacked the climbing of the great hill,

known as Arthur's Seat, the top of which is more than a thousand feet above the city. A splendid view was obtained from the top of this. On going down I went back up High street to the Library and wrote until supper time, afterward taking a short walk before going to bed.

JUNE 8. Wrote until 10:30 when I boarded the train for Galashiels, arriving at 11:30. Then walked to Abbotsford about three miles in the country. Took the wrong road a couple of times, but finally located the place, which when I did get a sight of the splendid pile, I felt that all the traveling I had done since leaving Detroit would be amply rewarded by just seeing the interior of this one house. There were five rooms shown, viz: Study, library, dining, drawing and hunting room. And all of these were simply magnificent. I got back to Edinburgh at 4. Went to the postoffice, wrote and sent off a bunch of cards.

After supper went up to the castle and through it. Was a long time on top admiring the view; I got surfeited, went back to my lodgings and to bed.

JUNE 9. Walked out to Carlton Hill, climbed this and viewed Nelson's monument and other smaller monuments. And also had a splendid view of the city and surrounding country. Afterward attended church. Then went out to see my Leith friends and spent the rest of the day until late that night talking, eating and listening to music. Had a delightful time, and met the finest of the finest of people.

The street cars having stopped, I had to walk back, and two gentlemen who had also spent the evening there guided me home.

JUNE 10. Took a long walk out St. George and Princess streets, then to the Y. M. C. A. where I stayed until dinner time. Then went through the interior of St. Giles' Cathedral and Holy Rood Palace. The cathedral is a grand old pile, although like all other places of this kind the interior was very dark and dismal. I would hate to have to go regularly to service. The interior of the palace was simply splendid. There are Queen Mary's bedroom,

dressings room, sup room and drawing room, and the same with the exception of the last named room of Lord Darnley, the husband of Queen Mary. Besides the latter were shown the present apartments of the Duchess of Hamilton.

The great attraction is the picture gallery, there being more than one hundred paintings of supposed Scottish kings. It appears as if they have gone back to the time of Noah, and some of these paintings certainly have that appearance.

After this I took a long walk, winding up at Carlton Churchyard. No American ought to miss this, as among other great tombs and monuments, standing close to the tomb of David Hume, is the grand monument to the Scottish-American soldiers who fought and died in our great Civil War. The top of the monument is surmounted by a crowned figure of Abraham Lincoln. After this I went back to the Y. M. C. A. and stayed there until supper time; then to the Library where I read until it was time to retire.

JUNE 11. Arose at 10. My watch stopped and I stayed in bed longer than I intended. After breakfast I went to the Library, stayed until dinner, afterward taking a long walk finally drifted into a branch library and stayed there for awhile. Then took another long walk out Queen's Ferry street, one of the grand boulevards of the city, then back to the lodging house. I bought some sausages and scones and cooked my own supper for a change. Afterward stayed in and read until bedtime.

JUNE 12. After breakfast, walked over to the Waverly Station and took a train for Leith. Located my boat, found out about fares, etc., then strolled around the docks and the town until 12; then back to Edinburgh, afterward staying in the lodging house, reading and writing until 6, then went out and had supper. I then took a long walk to Grass Market, around the base of the Castle Rock to Princess street, then out to George street, afterward to the library, staying there until bedtime.

JUNE 13. Took a long walk, hunted up a bank and had one of my checks changed, went into Thomas Cook & Son's



and got some Danish money, then to the Y. M. C. A., where I read for some time, afterward going to a book store, where I purchased an English-Danish book. After dinner, back to my lodgings, where I wrote until 3, then walked along Leith Walk, until I found a barber shop, afterward down to special friends in Leith, staying there until 10, when these friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cassels, went with me to the boat, this sailing for Copenhagen at 11.

JUNE 14. Did not sleep much on account of it being so rough. Felt kind of squeamish, so went back to bed after breakfast, got up at dinner time and tried to eat something but gave it up as a bad job. I was done for the rest of the day. There were just two others beside myself in this cabin and neither one could talk good English.

JUNE 15. Another very rough night. Stayed in bed until 11, then got up because we were getting near land. Landed at Christian Sand at 12 and stayed there a couple of hours. I went uptown and got shaved and bought a post card and wandered around seeing something of the place. After we again started I stayed on deck the most of the time until 9 o'clock, when I went below to bed.

JUNE 16. Had another rough night, felt very miserable, so did not get up for breakfast. Got up at 10. We were in the Sound between Denmark and Sweden and land could be seen on both sides. It was a grand view from this time until we reached Copenhagen, which we did at noon. One of my companions walked with me uptown to one of the small parks and we sat down and watched the traffic. It started to rain and finally began to leak through our shelter, which was a great tree. We then went down to the dock and went aboard a great ferry boat, which ran to Malmo, Sweden, on which my companion left at 3 o'clock, leaving me all alone. The third man had gone out into the country somewhere. I started and walked and walked through some of the principal streets and they have some mighty fine streets here. I kept it up until 6, wandering into a railway station and also a cemetery. At 6 I went

into a cafe and got some Kaffe og Smeart Breund, then I walked again until 8:30, when I ran across my other sailing companion and I asked him to try and locate a lodging house for me. He sent me, with another fellow whom he knew, who took me to a couple of places. Then I hunted up someone who could talk English and we went to a couple of more places, and finally I obtained a room to myself for 3 krone a week—81 cents. I sat down and wrote up my diary, which had been neglected, and then to bed. I shall always feel more sympathetic for the lone foreigner in a strange land. Not a soul in the house that talks English. I noticed two American coaches and a Plano binder at the railway station, which made me homesick.

JUNE 17. After breakfast, took a long walk, winding up at the Radhaus, and spent the time until 12 going through. This is a magnificent building, newly built in 1905. Took another long walk, got lost and wandered on and on, finally at 1:30 went into a cafe and had Middag. Stayed here for some time, taking note of the other diners. On the coming out, passed by a store in the window of which was a map of the city and was enabled to locate in reference to my lodgings. I then went to a beautiful park, within which was a magnificent Palm House. I entered and inspected same, passed another great building surrounded by a moat and as there were bars on most of the windows, and soldiers walking up and down before the building, I concluded it was a prison. A little further, was another grand building but it was not open. This was a Museum. Finally, by slow stages, I worked my way to the Magazin Du Nord, a great department store, which for grandness of interior beats anything of the kind in Detroit. It was raining and quite cold, so I spent some little time going through the building. Then to my room, buying something to eat at the baker's for a change. After this I wrote and directed a number of cards to friends in Detroit. Then went down and stayed in office for a couple of hours. Two men had a desperate argument, which finally ended by their drawing guns, but the landlord separated them before any damage was done.

JUNE 18. After breakfast wandered out towards the country, to a canal bordered with trees, just like a small creek. Here I sat down and watched a fisherman. He had 5 poles which he tended, between times eating lunch, drinking beer and taking care of 3 small children. Walking along a little further I came to another city, "Ama-berg." Here a large building was in course of construction, and I watched proceedings awhile. Then, going back to Copenhagen, had dinner and then strolled to the market. This is an open air affair. A canal runs along one side and here the fishwives are stationed. Boxes about 2 feet in depth, in which holes are bored, and sunk until the tops are almost covered, are used to hold the live fish. At one corner of the market is a large monument which makes a convenient seat. I ensconced myself on the sunny side of this and stayed a couple of hours watching the people. There was a portable coffee stand close by which did a good business. The women wore a picturesque costume, wooden shoes, voluminous skirts, tight waists, and a comical-looking head-dress, something like a sun bonnet. At 3 I strolled in a new direction and shortly came out on a grand boulevard. I was astonished, had no idea I was in such a grand city. Great hotels, theatres, pleasure gardens, museums, etc. A little farther along I came upon a grand new station. Magnificent is the word to use for the interior. Marble and more marble. The postoffice is another fine building and opposite is the Tivoli gardens, a great pleasure resort. Then on the other side is the Glytoteke, a grand museum. In my wanderings I came to a news stand and stopped to rubber in the window. There were pictures of scenes at the Chicago convention. A gentleman who was behind me spoke to another in English and it seemed good to hear. Before leaving here I went in and bought an old Saturday Evening Post. I then went to my lodgings, had supper, and had just started to read, when a half drunken Dane started talking to me. He had been a number of years in America, but had been back so long had almost forgotten the language. After conversing awhile I went to bed.

JUNE 19. After breakfast started for Staat's Museum and spent a couple of hours going through inspecting the pictures and statuary, then after a bite of something to eat, traveled a couple of miles to the Glytoteke and spent some time there. These are the two largest museums in the city and are magnificent buildings, the last being the finest building, but the Staat's has the finest collection of paintings. The paintings of the latter are mostly old, or at least portray old time scenes, viz., "Eve Tempting Adam with the Apple," "Christ Blessing the Children," "Women at the Tomb," etc. I was struck more by the beautiful interior of the Glytoteke than the portraits. After this I wandered down to the canal and after passing some bathing houses sat down and watched a dredger work awhile, then to my lodgings for supper and afterwards had a conversation with a man who had spent a number of years in America. After this, it being too fine to stay in the house, I took a walk along the docks and watched them loading and the departure of the great ferry boat for Malmo, then stopped at the landing and watched the motor boats that ply the canal come and go, then back past the Thorsa, the boat from Leith, stopped and talked awhile to the mate, then home to bed.

JUNE 20. After breakfast I went to depot, intending to take a trip into the country, but gave it up on account of the rain. Stayed in the station until afternoon and still it continued to rain. Went back near lodging and had dinner. Came back to the market and sat down and watched the crowd. Then went over near the Radhaus, where there is a small industrial exhibition and wandered through, watching the demonstration of the Burroughs adding machine and a vacuum cleaner, then went out and rubbered at the crowds awhile and then tried to find what car I would have to take to go to the New Palace, but could get no proper information. Wandered into a newsstand, where pieces of different papers and magazines were pasted on the walls. Felt at home with the Katzenjammer kids and our old friends, Si and Maud. As I just passed a new station it began to rain hard again, so I hustled

inside. Saw a bunch of Frelsels Haer—Salvation Army people. Finally went to lodgings, had supper and spent the rest of the time until bedtime reading a Saturday Evening Post, which I had obtained at a news-stand.

JUNE 21. After breakfast walked to railway station and at 10 boarded a train for Balerup. Arrived at 11. Walked through the town, out into the country, making a round of about 6 miles. It seemed fine to get away off from the noise and turmoil of the city. Balerup is about ten miles out of Copenhagen and the country is rolling. There are very few trees, apparently every foot of the land is utilized. There are no fences. All cattle are staked out. The farmsteads are in the shape of a square with an opening at one end, the house, barn, hennerly and everything being all joined together. I went into two different places to see if I could get something to eat, but in the first there was no one at home, the second, just an old woman and I could not make her understand. A short distance further on was a brickyard and near there I obtained something to eat. Afterward watched their crude process of making brick and then went back to Balerup. I passed what seemed to be a sawmill. I went in and stayed until it was time for my train. The mill was another very crude affair. Just before the train left at 3:30 a heavy shower came up and it rained all the way into Copenhagen. I was lucky to have my outing without getting wet. I enjoyed that trip immensely as it was a change from the city. I got back at 4:30. Old-fashioned, long-armed windmills were scattered all over this country. I stayed in the station for awhile and then went to the Tivoli for the evening. This is a great open-air pleasure garden, right in the center of the city, adjoining the City Hall. It is grandly gotten up and has all the old time popular amusements.

JUNE 22. After breakfast took a stroll through a new part of the town, then a car ride to the King's Palace, which certainly did not look like a palace. I had passed it a couple of times before and as there were sentry boxes and soldiers on duty I thought it was some old barrack.

The building is very old and weather beaten, built in the shape of a round square with four openings leading into each street. The Royal family were in the country at this time, in retirement, on account of the death of the late king. After sizing up this building for some time I wandered down to one of the canals and watched the dismantling of an old bridge, then after dinner took a car ride to the Zoologisk Have. This is a grand park, very large, and will compare favorably with Belle Isle in Detroit. There is quite a fine Zoo and it is an enclosure by itself. There was an admission fee of 50 ore—14 cents. I went through this place and they have a very good collection of animals. I then went back towards the city and made a wrong turn and came out on a different side of the park, and wandered around quite a while before I found my way back at last to the right car. I got back and bought some provisions at the bakery and took them up to my room, where I made my supper from the bakery goods. I then spent the time until 9, writing a letter to a special friend in Detroit.

JUNE 23. After breakfast I went to the docks and got aboard a boat, bound for Helsingborg, Sweden, about 40 miles from Copenhagen. Arriving there at 10:30 strolled around town until 1, and it is a very fine little city. At this time boarded a train for Halmstad, arriving there at 3. Some grand scenery along this route. Part of the way it put me in mind of North Dakota—prairies and fine fields of grain and no fences as in Denmark. They have their stock tethered and do not require fences. Another part of the way is quite hilly and some heavily wooded. I expected to run across a man I met on the boat coming over from New York, but as I had not the name of the street I was left. After wandering around for a couple of hours I made up my mind that I did not care to stay there over night so went to the station and tried to find out about a train for Stockholm. I finally located a young fellow who could speak English and was told there would be a train at 6. This just suited me to a T, but when I had obtained my ticket I found out I was sold, there being no train until the next day on the direct line. They gave me a ticket which compelled me to go back for a considerable distance

over the same line I had traveled to reach Halmstad and it cost me 5.60 krone—\$1.60 more than the regular fare. I was certainly sore, but I had learned a lesson and had to pay for it. No more side trips for me when I am unable to speak the language of the country.

At 8 o'clock I had to get off at a small town called Astorp and wait until 10 for another train. I wandered down the only street, very near to the end, when what should I run into but a beer garden and dance hall and everything going at full blast. I stopped and rubbered for a while, although I suppose I should not have done so. At 10 o'clock I boarded another train for a short run and just before 12 boarded another train that took me through to my destination. The trains I rode on were more like the American ones than any I had seen since landing at Queenstown. All the cars were built of steel and conductors came through and punched the tickets, the same as with us.

JUNE 24. Snoozed a little at intervals until 7 and then settled down in earnest to view the scenery, which was generally rough and rugged; apparently very little of the land is cultivated along the track and it is mostly rocks and timber. Most of the farmhouses were substantial as to size and were built of wood. There were a great many small lakes and rivers, a perfect country for the camper, but not nearly as grand as the country between Toronto and Winnipeg that I have traveled through many times. Arrived at Stockholm at 11:30.

This day was a considerable contrast to the day when I landed in Copenhagen—it was really right down hot. When I began looking around for something to eat I found everything closed up, a holiday of some kind. Imagine restaurants in a large city in America closing up for any reason. After nearly an hour's chase in the hot sun I got something from a stand near one of the canals. Being close to a great building I went in and found out it was the headquarters of the Supreme Court. I was in the room where the court was held. I then went through another great building which proved to be the palace, then a large crowd gathered in the inner court and I stopped to see what was happening.

In the course of half an hour a band was heard approaching which turned out to be a military band. This was followed by a company of soldiers. A guard of the palace was being changed. This was the cause of the crowd. They went through a few manœuvres and the band played several times and then the company marched out and it was all over.

I followed part of the crowd which went in and up one of the staircases of the palace, but the doors of the rooms were locked. After a short wait one of the doors opened and two women followed by a guard came out. Something made me think they were Americans, and I was not deceived, as coming to the door across the hall and finding it locked one of them said they would have to go as they hadn't time to wait, and just then the door opened and in they went and a number of us went in also, after paying 25 ore (7 cents) and it was well worth the small donation, although I could not understand the guide's explanation. The Americans with their guides had gone ahead.

I must say that I had been disappointed in the palaces, although they were grand enough affairs. Right next to this is their parliament building. This is a beautiful and magnificent structure. It was closed at this time. I then started to see something of the town, but it was so very hot that I sat down in a little park along-side one of the many canals and watched the passers-by, then took another stroll to a park at the other side of the town and listened to the band for some time. After this long walk back to the same park after getting some more cakes, I ate these and stayed and listened to the music until 8, then I started out to look for a bed, and I traveled and kept on until I was worn out. At last when I had about concluded to sleep out a number of sailors passed me who were talking English, and I stopped them. You may be sure they piloted me to a place that was open. Just think, the name of the place was the Boston Hotel. I went to bed at once as I was about all in.

JUNE 25. After breakfast, being within a block of the dock where the St. Petersburg boats tied up, went into one



of the offices and found out the price of a ticket; then went into a place where they spoke English to find out where the American consul hung out and boarded a car for his office; had to wait there a while and finally found out I would have to go to the American minister. This is only a short distance. Another long wait and the great man finally appeared and although I have no papers of any kind and was almost sure I would be turned down, made out all right and obtained a passport. We then had quite a conversation with reference to Detroit, Stockholm, etc. Then I had to go to the Russian consul to have the passport viséed. This is only a short distance, and there I found out that I had to come back between 1 and 4. I then went back to the boat offices and by that time it was afternoon. So I went to a restaurant, had something to eat, afterward went to the postoffice and inquired for mail; bought some cards, wrote and sent them, then made my way to the consul's, where I had another long wait. I got my document properly fixed up and then went to a money changer's where I obtained some Russian money. As I needed a shoe doctor I started out on a hunt. I must have walked a mile before I finally located one and had my shoes fixed up. Then remembering my failing as regards seasickness I obtained some lemons and just reached the boat at 5:45, fifteen minutes before she sailed.

Up to 10 o'clock when a slight fog came up we could see the land on either side. Passed five war vessels anchored and met one coming in. The scenery was simply grand. From 10 to 1 when we anchored it was certainly exciting. The lead was down all the time and we nearly grounded once. The fog didn't lift until 6 the next morning.

One of the passengers spoke English and we got into a conversation. Before morning I found out that several of the crew could also speak English.

JUNE 26. The fog lifted at 6 and the sight that appeared made me feel kind of shivery. There were small islands all around and the boat was not more than one hundred feet from one of these. After this we made pretty

good time. After another couple of hours the fog came down again, but we were just getting out into the open water so we kept right on, the whistle blowing at intervals. After this we slowed up and two whistles could be heard ahead, first on one side and then on the other; then a little farther on we came almost to a stop when an immense rock loomed up at the right, and at the same time the Uleaburg, a sister boat of ours, passed on the left. Then the fog lifted and it was fine the rest of the day.

In the meanwhile I had written up my diary and got into a conversation with a Finnish couple. It seemed that the wife had joined some kind of society that had members from all over the world who corresponded with each other. The lady had a book with the copies of letters she had written in acknowledgment of receipt of cards. I went through this book and made proper English out of these copies. After this went on deck and sat there the rest of the day. My vocabulary is limited as to adjectives strong enough to express the grandeur of the scenery. Just a succession of islands from a small rock to some several miles in extent.

At 6 o'clock we tied up at Hango, Finland, but as the boat only stayed half an hour I didn't go uptown. Just as we anchored an American gentleman asked me if I understood English and I gave him some information. Afterwards we had an enjoyable conversation, I finding out that he was also on a trip around the world, only he had gone the other way and had already visited the countries that I had ahead of me. We gave each other some valuable information in regard to different places, and fixed it up so that we might meet in Edinburgh. I stayed up until the boat pulled into Helsingfors, Finland, at midnight. With the exception of the fog in the morning this was a perfect day. As there has not been a particle of roll to the boat I have not been seasick. The stewards, waiters, cooks, etc., of this boat are women, which is a novelty.

JUNE 27. Landed at Helsingfors at 1 a. m. A young Norwegian who speaks English and I got off and took a short walk uptown. I just had enough to whet my appetite for more at this place. I reached my farthest north,

at least yesterday was the longest day I shall probably ever see. It was daylight all night. There is another town between Stockholm and Christiania which is a little farther north than this, viz., 61 degrees north latitude, but when I arrive there the day will be a trifle shorter. After wandering around the town a little, came back and went to bed and did not get up till 9:30.

With the exception of two hours that I was writing a letter, spent the whole of day on deck. I was thinking it must be very warm in the city as it was hot enough on the boat, it being necessary to stay in the shade, but it was simply grand. There was hardly a ripple on the water, just like a sea of glass. Landed at St. Petersburg at 8 o'clock and I wandered around until 11:30 when I went to bed. I thought by the simpleness of the front that this hotel was a cheap place, but didn't think so in the morning when I had to dig down for the sum of 80 cents. A splendid day, very warm. A person might as well try to read Chinese as the Russian signs. I saw two or three wonderful buildings which looked like palaces but were churches.

JUNE 28. Got some cakes at a bakery and started for a small park I had noticed, but took the wrong turn and walked a mile before I found out my mistake. Turned around and finally located the park. My, it was hot! It will certainly melt everybody before night. Stayed in the park until 10 o'clock, then took a short cut, passed a great palace, museum and half a dozen other noble buildings, then to the great cathedral, the finest in Russia, and stayed there for a couple of hours. Part of this was shown by a guide who could talk a little English. Words fail me to picture the grandeur of this place. There were fine paintings, statues, then gold mosaic, gilt bronzes, alabaster, etc., and this not being enough, right near the main altar was a solid gold model of the cathedral that cost a million dollars to build and was guarded by a number of soldiers. More than ten million dollars was spent in the building and furnishing of this church. I could not help thinking of the millions of people in Russia that go to bed hungry every night. I also contrasted it with churches that I had

attended in America as a church home, a cold depressing place. Like all the other great cathedrals of Europe it had no seats. After this I went to another bakery and got something to eat, then started for another park, passing another great church. I went in and gazed around for a few moments, afterwards continuing to the park where I stayed till 9, watching and noting many thousands who came under my observation during the five hours I was sitting there. I then took a long walk in a new direction and came upon a number of splendid churches, palaces, etc., and if the inside corresponds with the outside I saw the wonder of the world as far as churches are concerned. There are not adjectives large enough to describe one of these churches. It is built of brick with stone trimmings and there are minarets and turrets innumerable. All the way around are memorial tablets and a good half of the surface is covered with paintings. Part of the minarets are gold and the others jasper. On the front of this building is a great painting of Christ. At the rear is another of the Virgin Mary. After this I wandered back to what I concluded to be the main corner of the city. It was then 12 o'clock.

JUNE 29. I am bringing my stay in this town to an end by having set up all night and seen the sights. It was daylight the whole night through. At 12:30 I took a long walk, didn't get back to my corner until 2. Then sat down with some men who were heating tar and watched the people till 3:30, then another walk, not getting back to my corner until 5. Then sat down and rubbered again till 7. After this another long walk. Then after obtaining something to eat I took another stroll to the railway station, passing and entering a couple more churches on the way. The station was a very tame affair for such a large city. I then went back to the park where I had spent most of the day before and rested for a couple of hours. I then went over some of my route of the night to see if I could get into any of the grand churches, etc. Gained entrance to two or three more churches, but the grandest of the grand is closed to the public.

I found out that this was the Czar's private church. I then wandered slowly back to the boat dock. Passing for a couple of miles along the banks of the Neva where another grand view is obtained, I observed a bunch of palaces, etc., which I hadn't inspected, but I had seen enough—I was surfeited.

What a grand change a good ball game would have seemed to me. After getting my ticket and looking after one or two other matters I went aboard and stayed till the boat sailed at 6. "A night of torture." There was only one other man, the rest being women and children. The man got drunk and kept up a disturbance most of the night. I had my hands full trying to keep the peace. I got no sleep—that is a foregone conclusion.

JUNE 30. Everything comes to an end at last and finally night dragged through and at 8 we tied up in Helsingfors, Finland, and as we were to stay four hours I hustled ashore in order to see something of the town. I walked around for some time, then had quite a time hunting up post cards. At last got back to the boat, and after having something to eat I turned in and tried to get some sleep.

Came on deck just as we were going into Hango, just before 6. On leaving Hango I got something to eat, and went on deck admiring the scenery until 10, when I turned in. I had no idea that I would find such a splendid city in what I had always thought a frozen-up country. Helsingfors is a city of at least 150,000 population.

JULY 1. After breakfast went on deck expecting to have a long stretch of sightseeing, as we were scheduled to get into Stockholm at 11:30, and arrived at 9:30 instead. Immediately I hunted up a place where I had spent one night when there before, and paid for a night's lodging. On account of the Olympic Games prices had gone up considerably.

Just outside where the boats landed was anchored a ship called the Finland, which had been chartered to bring over the American contingent of athletes. As I was going up town I met one of the boys from Boston and asked him

if he knew anything in regard to the standing of the baseball teams. After this I viewed a couple of museums. After dinner went to the Public Library and stayed there until it closed at 6. After supper I went to the King's Park, a very beautiful place right near the palace where I listened to music until bedtime.

JULY 2. After breakfast went to the station to get some information in regard to trains, afterwards going to the postoffice to see if there was any mail, then came back and went through the Kungl's Museet. In this were a great number of splendid paintings.

After dinner went to the Library and read and wrote until 6. I intended going to the Stadium, but it was raining, so postponed it until the morning. After supper took a long walk right out to the edge of the town, climbed a hill and at this point obtained a splendid view of the city and surrounding country.

JULY 3. First thing in the morning went to the post-office and wrote and sent away a number of cards, also started a letter to a special friend in Detroit. After dinner went to the Library and stayed until 6. After a baker's lunch had a long walk, then attended an illustrated lecture on Sweden at the Y. M. C. A. This was splendid.

JULY 4. After breakfast took a long walk until 11, then went to the Library where I stayed until 12:30, then to my regular place for dinner. Had to wait for some time as there was a great crowd of children from out of town for dinner at this place. There being a football match scheduled for the Stadium at 3, I took a tram and went out only to find that a mistake had been made, the game not being called until evening. I then walked back to the dock from which launches were running to the Finland. I got aboard one of these, went out to the ship and stayed until 6:30. Had a great time talking to the different Scandinavian-Americans from parts of the country where I had been.

At 6:30 started for the Stadium to see the great football

struggle for the first prize between England and Denmark. As I neared the place the crowd was something tremendous, besides the great procession of motor cars and street cars. I almost had to fight to get in and then had to stand up all through the performance, but I didn't mind this. Ordinarily I would get sleepy watching a game of football, but I didn't on this occasion. It was too interesting for that. The Danes must have been careless in the first half, as they let England run up a score of five before the half was nearly over. Then one of the best Danish players was hurt. The queerest part of the whole thing was that with one man short the Danes seemed invincible, never letting England have a "look in" after this and scoring twice themselves. One of the main features was the wonderful playing of the Danish goal keeper.

The King, Queen, the Crown Prince, the Crown Princess, one of the sons of Kaiser William, Prince Dimetri of Russia and other royalties were present. A few minutes before the players came on the field for the second half, the Crown Prince came to the entrance of the tunnel under the track and spent a few minutes bowing to the cheering crowd, then shook hands with all the contestants as they came on the field. I was lucky enough to be within fifty feet of him and observed him closely. A few minutes before the close of the game the three winning football teams—England, Denmark and Holland—paraded up and down past the Royal box and were congratulated and presented with their prizes by the King.

The interior of the Stadium was magnificent. I counted fifty-three flags, and there must have been ten thousand people present at this game. This finished my stay in Stockholm.

JULY 5. Arose at 4:30. Finished the letter for Detroit, went to the station early. At 8 started for Christiania. The day was fine and had a grand journey of fifteen hours' duration. The scenery was a continual variation—farm land, pine clad hills, rivers, mountains and lakes. At Karlstad and Christianhamm we obtained a view of a lake, the second largest in Europe.

Eighty miles of this 375-mile trip was through Norway, and nearly the whole distance near the banks of a large river. All through the farming communities people were busy haying. They are up-to-date in this country as well as in America, because I saw mowers and rakes in action everywhere. They have a peculiar way of putting up hay after it is cured. They shove six or eight sharp pointed small poles into the ground, these being about eight feet high, and then drape the hay over these. Oxen are generally used throughout this country instead of horses.

About noon as I was stretching my legs at one of the stops I heard someone say, "Hello, there," and looking around I saw a face that seemed familiar, and lo and behold! it was one of the passengers who had crossed on the Celtic with me. Well, for a couple of hours, or until he got off, we had a grand talk. This young fellow is from Chicago, and is going back in the fall, and I have an idea he is not going alone, as he received a very affectionate welcome from a young lady who was not his sister when he got off the train.

Well, all good things end and at last at 11 we came into Christiania and I lost no time in hunting up a place to camp. In about half an hour I stopped at a place where a man could speak a little English and there I found lodging for the night. I found I was to sleep in the main room of the house with another man. Just as I had prepared for bed two men came in, both of whom could speak English. One had just come back from America after an absence of ten years. If I had not been so tired I would have enjoyed a talk, but as it was I let this man do all the talking. He had been in seventeen different states and over most of Canada, and it was 12:30 when at last I got to sleep.

JULY 6. After breakfast I started out to get the lay of the town. Went to the postoffice and was very much disappointed to find that there was nothing for me. Strolled around for a couple of hours, located the main street and the principal business places, then stopped a man and asked him if he could speak English, to find he had spent



four years in America. Had probably an hour's talk with him. He pointed out all the principal buildings which were in sight.

The palace is on the top of a low hill; the main street starts from here and runs about a mile to the Central station. For half the distance the street must be at least 150 feet in width; in the center is a park probably ten feet wide. Just after leaving the palace, on the left, is the University, a low structure consisting of a main building and two wings, the whole exceeding 1,000 feet in length. On the right is the King's Theatre, which I at first took for the palace. This is a noble structure, and along with the University is comparatively a new building.

At the end of this wide part of the street, and taking up the central space, are the Parliament buildings. Behind the University on another street is the King's Museum and a little farther down is the Public Library.

At 2 o'clock, after a late dinner, I hunted up this place and stayed till it closed at 7 p. m., then I took a long walk along the docks and crossed a small canal, and went almost to the outer edge of the town; passed the boat on which I expected to sail for Leith and had a short talk with one of the crew, he confirming what I had already heard that it would take nearly five days to make the trip, as they stopped at several places along the coast of Norway, picking up cargo. This should be an interesting trip.

At 9 p. m. I located a lodging house. This is generally a hard proposition, as I cannot speak the language. If I had plenty of money, and didn't care for expenses, I would have no trouble, but I could never have made a trip of this kind in the first place if I had waited till I had sufficient money to travel first class.

At last, after sizing up several places, I made a plunge and connected all right, having to pay 60 ores, about 18 cents, which was very reasonable. I was shown my bed, and told that they closed at 11 p. m., so I again went forth and sat in the park in the main street until it was time to turn in.

I missed the great crowds and excitement of Stockholm. The day was just right. A woman ran the place where I

located. The room where I slept was on the ground floor, near the center and consequently there were people going back and forth nearly half the night, and I didn't obtain much sleep.

JULY 7. Just as I was washing, the landlady came in with two cups of coffee, one for me and one for another man who was in the same room, and remembering other occasions when it was hard to get anything to eat on Sunday I had bought some baker's stuff. This with the coffee made a good breakfast.

On going out on the street and finding a drizzling rain in progress, I went to the station which was close by and wrote for a while in my diary, then took a long walk past two great churches and industrial museums and out to the cemetery.

After dinner I went to the State Museum. I didn't hurry through this but enjoyed a great number of paintings. Discovered another museum just near which was open from 6 to 8. After this took a long walk up past the palace through the park and out to the outskirts of the city. Finally came back about 6, had something to eat, then wandered down to the dock. After looking around awhile I decided to take a trip on one of the small steamers. I certainly made no mistake. After a run of twenty minutes we landed on a large island and I followed the crowd to the Folksmuset, not knowing what it was but taking a chance. I found a large building which was completely filled with old furniture and household goods of every description, also dresses, musical instruments, trunks, chests, etc. These belonged to rich and poor alike.

Right beside this building was an old church. As I came out of the museum I noticed this and on going in found it to be filled with curios also. Back of this building was a small valley, and to the right a great hill covered with the primeval forest. Altogether this must have covered five or six hundred acres. Scattered all through the valley and forest were probably fifty buildings, all of these being upwards of two hundred years old. In each is the old-time furniture. A girl in charge was dressed

in ancient costume of the time when the house was built.

I was certainly glad that I had a "hunch" to take this trip. One of the largest buildings I saw is a restaurant and near by is a small kirk.

I spent a couple of very profitable hours sightseeing, then went back to the city, sat in the park and watched the crowds till 11, when I turned in.

JULY 8. While still in bed the landlady brought in a cup of coffee. This was the finest place I had struck so far. The coffee I found was gratis.

After breakfast I went up town and sat down in a small park and did some writing. Then went to the Library. Thought I would find it open, but was disappointed. Went over to another small park and read an old newspaper until noon.

After dinner took a long stroll. Went to the Library at 2. Found it would not be open until 7. Did not know what to do as it was rather hot in the sun, so sat down in the main street park and wrote awhile.

Noticed the best appliances in the way of a street sprinkler I have seen while on this trip. The revolving of drums sprinkles the water. Had a short talk with a young fellow who had spent a year in New York.

A boy came along passing out hand bills, advertising Hire's Root Beer. In the bill the statement was made that this was the National beverage of America. A fine looking, intelligent, well-dressed Jap passed while I was sitting here. Just noticed a wagon go by on which was a sign, "Kul Koks and Ved."

Stayed in park until 5, and then back to the Library, which was only one block away, and perused a magazine until 7. After supper went to the Branch station and copied a list of towns I had passed through in Norway and Sweden. As it had turned quite cool and was trying to rain, went to my room for an umbrella and then went up to the park and stayed there until 11.

JULY 9. Started out to climb a high hill just back of the town. Passed by the Scotland, the boat I was in-

tending to go back to Leith on, and thought I would make inquiries in regard to exact time of departure, only to be grievously disappointed to find that instead of going tomorrow they would not sail until Friday.

This entailed a change on my part, as I was just holding down the place until Wednesday and did not see how I could stand it to wait a couple more days, so as there was a boat for Hull Wednesday I concluded to go there instead. This is where I had originally intended to land and it will be all right.

It was only a matter of sentiment on my part going back to Leith as I would have wasted several days and considerable money just for the pleasure of a few hours more with my Leith friends. I climbed the hill and it was superb. The road led up the side and a very fine view of the city and harbor was obtained all the way up. On top was a virgin forest which appeared as it would a hundred miles from civilization, instead of just outside the great city.

I spent the time until noon strolling around admiring the view. After dinner went through the museum which was filled with oriental relics. After this went to the Library and read until 7. After having some supper I took a long walk bringing up at the dock where the Hull boat, the Eskimo, was tied up. This was a beautiful boat, one of the largest in these waters.

JULY 10. Went to the postoffice and wrote and sent off several cards and letters to Detroit, then to the ticket office, bought a ticket for Hull, and had to deposit \$25 as I was not a British subject. Luckily for me I had the change, without having to cash any of my checks. After this I took the last long walk, then over to the street park, where I did some writing and watched the crowd until 12. Then down to the boat. On going aboard I met an old Londoner, who had been on a holiday trip to Norway and we struck up a conversation right away and spent most of the afternoon talking about this trip.

He had been through the different parts of Norway and was bubbling over with enthusiasm with regard to his trip, and I let him bubble, gaining a lot of information.

We were four hours going down through the Fiord, which was a continuous panorama. After supper we stayed below until it was time to turn in, showing each other post cards.

JULY 11. It being pretty rough stayed in dining room and conversed with my London friend until noon. After dinner stayed below and watched some Norwegians play cards, then went up on deck for awhile, then took a nap until tea time, afterward had a talk with a man from South Dakota. Then turned in.

JULY 12. Boat tied up in Hull at 2 a. m. Got up at 5, had breakfast and did not get off the boat until 8 as I had to wait and undergo considerable in the red-tape line, on account of the Alien act.

After waiting some time the Doctor showed up and examined me and I was let go. Chatted awhile with my London friend until he took the train for the city. I then located the Northeastern railway station and looked over the list of Saturday's excursions and decided to go to Leeds next day.

I then hunted up a museum and went through. There was a very nice collection of natural history curios. Then went to Library until noon. After dinner although it was very hot, I took a long walk, afterwards going back to the Library, staying there until supper time.

On going out to look for supper was caught in a storm and had to seek shelter under a shed at one of the docks with a number of others. This was a very severe storm and lasted upwards of an hour. Afterwards it being a little cooler I took a long walk until bedtime.

JULY 13. After breakfast I took a long walk, passing by the market. This is a fair sized building and the stalls extend all the way around the outside. I then went to the Hull Cathedral which occupies an entire square. This is a very old church. One memorial plate I noticed was dated 1630. After this went through the City Art Institute where there is a very good collection of paintings,

among them being the picture of Peter the Great, and Catherine, his wife. These were given to the then Mayor of Hull in token of the kindness and help received when he was learning something of shipbuilding in the Hull Shipyards. After dinner took another long walk to the station where I took a train for Leeds. Hull, a city of about 300,000, is one of the great ports of England and is especially noted for its shipyards. On the way to Leeds passed through a fine farming country, went through a very long tunnel nearly a mile in length, got into Leeds at 3, and then proceeded to hunt up a place to stay. This done I started to see the town. This is a great manufacturing and commercial city about the size of Detroit, has several fine squares and buildings, notably the City Hall, Postoffice, Public Library and Art Building. I wandered into a market and stayed there for a couple of hours. This is a truly wonderful place. A great round enclosure, with glass roof and containing hundreds of stands and shops of every kind. It was very interesting to wander through this place and listen to the conversation of the different kinds of people. After supper, hunted up the Public Library. There is an Art Gallery in connection with this which I went through. I stayed in Library until it closed at 9:30, then went to bed.

JULY 14. After breakfast took a long walk and then went to church. Heard a very good sermon and it seemed good to be able to attend a service of this kind once more. After dinner went out to the largest park, strolled around awhile and then from 3 to 5 listened to a sacred band concert, afterwards going back to the city, attending church at 6:30. At 8 there was an open air meeting just across the way in front of the City Hall. This was a fine place for the purpose, there being a great number of steps leading up to the entrance and three great statues, which were as good as pulpits in the front. There were four meetings going on at the same time, all different. One speaker was a Buddhist, another an Atheist, another a Socialist and the last a preacher. This was a Union meeting of Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Methodists and there was a very good crowd.

JULY 15. After breakfast, went to the Library where, with the exception of one hour at noon, I stayed studying and getting data of my continental trip. It was a very hot day and when I finished I was all in. After supper I started for my room, but passing by the Y. M. C. A., drifted in and stayed until 10, studying out the rest of my trip through England. On every hand, I heard a great deal of talk in regard to the Health Insurance Act which came into force that day. This act compels every worker, both male and female, to pay a stipulated amount, according to wages. I saw by the paper, that evening, that great numbers of workers had gone on strike and there had been considerable rioting.

JULY 16. After breakfast had a hair cut and shave, then after a last stroll took a street car to Bradford, a distance of nine miles, obtaining another good view of Leeds as well as a partial view of Bradford, also passed through Bramley and a few miles of farming country. Arrived at Bradford at 10:30; found a stopping place by 11, and spent the time till 2 writing to a Detroit friend. After having dinner went to the Y. M. C. A., staying till 5 writing a letter to my Leith friends. After supper, it being somewhat cooler, started out to see something of the town, and strolled around till 10. The City Hall appears to be in a depression as a number of streets run up hill from this point. Bradford is a great manufacturing city, one of the largest woolen mills of the world being located here. Not much of a place for tourists although there are several fine squares, notably Victoria and Forster. The City Hall and Postoffice are fine buildings, also the Technical College. About 8:30 I wandered into one of the stations and after looking over a number of excursion bills made up my mind to leave at 8 the next morning. This is a great country for cheap excursions, which helps me out in keeping down expense. Tomorrow I can buy a round trip to Liverpool for 3/3 (78 cents), while the regular one-way fare is 6/5 (\$1.54), a little more than half for the former and I shall have the return part for a souvenir. I shall be able to take advantage of these excursions during my sojourn in this country. I turned into bed at 10:30.

JULY 17. Went to station intending to take train for Fleetwood on arrival and after going carefully over bills, found there was an excursion to Liverpool at 1, which suited me better. I decided to go this way and wrote a letter to the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Dublin, asking him to ship my suit case that I had left there in his charge. I then strolled around the city until noon. After dinner, went to the station and boarded a train for Liverpool. This was a fine trip, through a very hilly country, there being a number of small and three quite long tunnels. Very little farming land in this whole district, most of the land along the tracks being covered with buildings in the shape of towns or cities or else the coal mines. About midway the city of Manchester was passed. Arriving at Liverpool at 3:30 started out to locate a lodging house and within a few minutes passed several.

Walked around for some time, finally coming down to the docks where were the ferries for Birkenhead. Facing the pier, a short distance away, were two great buildings, viz., Royal Liver, and Pier and Dock buildings. These are not only grand buildings, surmounted by towers and statues, but are the highest I have seen on this side of the water. I stayed at the pier watching the crowds until 6, and after supper hunted up the Library and read and studied until bedtime.

JULY 18. Strolled around the city until 10, stopped in Cook's Tourist Excursion office to find out about the excursions, then went through an art gallery where a magnificent collection of pictures is displayed.

After dinner visited the City Museum. This was something unique, there being a collection of antiquities from all over the world, also clothes, utensils, etc., from foreign countries. There was also a fair sized aquarium.

After this I went to the Library, read a book about Belgium, which in view of the trip I expected to take through that country, was very interesting. After supper took another walk out to a small park and listened to a band concert given by a band whose membership were blind. While there got into conversation with a man in regard to



work, wages, conditions, etc., prevailing in the city. Found out that he worked for 50 cents a day.

On the other side of the park were long rows of brand new three-story tenements erected by the city. These are the finest buildings for housing the poorer people I ever saw.

I then walked back to the Union Station and watched a crowd for some time. Took special notice of electric trains which are run out of the city about thirty miles in several directions. Went home at 10.

JULY 19. Look over the paper a few minutes then started out on an all day sight-seeing tour. Went through a great Central Market not quite as grand as the one in Leeds. Passed a great department store, then a couple of churches and finally at 10 came down to a great building which proved to be a kind of a Municipal Hotel, something like the Mills Hotel in New York. Went in and investigated. There was a grand entrance like a five dollar a day house. Splendid dining, smoking and reading rooms, and the charge for a room was only 12 cents, and the prices for meals was on the same scale.

I sat down and wrote until nearly 11, had dinner and then inspected the docks, and the loading and unloading of boats until 7. After supper looked over papers and wrote until 9. Went to bed.

JULY 20. Went down to Cook's Tourist office and bought an excursion ticket for the Isle of Man. Went down to the dock and boarded the boat which left at 10. At 1:30, after a very rough voyage, the eighty miles were covered and we tied up at the dock at Douglas. This is a great summer resort. I do not know how the people manage to exist in the winter as every other home seems to be a hotel or boarding house. The majority of the people here must be Methodists as I passed several churches of this persuasion and only one of another denomination.

The city is built up the side of a great hill, some of the streets being very steep. There is an evening promenade around the harbor, a couple of miles in length. After

strolling around for some time I came back to the boat and went down below where I found it was more comfortable than on the upper deck and thoroughly enjoyed the trip back to Liverpool, as the most of the time I conversed with a gentleman who had been in America. A great number were seasick coming from Liverpool, but none on the return voyage. On going ashore I had supper and went to the Library and stayed until bedtime.

JULY 21. After looking over a paper I started out to hunt up a Methodist Church, walked till after 11 and gave it up as a bad job. Went into a small church of different denomination and heard a very good sermon. Afterward I found a great Methodist Church just around the corner where the president of a conference, which is now in session, will preach this evening. At this time I just remembered that this is my birthday.

After dinner showed my collection of post cards to a number of the lodgers, then went out to hunt up a meeting. As I came beside St. George's Hall met a band and a procession of ministers and stopped to see what was going to happen. They stopped in front of the hall and when a crowd assembled a singing-leaf was distributed, a couple of songs were sung, and after a short prayer four different ministers gave a short talk. To wind up, the great and only Gypsy Smith gave a splendid address.

This was a treat I had no idea would be bestowed on me as I did not know he was in the city. I then went back to my lodging and after writing awhile had supper and went to the great Central Hall where the Methodist conference was being held. I had first thought it was the Y. M. C. A. till I made an inquiry. I got there at 6:30 and although the meeting didn't start until 7 I was none too early as the building was jammed full before the meeting started. A fine sermon was preached by the president of the conference. After the meeting I went home and to bed.

JULY 22. Was intending to go to Blackpool but I didn't go; it was too cold and looked like rain. Wandered

along the docks till noon. After dinner went to the Library and read till supper time, afterwards strolled around for a couple of hours and went to bed.

JULY 23. I went to the station to find out about train for Manchester and boarded a train at 9:40. Had a delightful journey of forty minutes' duration. On leaving the station I hunted up a lodging and then strolled around till dinner time, afterward located the main part of the city and traveled around considerably. Talked for a while in a Library and went into the Y. M. C. A. for a few minutes. This appears to be a flourishing institution but nothing like the Y. M. C. A. in Detroit.

The City Hall and Postoffice are two splendid buildings. There are several fine squares—Victorian, the leading one, where great monuments in memory of the Queen and the Duke of Wellington are set up. After supper I started for the Library but on the way ran into what appeared to be a great number of boy soldiers, watched them going through the evolutions for awhile and then went on to the Library where I stayed figuring out Bradshaw until they closed up at 10.

JULY 24. I went to the Library and stayed till noon. After dinner took a long walk and wound up at the Art Gallery where I spent a couple of hours inspecting the pictures. I then went to the Library and stayed till 6. After supper took a long walk and passing the great railway station went into the library at the excursion building. I then went back to the Library where I stayed till 10.

JULY 25. As it had rained during the night and was still threatening I gave up the notion of going to Blackpool. I am afraid I am getting lazy as I went to Library and stayed there till noon. Then after dinner I took a short walk and went back and stayed till supper time. But after supper I took a long walk out to Canning's Park, coming through an art gallery and then sitting out by a little lake enjoying the air and the conversation of those around me till 9, when the park closed. I then went to a

Branch Library which is just outside the park, stayed there till 10 o'clock, looking up Bradshaw.

JULY 26. Went to the Library where, with the exception of an hour at noon, stayed till 6. Got a hold of a book entitled "Round the World in a Motor Car" and could not leave it until I finished reading. This was certainly a lazy day with me. I have been eating at a restaurant where dinner and supper have each cost me the large sum of six cents. A bowl of soup 2c, bread 2c, a plum pudding 2c. A description of one of these cheap restaurants would not come amiss.

The front part cannot be more than 12 by 16, is divided into three stalls and besides there is a short counter and a small place behind where as well as in the window the food is stored. I noticed their busiest time is between 1 and 2 and I have planned to get there accordingly in order to enjoy hearing and seeing the many kinds and conditions of people who come to this place. I never get tired listening to their conversation.

That evening at 7 I boarded a tram for Heaton Park, the largest in the city. This is more like a great common or field, being left apparently in its natural state. It is right out at the edge of the city and must be a delightful breathing place. It comprises more than 500 acres. I spent a couple of hours roaming hither and thither. It did my poor feet a world of good to be able to tread on something softer than pavement once more. I did not get back to my room until about 10.

JULY 27. After a stroll I came upon a great department store and went through to see how it compared with stores of the same kind in America, afterwards going to the Library where I read till noon. After this I wrote a number of cards and a letter. At 2 I boarded a train for Sheffield. This was through a very rough country. During the latter part of the journey we passed through two tunnels, one of these being three miles in length. It started to rain and when we arrived at Sheffield it was coming down in chunks.

I waited in the station for an hour when it let up a little, I then started out to hunt a lodging. I was completely tired out before I succeeded. After supper stood at the main corner and watched a crowd awhile and then went to the Library and read till 9. Then back to the main part of the city where I was astonished to see the tremendous crowds of people. I thought it was a disturbance of some kind at first, but soon found out that it continued to continue. Not only the sidewalks but the streets were one mass. I stood fascinated for upwards of an hour, then went through the fish and meat market. Being tired out I went to my room.

JULY 28. After breakfast wrote awhile, and at 8:30 started out in the rain for a stroll. As it kept on raining harder and harder and the wind was blowing quite hard, on reaching the Y. M. C. A. I went in and stayed till 10:30, then went to church and heard a very good sermon. The minister did what I noticed seemed to be a custom in this country, gave a short talk to the children before starting on his main discourse.

After dinner another long stroll, winding up at the Y. M. C. A. at 3, where I listened to an address by a young man from Syria, which was very interesting. Afterwards another long walk, winding up at my lodging at 5, where, after writing for a time, I had supper.

Right in the center of the town is the plant of Joseph Rogers & Sons, established 1682.

After supper again attended church. I went early, otherwise I would have found it hard to obtain a seat. It was certainly a great contrast between the morning and evening services. In the morning there were probably two hundred, and in the evening there must have been two thousand. The church, which is called Victoria Hall, is something like the great Central Hall in Manchester. I heard a very good sermon on the Parable of the Talents.

As the service was over at 8, I took another long stroll before going home to bed.

JULY 29. After breakfast I did some sewing, which I had been putting off for some time; afterwards started

off to find some gasoline but didn't succeed. After another walk went to the Library, where I stayed till dinner. After dinner went to the station and at 2 boarded the train for Ilkeston, via Nottingham. This is a roundabout way, and caused me to travel sixty miles in order to go a distance of thirty. I wanted a slow train and roundabout road in order to see something of the country, and I certainly got my fill. We seemed to just get started when it stopped.

Chesterfield is the largest place between Sheffield and Nottingham, and its population is nearly 25,000. A great number of collieries were passed and there were a few bits of country between the small towns.

There was a great quantity of hay cut and lying on the ground, and as it had rained more or less for a couple of weeks it looked as though it would be all spoiled.

It was not until 5 o'clock that I landed at Ilkeston. I then hunted up some people—friends of people I knew in Detroit—and after making myself known I received a very warm welcome and spent the evening and night there. As I had not had a good old-fashioned talk since I left the Cassels in Leith I made up for lost time. What with talking and showing post cards, curios and other relics, it was 12 before I got to bed.

JULY 30. After breakfast we talked awhile and just as the man of the house was going out I started to bid him good-by intending to see a little of the town and then go on to Nottingham, but he wouldn't hear to such a thing, and as a touch of home life is something that I do not taste very often, it was not very hard to persuade me to stay. I then took a long walk out beyond the outskirts of the town, and on coming back stopped in the Library and read for awhile, not getting back to the house till noon.

After dinner talked and talked some more, first to one and then to the other till tea time. Afterwards I went out to hunt up other people whose address I had, but got lost and didn't locate them till after 8. I visited with them, talking and showing them post cards till 11, when I went back to my home.

JULY 31. Talked to the lady of the house till 10, then took a long walk to see something of the town, not getting back till noon. After dinner talked and wrote till just before 4, when we had tea, and then accompanied by the man of the house I went to the station and took train for Nottingham. A young fellow whom this gentleman knew was also going on the same train, so we got into a compartment together and had an enjoyable conversation.

On leaving the train we walked up town together to the police headquarters. I wanted to obtain the address of John Franklin, a policeman, and brother of a Detroit friend. I spent an hour tramping through the rain and riding on street cars before I found the place, and then was unable to obtain admittance. I wandered around for another hour, and on coming back found the people at home. After a few minutes' conversation we walked downtown and after we located a stopping place for me I bid him "good-by." I then went to the Library which was close by and stayed there till 10 o'clock, when I went to bed.

AUGUST 1. Started out to do what I should have done yesterday, had it not been for hunting up Franklin, viz: hunt up a cheap lodging house and restaurant. Wandered around till 10, finding what I wanted and finally winding up at the Midland station, where I rested and wrote up my diary, then to the Library where I stayed till noon.

After dinner took a long walk, coming upon the great Nottingham Castle, and spent a couple of hours going through the grounds and museum that is attached to the building. Nottingham is especially noted for its lace. There was a fine display of lace, as well as a great number of relics and antiquities, and also a fine collection of paintings.

The old castle, which was partly destroyed in 1831, has an interesting history, going back to William I. It was held by both sides during the "War of the Roses." Was also held by both Charles I. and Cromwell.

After finishing the castle I went to the Library and

stayed until 6. After supper I took a long walk past the market square where a great crowd was gathered and on inquiring I found they were the Reserves to the number of two thousand and were being inspected by the Duke of Portland, the great magnate of this part. I stayed till the conclusion of the show and then went to the Library where I read till bedtime.

AUGUST 2. After breakfast took a long walk and then went to the Library where I sat until noon. Then another long walk which lasted till dinner. After dinner went to the station where I boarded a train for Birmingham.

Nottingham is a very pretty place, quite hilly, and it is noted especially for its lace and great open air market.

On the train I discovered a fellow traveler who had spent ten years in America, equally divided between New York and California. We talked continuously until 3:30 when the train rolled into the station at Birmingham. As my fellow traveler was going farther on, we said "good-bye" at this place.

I then started out to locate a lodging house, and after walking a couple of blocks I stopped a man, and on inquiring was directed to a place known as the Rowton House. The place proved to be a magnificent structure, something after the order of the Mills Hotel in New York. The interior of the sitting room was finished in marble and fancy brick. The corner stone was laid by Princess Helena, one of Queen Victoria's daughters, and the charge for a room in this magnificent place is only twelve cents a night.

I spent an hour writing letters, then had supper. Then wrote and read until 8, afterwards another walk until bedtime.

AUGUST 3. Started out to see something of the city. Went to Cook's office and looked over excursion bills; found out it would pay me to go to Stratford and return, as there was an extra cheap excursion on Wednesday to Bristol. I then left at 11 for Stratford, arriving at 12.

The twenty-seven miles traveled looked more like coun-



try than any other part of England I have yet seen. It was certainly a beautiful stretch.

The first place I hunted up was Shakespeare's birthplace and after paying a small fee of twelve cents was shown through the building. This certainly looked old enough. In the birth room up to about thirty years ago people were allowed to write their names on the walls, window-panes, and these different places are literally covered with names. Those of Robert Browning, Sir Walter Scott, General Tom Thumb and his wife were pointed out to me.

In the garden all the flowers mentioned in the works of Shakespeare are grown. I then went to a small park by the river and sat down and watched the passers-by for awhile, and then took another walk and passed the Hathaway Cottage, the Marie Corelli Home, the Trinity Harris Church and yard, and then went on to the Midland Station, where I rested and did some writing.

There being a field close by where haying operations were being carried on, I went over to investigate. The machines were running different from anything I have ever seen before. One shook it up and another raked it into windrows. They were drawing in with one-horse carts, one man loading, two pitching on, and a boy leading the horse. This was a slow, crude process and was very hard work compared with the way we would do work of the same kind in America.

In a few minutes it started to rain and I with some others had to take shelter under a bridge. While there I questioned a young fellow in regard to work, conditions and wages. I learned that the haymakers, that is, those who do the hardest work, receive eight cents per hour and board themselves. This young fellow was a bricklayer, the best paying trade we have. When he works he receives the magnificent sum of fourteen cents per hour. I must have spent an hour in boosting America to the small crowd that gathered around.

Then took another walk winding up at the station where I took a train at 5 o'clock for Birmingham. As this train stopped at every crossroad we didn't get to the city until 7. After supper I stayed in the lodging house, reading and writing until I went to bed at 9.

AUGUST 4. While having breakfast I got into conversation with a young fellow from New York who had traveled over the world considerably. He seemed to have a good education and did not look like a "down and out." After this I started out to locate a church; remembering the great halls in Liverpool and Sheffield, I inquired if there was one of the same kind here and was directed to a great hall on the main street. I entered the same time as the minister, who conversed with me a couple of minutes at the entrance, and afterwards preached a very good sermon to an abominably small congregation.

At dinner the young man, whom I had met in the morning, joined me and we conversed until 2:30, when I started for another meeting. The same minister spoke to what was called the Brotherhood. Although this was another case of a small crowd he gave them a splendid address. Afterwards I took a long walk, passing two magnificent buildings—the City Hospital and the County Courts. This hospital is one of the finest in the British Isles.

At 5 I landed back at the lodging house where I wrote until supper time, and then went to church where I found a large crowd and heard another good sermon. After church I went straight home and went to bed.

AUGUST 5. While eating breakfast and for some time afterward was sizing up the crowd in the great place. At this point a description of this establishment will not come amiss. It is a great building in the shape of a hollow square about 300 by 200 feet. There are 819 sleeping rooms besides two great sitting rooms, a writing room, baths, a barber shop, 800 lockers, a laundry, dining room, kitchen, etc. The dining room occupies a hollow square. It is 125 by 75 feet with seats and tables for 850. In two alcoves off this are great ranges for the benefit of those who prefer to do their own cooking. Anyone paying eighty-four cents for the week's lodging can have the use of the locker in which he may keep his food and prepare his meals.

The lodging is cheap enough but I have yet to see one of these places where as good a meal can be obtained as

I used to get in Detroit for the same money. Of course you can get a number of items separately very cheap, but if you were to build up a meal like you can get at a number of the fifteen cent restaurants in Detroit it would cost considerably more.

At 10 I started out to hunt up the Art Gallery and Museum, hardly expecting them to be open as that was known as Bank Holiday and is observed all over England. I was greatly surprised to find the Museum open and spent two hours going through it, then spent a short time in the Library, which was also open, then a short walk, then dinner. I stopped and watched a crowd until 2:30 when I again went back to the Library, where I stayed until 7 and returned to the lodging house for supper.

At supper I had an interesting conversation with an old gentleman in regard to conditions in England and America. Afterwards I went up to the sitting room and watched a game of checkers, and wrote and read until bedtime.

AUGUST 6. Took a long walk out to Calthorpe Park, one of the small parks of the city, where I stayed for a couple of hours, walking around. Afterwards came back to the lodgings, where I read a paper and watched the crowd cooking, etc., then I had dinner.

Afterwards took another long walk uptown, winding up at the Y. M. C. A. where I stayed until 6:30, reading. I would have left sooner, but it rained and continued to rain. I walked through the downpour to my lodging. Stood by the stove for awhile and then had supper.

After supper went into the room where a tailor holds out and had some necessary repairs done to my coat. He spent nearly two hours doing several other pieces of work and I was thinking I would have a fine bill but did not like to tell him to quit. I nearly dropped when he said it would cost a shilling. I then showed the tailor some of my postal cards and then went to bed.

AUGUST 7. As it was raining I stayed in and read until 11. Then I started for Bristol, ninety-two miles away. This was a delightful trip as we passed through a

long stretch of farming country. The train was a fast one and I strained my eyes looking out of the window.

We passed through the noted old cities of Gloucester and Worcester, finally landing at Bristol at 2. My first business was to hunt up a lodging. Just after leaving the station I was directed by a young man to a place about a mile away, but after traveling probably half the distance I found out that I had deliberately forgotten the address and after wandering around a while trying to locate the place I gave it up as a bad job and made further inquiries, when I was directed to another place, which I located without any trouble.

This was a fine building, something like the one in Birmingham, only a little smaller. It was situated on a small stream, and at the time I arrived there was a great crowd watching the stream. It seems that a small boy had fallen in further up, a short time before, and they were watching to see if his body would come along.

I went into the house, and being tired sat down and read until supper time. Afterward starting out on a long stroll, passing by a museum and gallery, I went in and spent some time going through these places. Then I continued my walk, not going back to lodging until 10.

As Bristol is very hilly, in fact the hilliest town in England, I climbed and climbed, and had several fine views from vantage points. One of the finest buildings I passed was the Royal Infirmary and the Bristol University.

AUGUST 8. On getting up went out and bought some bread and sausages and cooked my own breakfast for a change. Afterward strolled along until I came to the Y. M. C. A., where I was shown through the building and had a long conversation with the secretary. I showed him some of my cards and curios, afterwards another long walk until dinner and after dinner strolled through the market and several small parks. Then after noticing an excursion bill, I suddenly came to the conclusion I would take a flying trip the next day to Cardiff. As I expected to visit some friends and had promised to write from Wales, I went to the Y. M. C. A. and spent the remaining time until 5

writing. At this time, started to walk to the home of Mr. Skinner, one of the gentlemen whom I had met on the boat coming over from New York. This was more of a walk than I had bargained for, taking me an hour. It was a continual climb, very near the outskirts of the city, but the splendid view from this point amply repaid me for the long walk. On presenting myself at the residence of my boat friend I received a cordial welcome and spent an enjoyable evening. Did not get back to my lodging until 10:30.

AUGUST 9. Wrote for an hour or so, then had quite a long walk before I reached the point where cars started for the dock, where I expected to take a boat for Cardiff. As it was only 9:15 and the boat did not leave until 10:30 I started out to do some sightseeing, and I could certainly do something of this kind as the car stopped immediately under a suspension bridge, 250 feet from the water of the river. There were steps to a winding path up to this bridge, up which I toiled. A short distance from the bridge was still a higher spot, surmounted by an observatory and I climbed to the top of this and had a wonderful view. It resembled some of the views in Norway. After coming down I hung around for awhile and then found out I had made a mistake in regard to the sailing of the boat, the excursion being the next week instead of this. After writing for a short time in my diary I started back for the city, but just then I got into conversation with a gentleman, and spent more than an hour talking about America.

After this I had some dinner and walked to the Y. M. C. A. where I read until 3, when I went to Cook's office and looked over bills and studied out different tours for some time; then took a stroll, winding up at the Holy Trinity Church, being just in time for the afternoon service, which I attended, then went through the church, afterward going to the Library, where I studied until supper time. After supper took a long walk through the "slum district," winding up at a Branch Library, where I stayed until bedtime.

AUGUST 10. Went to the Y. M. C. A., where I spent the time reading and writing until noon, then after dinner took a long walk, stopped at the station and envied the crowds that were going away on a holiday, then another long stroll out to the Cardiff boat dock. On the way stopped for a few minutes to watch a couple of "steeple jacks" at work at the top of a great chimney. It just occurred to me to make a note of the peculiar ways the barbers do in this country. In all shops, they have just common, ordinary chairs with a head-rest. When a customer takes a seat a boy lathers him and gets him in shape for the barber, who does nothing but shave. This is something like a "lightning" performance. In some places the boy comes back to this customer and wipes him off with a sponge, dries him, and so on, but in the cheapest places, after the barber is through shaving, the customer gets up from the chair and goes to a hydrant, where he washes his own face and dries it with a towel.

I got down to the boat at 4:30 and sat around and watched the crowd until 5:30 when the boat pulled out. Just as we got started the rain came down hard, and I went right below where it was comfortable, and did not bother about the scenery, especially as I expected to come back the same way. The boat landed at 7:30 and it took me some time to locate a lodging house. After getting something to eat, I strolled around until 9:30. In contrast to Bristol this city is fairly flat and the streets are wide and straight. Although it is only about half the size of Bristol, it seemed more like a city. The crowds in the main part of the city are enormous. One of the specialties of most of these English cities is an Arcade, running through from one street to another. I went through a couple of these. There were a great many, among them being one which was something out of the ordinary, there being a balcony running around the whole place. At 10 o'clock I turned in.

AUGUST 11. After breakfast, I wrote and read for some time, then took a stroll until 11. Was more taken up with this city than any place in England, no hills to climb and most of the streets run fairly straight. I passed

a number of fine public buildings, parks, churches and also went to an old castle, which is not open to the public. The castle is a great square with a grand tower at one corner. Within a niche, part way up, were a number of ancient statues, also a great clock a little higher up. At 11 I attended Wesleyan Church and heard a very good sermon. On the way to church, I passed a Welsh Church and copied down an inscription on the board that was on the church. After another short walk went to dinner, afterwards sat awhile reading and writing, then another walk, winding up at the Y. M. C. A. I went into a meeting next door of the P. S. A.—Pleasant Sunday Afternoon. This was a kind of family affair, and was a very pleasant meeting. After this I took another long stroll, passing several fine churches and a splendid new Hospital. Continuing on, I passed a great number of fine detached residences. Coming back a different way I finally wound up at my lodgings, and after resting awhile got my supper and went once more to church at 6:30. This was the largest and finest Methodist Church in the city. I heard a very good sermon and there was a splendid song service. After I came back to my lodging I stood in front of the Welsh Church for some time noticing the people and catching a word of Welsh once in awhile. I then took a good night stroll and went to bed at 9.

AUGUST 12. After breakfast I walked three miles to a small and ancient place called Llandaff, passed a splendid succession of houses and then crossed fields and by a small flour mill where I stopped for a few minutes, and then on to the Cathedral, one of the oldest in Wales. I spent some little time going through this, seeing the old memorial plates, etc., then up by the ruins of an old castle, through the town and finally into a small shop. Here I got into conversation with the proprietor and continued talking for more than an hour, then back to the city by a different road. I came to a park on the Taff river, wandered around a little while, and then on to a great pile of buildings—the City Hall, Court House and University. These are on the outskirts of the city in a two hundred-acre park, and would do credit to a city ten times the size of this—noble

edifices of white stone. I went through the City Hall, which is almost like a palace, there being a great number of statues and pictures scattered about. Afterwards I finished the morning's work by doing the Museum and Art Gallery, then to dinner.

Just before I reached my lodgings a man hailed me and said "You are an American, are you not?" and on my answering in the affirmative, we conversed for several minutes. He had knocked around all over the Western States, and shipped from Portland, Oregon, to London around the Horn, then had lived ten years in Cardiff, most of the time running a sailors' boarding house. It was just 12:30 when I finally had dinner.

Afterwards did some writing and then strolled down to the docks. Just before starting someone asked me a question. I got started and harangued a small crowd for nearly an hour in regard to conditions in America, then had to hustle in order to catch the boat for Bristol. Shortly after the boat started, I got into conversation with a drummer which continued during the two and a half hours it took to get to Bristol. Contrary to the usual procedure the other gentleman did most of the talking and I appeared so very congenial to him that before we landed he had given me his address.

Just after leaving the boat I ran across one of the men I had been talking to in Cardiff, and we went uptown together, and I went on with him to the lodging house where he stayed. We had supper and then took a long walk together, not getting back until 10, when I went to bed.

AUGUST 13. After breakfast I went to my former lodging house, got my suit case, and then had a long walk to the station, where I boarded a motor train for Bath, twelve miles farther on. On my arrival I rambled over the town until 12:30. The only places of interest I visited were the baths that give the place its name, and are mentioned by Dickens and a great many other writers. The Great Beau Brummel added prestige to the place by going there often. I also went through the great Abbey which was close to the baths.



At 1 I started for Swindom, where I only spent an hour. It is a place of 50,000 and a great railway center. At 2:30 I boarded a train for the great and noted town of Oxford—the seat of learning—where I arrived at 4:30. In regard to the country passed, there was every kind from as flat, as between Windsor and Chatham, to the very hilly, like north of Toronto. In some places the farms appeared very small and others quite large. I saw a few fields that must have contained fifty acres. Both haying and harvesting operations were being carried on. Grain was being cut with hooks, scythes and up-to-date binders. Their haying operations, generally speaking, are out of date, but I saw one hay loader and a few other labor-saving contrivances like the straw carriers on our old-time threshing machines for elevating the hay on top of stacks. There are no large barns in this country as in the Eastern states. Most of the hay is stacked outside and covered with a thatch. It would be impossible for rain to penetrate this. I noticed a number of thatched houses, these being the first seen in England. I hunted up a lodging house, got something to eat, and then started out to see something of the town. After a short walk I came unexpectedly on the University buildings and was as much disappointed as when I first saw the palace in Copenhagen.

In America our universities are generally housed in noble buildings, but this is not the case as regards the University of Oxford. There are a number of buildings built in the shape of a hollow square. I went within the quadrangle where the library, lecture rooms, dining hall and portrait gallery are situated. At the main gate is a tower, within it is a great clock and bell. On another corner is quite a dome which is before the portrait gallery. The entire building is only two stories. Just behind is Christ Church, a very old structure.

From one corner is an entrance to another quadrangle. Here are a number of living houses. Imagine the stone buildings upon which a cloud of smoke had been pouring since the year 1, then go all over these with a hammer and chip off pieces right and left, and you have a vague idea of the appearance of these buildings. The university

proper didn't appear so aged. As everything was closed for the night I took a long walk along the Thames and right on out into the country for a couple of miles.

There is a fine pathway right alongside the stream. The river resembles a canal, there being no banks, and on either side is a wide tract of flat land. On one side for more than a mile there is a continuous line of barges or boat houses. On getting out a little beyond the city limits I thought I had gone far enough and so retraced my steps to my lodgings.

AUGUST 14. Went out and bought ingredients and cooked my own breakfast. I then started out for a long walk, came to a beautiful boulevard—Woodstock Road—very wide and paved with asphalt. This must be a beautiful walk in hot weather as there are shade trees all along reaching out entirely over the sidewalk. I went quite a distance on these streets, then turned, came back in a different direction, finally bringing up at another part of the university buildings not seen last night.

These were living houses for the students. I then went on to Christ Church, went in and wandered around, then on to the china hall and portrait gallery. In this gallery are seventy-two pictures of noted historical persons who attended this college. After this took another long walk and then went to my lodgings and from there to the station, where I caught a train at 1 for London.

Reached there shortly after 2, making the sixty-three miles in a little over an hour. I had no idea we were traveling so fast as I was getting a good view of the country as we moved along. We only passed through one large town, named Reading. A man whom I had met in Bristol had given me the address of a lodging house in London and immediately on arrival I found out where it was and how to get there.

It must have been a considerable distance from the station. Although I took an underground train we seemed to have traveled for hours. Then I had to change cars and wait for some time, but at last got to the place. This was one of the Rowton houses in Whitechapel. There are

6 of these scattered about London. This place is almost a duplicate of the one where I stopped in Birmingham.

After getting located I started out to find the postoffice, was told it wasn't far, and after I had walked for upwards of an hour I came upon the main financial corner of the city, where six or seven streets run into each other. At this point is the Bank of England and Royal Exchange and a number of other great banks are in the vicinity.

I stood on this corner for a few moments watching the struggling crowds and then returned to my lodgings. Had supper, then wrote for awhile and then took a stroll along Whitechapel street, which is a fine broad thoroughfare, the sidewalks being wider than most of the European streets. I passed the General Hospital, which is the largest in England. Whitechapel is a great retail street, the stores being occupied for the greater part by Jews. Returning to my lodgings at 9 did some writing and watched the crowd for awhile, then went to bed.

AUGUST 15. Started out and went as far as the Branch Library; stayed a few moments and then on to the Royal Exchange. Within the great rotunda there are a number of statues and very fine paintings. As I was finishing the examination of these I encountered a gentleman from South Africa, originally from California, and of course we had a long talk. It seems he applied for permission to visit the mint and was to get a card of admission today.

He told me this card would admit two and asked me to join him tomorrow. This I promised to do, nothing preventing. I then went to the Canadian Bank of Commerce, transacted some business and then to the postoffice, where I received two letters, one from an aunt in Toronto, written the 7th of July, and one from a Detroit friend. After leaving the postoffice I continued along, passing the new Old Bailey and St. Paul's Cathedral, and finally coming to the great Spitfield Market, where I rubbered around a little. At 12 went into one of the John Pierce restaurants, which are scattered over the city, and had my dinner.

Afterwards roamed through the great market building, which extends for several blocks, then into a little square, where I wrote and watched the passers-by for some little time, then to St. Paul's Cathedral. "Tremendous" is the only word a person can use in connection with this building. It is tremendously long, wide and high. I could hardly see to the top of the dome inside. It is a duplicate of most great English churches, only larger. There are chapels in different corners where the simple services are held. All the way around the walls are covered with statues and tablets in memory of someone. As there was no service when I was there I didn't hear the great organ. After this I went to Holburn street and after walking a few blocks came to the office of W. J. Burroughes & Sons, the head being a brother of my uncle in Toronto. I went in and had a short chat with one of the boys, then after promising to return I started once more, this time heading for the British Museum, but before getting there turned off again to see the Law Courts, then went down to the Strand and afterwards came upon the river. Went out far enough on the Waterloo bridge to get a fine view up and down the river.

There was a great pile of buildings near by and on inquiry I found out that they were the houses of Parliament. I then went over and took a look at the outside, Saturday being the only day when visitors are allowed to inspect the interior. I walked around the part that is not on the river bank. The buildings must be all of 500 by 1000 feet, probably fifty feet high with an enormous tower at either end.

The building looks more like a church, the outside wall being decorated with a kind of fret work. Right cross the way is Westminster Abbey. I was greatly disappointed in this building, having had the impression that it was larger and grander than St. Paul's, but it is not, neither has it a dome. However, it is a grander place historically, there being more noted people buried there; among others there are statues of Disraeli and Gladstone.

As I was tired I did not examine as carefully as I otherwise would have done, especially as I expected to be able

to return later. I forgot to mention the fact that there are two great statues in front of the Parliament Houses, one of Cromwell and the other of Richard Cœur de Lion. On going out of the church I boarded a motor bus and rode on top to the bank. Walked to my lodgings from there, had supper and rubbered till 7, then went up to the reading room and read till bedtime.

AUGUST 16. Went to the Royal Exchange where I met my California-South African friend, but did not go to the mint as he had been disappointed about the permit. Postponed the trip till Monday, when we have planned to put in the day. Also visit the Tower of London which is close by. After conversing awhile my friend put me on a bus and gave directions for the conductor to put me off at Victoria and Albert Museum. This was a long ride, it taking nearly an hour to make the trip. As this was a new part of the city to me I enjoyed every foot of the ride.

On alighting the first place visited was St. Philip's Cathedral, which was immediately beside where I left the bus. I use the word "tremendous" in reference to St. Paul's. Beautiful is the word in connection with St. Philip's, which is a cathedral church. I have seen gorgeous, grand and glorious churches, but this is the most beautiful I have yet discovered. It is probably half as large as St. Paul's and has a dome in the center.

There is a great altar, of course, at the front, then at the sides are altars to Mary Magdalene, Joseph, Paul, Philip and Peter. There are two chapels at the front corners. Unlike most of the cathedral churches of the old land, there are seats all the way down the center, and another odd fact it is thoroughly lighted up, not appearing like a vault. But when I come to the description of its beauty I need an artist's pencil. Instead of the whole interior looking like it had been used as a smokehouse, it has the appearance of just being finished yesterday. There are a great number of fine paintings and statues and the hall pillars are different colored marble.

This is the first one of the great churches I visited that I would care to attend. I stayed so long admiring that it

was 12:30 before I came out. After having dinner I went to the Natural History Museum, a branch of the British Museum. You can imagine what the British Museum is if this is only a branch. I stayed there from 1 till it closed at 6, and then I hadn't finished.

I can spend several days in this neighborhood, as next door is the great Victoria Albert Museum, a very large building; then within a few blocks are the Imperial Institute, Scientific and Kensington Palace and the great Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens. In the Natural History Museum I first visited the geological section. Here were displayed extinct specimens of all kinds of animals from single bones up to the entire skeleton. There were stones of all kinds, petrified specimens by the hundred, and a wonderful collection of shells (39,000). One man had spent thirty-eight years getting together this collection. There were also about a hundred cases of birds. They were posed in their natural state, some on nests, others with young, still others building nests, etc.

After this I went down to the whale room. The skeletons of four great whales as well as a number of smaller ones, were mounted and enclosed. On one side was a cast of the living whale, almost a living likeness, then to another room containing fish of every known species, next the reptile room. Here the specimens were so lifelike that I had a creepy feeling while examining them.

In another room were a great number of specimens of sponges, coral and sea growths of every kind. At the entrance of the reptile room was a section from the Mark Twain tree—one of the great sequoia trees of California. This was fifty feet in circumference, the lower half being beautifully polished, and there must have been twenty different dates running back to 557, commemorating different events in history, recorded on this. Inside in the center of the room was a plaster cast of a great reptilian animal, the extinct dinosaurian, found in Missouri. The original is in the Pittsburgh Museum. This is eighty-four feet from nose tip to tail tip. I used the short time I had left before closing and examined the main hall. A number of flowers, fruits, stones, etc., referred to in the Bible are at

this place. As I was more than five miles from home and had already seen the streets, I went back by the "tube" for supper. Spent the time till bed, reading.

AUGUST 17. Went to Aldgate Station and took a bus from there to Trafalgar Square, where the National Gallery is situated and inspected the pictures until 12:30. After dinner went down to the Houses of Parliament about a mile away and went through with the crowd. Unlike our Capitol, which is open to visitors at all hours and without supervision, Saturday is the only time when an ordinary person can obtain admittance and you are herded like a lot of sheep.

Policemen all along the way continually called out to keep to the right. It was very fine and beautiful. A number of paintings and statues were strung along the walls. The Chamber of the House of Lords seemed all right, though not as gorgeous as I expected, but I was astonished at the smallness of the room occupied by the House of Commons. It would not be large enough for the Committee Room in Washington. They can say what they please in regard to their grand buildings, but none I have come upon yet can compare with our Capitol in Washington.

It is, of course, for the associations that most people visit these places. After finishing up there I came along by the War and Navy Building, went through a great gate back into the same grounds and from there into the historic Mall, a fine asphalt paved street. Just where I entered is a great statue of the Duke of York. The street is a mile in length. On one side is St. James Park and on the other grand dwellings of the wealthy. At the end is Buckingham Palace, in front of which is a beautiful marble statue of Queen Victoria. This was recently finished and is probably fifty feet high, and has a statue of the Queen. On one side she is sitting down, on the other she is represented as a young girl. On top are two figures in bronze.

If it wasn't for the grand grounds, splendid fences and gates and the soldiers tramping up and down a person

would pass right by the palace without noticing it. The building is about a hundred feet front by twenty-five feet deep, three stories high and built of stone, which has that old smoked appearance. Nothing whatever striking about it in any way. One would readily take it for an old barracks of some kind. I stayed there for a little while watching the flumdummery of changing sentries. As I am an American probably I should not say anything in regard to this business, but I think just the same as far as Americans are concerned, maybe I am a fanatic and I do not expect to live to see it, but I am sure there will come a time when they will look back on the present age and wonder how so-called enlightened nations could have been so barbarous as to train men and boys in the art of slaughtering each other and consume great sums of money in so-called preparedness for war.

How absurd, foolish and devilish it all is. Take the sentries in front of the palace loaded down with a heavy rifle, uniform and accoutrements, wearing the gigantic bearskin caps, and aimlessly marching up and down—what a monotonous, soul-killing occupation. If this was the clownish performance of some circus there would be an excuse, but it was not. I wanted to laugh, but being an American it wouldn't have done, but I noticed a number of Britishers themselves laughing at the performance. After this I went back to the National Gallery and spent the balance of the time till 6 admiring the grand paintings. These were by artists from most of the European countries, all the great masters—Turner, Reynolds, Lanseer, Michael Angelo, etc.

I forgot to mention that Trafalgar Square is a great open place and in the center is a noble monument of Nelson, commemorating the battle of Trafalgar.

At 6 I climbed on top of a bus and went home. One gets a splendid view of the street traffic from the top of one of these buses.

This being the one and only night when a person could pay a week's room rent in advance where I was stopping, I took advantage of it, getting a slight reduction in consequence. I also got a key to one of the lockers and placed



some of the load I was carrying around with me therein. After this I read for a while and then went to the Library to hunt up information. Didn't get to bed till 10.

AUGUST 18. After breakfast sat in the dining room for some time and observed the crowd going and coming, then after a long walk, brought up at the Congregational Church and attended the service. The church was advertised to hold one thousand, and at the end of the service I counted, including the choir, just thirty-one. The service and sermon were indifferent. All the churches I have visited in this country have poor morning attendances.

After dinner I sat around till 2 and then took a short walk. The people of this neighborhood are mostly Jews. On Sunday most of the shops are open for business. After a short walk I went into the Library and read till supper time. After supper I started on a long walk down Commercial Road to the East End Wesley Mission and Stepney Hall. This street is one of the pretty ones of the East End. Is quite wide and both trams and buses traverse it.

On reaching the hall I found the band playing outside and listened till they were through, when we all went into the hall, which was a fine large auditorium with a gallery running all the way around. There was a fine cornet and string band, which played till the service began. It was a fairly good crowd and we had a good sermon. Just as we were singing the last hymn a little excitement was caused by a lady in the gallery fainting, and having to be carried out. In going out I strolled slowly to my lodging, where I read for awhile and then to bed.

AUGUST 19. Went to the Library where I stayed for a while, then strolled slowly down to the Royal Exchange and waited around till 11, examining the fine paintings while waiting for my California friend. Finally at 11, concluding that something had prevented his coming, I went on to the postoffice, found no mail, and had about come to the conclusion that I had been forgotten by all friends.

After this I visited St. Bartholomew's Church, built

A. D. 1123, the oldest in London. Its appearance inside certainly bears this out—it seems to be crumbling away.

After dinner I went through the market and then brought up at the Guild Hall. This is an old building where the guilds or trades used to meet. It contains a museum and library. The first was closed, but there was quite a number of paintings and statues in the entrance hall and corridor.

My eyes have been bothering me more or less ever since I traveled from Birmingham to Bristol. I must have strained them looking out of the train window. Anyway they bothered me so that I had to give up sightseeing and go home. I spent a couple of hours on the way, taking a roundabout road and just strolled along. When I reached the place I sat back in the dark corner till supper time, and after supper went immediately to bed.

AUGUST 20. My eyes still bothering me I concluded that I had better stay inside. Sat around the rest of the morning watching the crowd. After dinner the same until about 3 when I started out for a long walk out White-chapel and Mile End Road. On the way passed by a great Mission Hall where meetings were advertised for every night.

After getting back sat around and observed the crowd until 5:30 when I had supper, remaining at the table until 7:30. I then went to the mission I had noticed in the afternoon, and found the meetings were being conducted by a minister from Muncie, Ind. It seems that for a number of years this minister has come over here to conduct services at this place during the month of August. It being a wet night there was not much of a crowd, but the preacher gave an arousing address. When it was over I went home and to bed.

AUGUST 21. After breakfast, partly concocted by myself, I went up to the writing room and wrote for awhile. My eyes still bothering me did no sightseeing, with the exception of a short stroll around until noon watching and listening to the crowd.

I had quite an amusing time cooking my dinner as there are no lids, and the tops of the ranges are very heavy. If the fire happens to be down it takes quite a time to heat anything. I wanted to cook some bacon and potatoes, but in order to do so without taking all day, held the pan in front of the grate until I managed to do my cooking, and I also partly cooked my hands and face, but everything of this kind is part of my experience.

I spent most of the afternoon until 5 watching some expert checker games, and at that time started to prepare my supper. This getting my own meals helps to break the monotony. After I finished supper I sat in the dining room and watched the crowd of waiters until 7:30, then I started for a stroll towards the Mission I had been at Tuesday night. It was strictly a temperance meeting and was addressed by a reformed gambler. After this I went home and to bed.

AUGUST 23. After breakfast, as my eyes were still on the bum and it was raining heavily, I stayed in the house, observing the crowd for awhile then watched a few games of checkers until 12:30 and was just going down to start dinner operations when a young fellow who had been playing asked me if I cared for a game, and as I thought we were pretty well matched I sat in and played a couple of games. As I again started for the dining room my checker partner asked me what part of the States I was from, and that settled it. As I had not had a conversation of any length for ten days I forgot all about dinner.

It appeared that this young fellow was a Texan who has been wandering for sixteen years, and at present has a pet in the shape of a partly healed broken leg. He was well educated and acquainted with most of the places I intend to visit. At last I broke away and cooked my dinner and was about through when he came along, and planking his paraphernalia alongside of mine, went about getting something in the eating line for himself. As he had to use crutches it came somewhat awkward for him, and when I finished I helped him out to the extent of gathering dishes and cleaning them for his use. The dinner being

ready we sat down, and after eating talked until 5, then he having to go out I went upstairs. First started to read a little and finding it hard on my eyes I quit and wrote a little and then just sat back and watched the crowd.

It did me a world of good having a talk with this fellow and especially today as it is just a year since I left Windsor for the Northwest, and I was mighty lonesome thinking about it.

After finishing my writing watched a couple of expert checker players until 7. Then went out and did some necessary marketing. After this had supper, afterward walking up and down in front of the building for awhile and then went to bed.

AUGUST 24. After breakfast stayed in dining room and wrote and observed the crowd, not being in any hurry to go out as it was raining as usual. At 9:30 took a tram for Congress Hall, where General Booth laid in state, a ride of three miles through a new part of the city. I expected to find a great crowd lined up but instead of opening the hall at 10, as had been advertised, they had opened at 5:30. This was especially for the benefit of the workmen and on that account I found that none were waiting, but two lines of people were continually passing either side of the casket. The hall was beautifully decorated. Immediately over the coffin were hanging flags of all nations. A great number of wreaths had been presented, the finest being from the German Emperor. I afterwards walked home, passing through parts of the town of Clapton, Hackney and Bethnall Green, stopped in at a Library for awhile and gathered information. Did not get back to my lodgings until 1. I then concocted a fancy dinner and after eating same had a long chat with my American friend. At 5 I took a stroll around for awhile and after getting supper went upstairs and wrote a number of cards and then for a long stroll on Whitechapel and Cambridge Roads. On Saturday night there were all kinds of fakers scattered along these streets and it was amusing to me to watch their antics. After returning I took another short walk with my crippled friend and then

we talked and played checkers until 11 o'clock and then turned in.

AUGUST 25. Wrote for a while, and then went by tram to Wesley's Chapel, in City Road. This is a church that Wesley built and was pastor of for many years. It is not large and is laid out in the Episcopal style. As Wesley never drifted from the English Church the service at this late day is still patterned after the style of that church. I got somewhat weary before the form of service was concluded, especially as I did not know where to find the different parts in the book, but the sermon preached by the venerable old gentleman was splendid. When he gave out notices, he mentioned the fact that a visitors' book was in the vestry and all visitors were asked to sign their names. After the service I was the first to do this and after shaking hands with the minister went out to the rear of the church and gazed upon the last resting places of John and Susannah Wesley, George Whitfield and others. It was 1:30 before I reached home. After preparing a special Sunday dinner and resting up awhile I went upstairs and did some writing, afterward hunted up my friend and showed him some of my cards and souvenirs. Afterward we got our supper together and talked until 8, then stopped long enough for me to do some writing. After finishing, I went to bed.

AUGUST 26. After breakfast I strolled down to the postoffice and got a paper from Detroit. I was glad to get the paper, but I was as far off as ever from knowing anything about whether my friends in Detroit had entirely forgotten me or not. After writing and posting a card to Detroit, I came back to the Guild Hall and went through the museum. There are a great number of fine paintings, and some water colors of different Lord Mayors. There is also a fine collection of badges of different trades or guilds. After this I had lunch and then went up to the top of the monument, two hundred feet high. This would not be considered high in New York, but is one of the highest points in this town. There was no elevator—only a spiral staircase.

I spent some time viewing the city, then after going down went through the Billingsgate Market, and stood on the wharf for some time watching the great cranes unloading the vessels. After this I went to the Tower of London, which is built in the shape of a great hollow square with a tower at each corner. The attractions are the Armories, the Beauchamp Tower and the Crown Jewels. In the Armories are hundreds of old sets and parts of armor, guns, swords, spears and every kind of equipment for ancient warfare. Among the many curiosities are four full sets of armor which belonged to Henry VIII and armor worn by Charles I, Charles II and James II. The jewel room is the main attraction of course. This is in one of the towers. A great case stands in the middle of the room. This is enclosed in glass, and outside of that are great bars of iron. It is just one dazzle of gold and precious stones. There are several great crowns besides innumerable other articles. Just outside of this tower in the yard is a stand which marks the spot where Anne Boleyn and Catharine Howard, wives of Henry VIII., the "Blue Beard," along with Jane Grey, were executed. The Beauchamp tower is where all the great prisoners of state were kept, and the interior and walls are covered with carving done by some of these.

The moat outside is now used as a drill ground and there was a company going through evolutions when I was there. I watched them for some time. Thinking I had seen enough for one day I went home to my lodging, and then prepared an extra good supper. After this I hunted up St. Claire, my Texas friend, and we played checkers and talked until bedtime.

AUGUST 27. After breakfast I walked down to the tube station intending to go to the Victoria and Albert Museum, but as it was clear and bright, thought it a good time to go to the Shakespeare Exhibit. As this was not open until 11 I went in a Library near by and read for awhile. On going out, finding it had clouded over in the meantime, I followed my first intention and took the tube for South Kensington. On gaining the entrance to the

museum, I found that for a second time I had mistaken the day. It was not open. So I then went a little farther on to the Science Museum. This is a great building which is packed full of models, or the article itself, of about everything made. There are old spinning-wheels and cotton working machinery. The printing press used by B. Franklin is there. The different processes that cotton goes through from the time it is picked until made into cloth is illustrated. Different types of sewing machines, typewriters, paper making machinery, different boilers and engines, two locomotives made in 1829, the first reaper, models of three reapers made by Cyrus McCormick, old bicycles of different periods and models of airships are found there. Then there was an old state barge used by the ancient Kings of England.

I spent the time until 4:30 looking over this collection, then went into the Imperial Institute next door which, as its name indicates, contains exhibits from the different parts of the Empire. I had just finished the Canadian exhibit when the place closed. This exhibit consisted almost entirely of minerals and stones in the ore and rough state, also manufactured state. It was a splendid attraction. I then went via the tube to my lodging where I made it my first business to start in and prepare a good dinner as I had only had a lunch at noon. While I was eating St. Claire came and got his supper. I waited and kept him company, then did some writing, and then St. Claire and I talked until bedtime.

AUGUST 28. After breakfast I took a long walk to the Bethnal Green Museum, passing through a pretty little park or garden as they are called. It being a bright pleasant morning I could not help noticing that most of the seats were occupied by sleeping men in every degree of destitution. On reaching the Museum I stayed until 12:30.

There were some fine exhibits, one lent by the King consisted of robes, dresses, etc., received from the Emperor of Abyssinia. Another was an exhibit lent by Lord Curzon consisting of presents of all kinds he had received while Viceroy of India. There was also a fine display of dishes,

etc., from different countries. One case especially attracted my attention as being one of the most unique attractions I had noticed. It was a rope from Japan 700 feet long and weighing 500 pounds, made entirely of women's hair. There was no statement of the number who had been shorn of their beauty. It must have been an enormous number. There were a few more exhibits and lastly a collection of paintings.

After dinner I came back to the Museum and finished looking at the attractions, and then went to the tube station and took a train to New Cross in the southeast of London. At this place I hunted up the home of Mr. Shephard, whom I had met on the boat coming from Norway. After tea I showed some of my post cards and curios, and was shown a number of prizes and medals won by the gentleman for his flower displays. He then took me for a long walk to a high hill where a pretty fair view of the lights of London was obtained, then to his club. This is known as the Workingman's Club and is of liberal persuasion. It is different from anything of the kind we have in America. After finishing our walk, he went with me to the station where I took a train to London and I went to my lodgings where I immediately went to bed.

AUGUST 29. Went out and did some marketing. On coming back met St. Claire and we prepared breakfast and ate together. After chatting awhile, I went down to the Aldgate station and took tube for South Kensington, and went to the Imperial Institute. There is a splendid exhibit from every part of the Imperial Dominions, from the smallest to the greatest, mostly natural resources, although, especially from India, there are a great number of caskets containing addresses to Queen Victoria, King Edward, King George and Queen Mary. The caskets being in glass cases, and the addresses framed and hung along the walls. An especially interesting exhibit, in the Australian section, is a case full of gilt duplicates of all the great gold nuggets found there. In the South African exhibit is a case containing paste representations of the great Kohinoor diamond in its rough state, and the nine stones it had been made into.



On finishing here I went next door to a branch of the Victoria and Albert Museum containing a magnificent exhibit of Indian furniture, jewelry, old arms, armor, water color pictures of different buildings and scenes, and thousands of articles of jade, lacquer inlaid and other work, native costumes, etc. And besides this a grand display of caskets of all kinds made to contain addresses presented to Royalty.

I then went into a place where there was an exhibition of all kinds of needlework, which was for sale. There is a school in connection where the art is taught.

On the way to the station I went into a place where the prize-winners in some kind of an exhibition were on view. These consisted of hundreds of different kinds of designs for all kinds of purposes, carpets, wall paper, book covers, china ware, dresses, etc., etc. There were also a number of paintings, water colors, and statues. It was a splendid display, especially as all the contestants, both male and female, were under 20 years of age.

As it was now 5 o'clock and I had been on the job since 11 without stopping for lunch, I went home, where I forthwith prepared an extra good dinner-supper. After eating I hunted up St. Claire and we talked till 11, when I turned in.

AUGUST 30. Went out and did some marketing and then prepared breakfast. Just as I was starting in St. Claire came along and we had breakfast together. We afterward stayed there talking until after 10 when I went to the tube station and took the train for Erlscourt, where the Shakespeare Exhibition was in progress. This exhibition consists of a great number of buildings to represent those in vogue in the time of Shakespeare, and they are crowded with furniture and relics of that period. There are also exhibits from the different colonies.

After visiting Canada, Australia, a number of small houses, I came upon a small place with an attendant, dressed in the old period, in charge. He had charge of a great book and a number of exhibition medals. The price of these ran from 12 cents to \$50, the money going toward the exhibition fund.

I handed him a shilling, got a medal and was then allowed to transcribe my name in this great book. The attendant afterward turned the pages and showed me the signature of the King, Queen Mary, Queen Alexandria and several other royalties and great officials, so I had the honor of writing my name in the same book as the King.

I afterward had a few minutes' conversation with this attendant, boosting America. Then went on, going through the unique building and taking in the different side shows, also watching the "Shoot the Chutes" for a while. Had some lunch and kept wandering around. Then ran into a place in charge of a lady belonging to an anti-suffrage league, who was getting signers to the petition. She stopped me and before I finally broke away we had quite a discussion with an interested audience.

At 2:30 I bought a ticket for a big circus and stood in line until the doors opened at 3. Obtained a very good seat and observed the crowd and listened to music until 3:30 when the program began, which consisted of a fine acrobatic exhibition by a family of seven men. Then three women gave a wonderful trapeze performance, then a lady with eight trained horses came along and there were a couple of clowns and donkeys and twelve Japanese acrobats and cortortionists. After this a performance by two splendid bareback riders. I do not think I ever saw their equal. Then another bunch of trained horses, and as a finale two motor cars "shooting the chutes" and while in mid-air the hind one passed the first. Take it all in all I have never seen better performances.

It then being 5:30 and concluding that I had seen enough, I went home and started to get supper. While doing so St. Claire came along and we had our meal together, and talked until bedtime.

AUGUST 31. After breakfast started for the Latin British Exhibition. On locating the grounds and entering I was struck at once by the resemblance of the buildings and grounds to the World's Fair at Chicago, only these buildings were not so large. Of course the whole show is on a smaller scale.

I first visited the French building, where there was a splendid display of all kinds of manufactured goods, the finest of all being the great number of lifelike wax images, dressed by Worth and other great Paris dressmakers. Also a model of the caves wherein are situated the wine cellars of some of the noted champagne makers.

I signed the visitors' book, bought a penny packet of chocolate at one of the booths, then went on by a beautiful water display and crossed a lagoon to the art building. At this place is displayed a splendid collection of modern paintings of the French, British, Spanish and Italian schools. Those in the Italian section were mostly of a religious nature, and in the Spanish section was a very large painting of Columbus. It was after 1 before I finished here, so had some lunch before going further. Afterward strolled along looking at the buildings and then stopped for awhile and enjoyed a band concert. After this took a walk through the grounds and caves of the mountain railway.

These are representations of mountains, around and up and down, and then through tunnels the railway runs. I sat and watched this performance for awhile and then went through on what is called a "gliding railway." It is round a roadway about thirty feet wide covered with boiler plates which keep up an undulating motion and move in and out. The modus operandi is a small car holding two, within which is the steering wheel. It is interesting to watch the occupants trying to guide their car straight.

From this I went into a place where there is a picture show of the different stages of the making of the London Mail, from the paper making to the finished paper itself. This is quite interesting.

I then wandered around a rustic garden, then passed by a few more attractions, one of which drew my attention for a few minutes. It was called a "flip-flap." There were two great steel horizontal structures opposite each other. At one end of both were round compartments capable of holding twenty-five. When the machine was set in motion each arm raised slowly to its full length, passed

each other and gradually came down, each changing places. Meanwhile the compartments kept in a level position. After this I listened to the band for awhile, then went through the great building containing exhibitions from several European countries. This whole exhibition was something entirely out of the ordinary as far as I am concerned, there being representations of all the great cities in the different countries.

All the way through the building had an appearance of a cave or grotto, and in the Welsh section was a coal mine and each country had a number of singers and artists who performed at stated times.

After finishing this I went to the main lagoon where the artists of each country were going round and round in gondolas for the delectation of the public.

After this was over I went through the Latin American section, a beautiful Jap garden and a building containing life-saving appliances. I then strolled around, observing the crowd and the attractions. As it was now dark the electric display was simply magnificent. I watched and listened to the band until I finally left at 9, getting home at 10 o'clock, when I retired.

SEPTEMBER 1. After breakfast I walked to the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Spurgeon's old church. This was further than I thought—took more than an hour to walk, but was well repaid as I heard a grand sermon. It was so good, in fact, that instead of going back home I went to another place, the Rowton House, which was close by, for my dinner, and after this took a short walk, then back to the church where I attended Sunday school service; then back to the Rowton House, had an early supper, when I went back to the Tabernacle, concluding that it would be crowded if I waited till 6:30. I was right, for before services started the place was packed. I heard another splendid sermon. Dr. Dixon, the minister, preached forty-five minutes, and I could have listened for a couple of hours longer. The main auditorium and gallery will hold upwards of two thousand people.

As I had done considerable walking I took an auto bus

to Aldgate and walked the few remaining blocks to my lodging. I didn't get home till 8:30, and ran into St. Claire as I entered the door. As I had expected to return by 1 he had about concluded that something had happened to me. We located chairs and talked till 11 o'clock, when we turned in.

SEPTEMBER 2. Prepared and ate breakfast, then started for the postoffice, stopping in at a couple of places on the way; received no mail, but wrote and sent away a number of post cards. After this found my way to the Blackfriars tube, rubbering all along the way. Took train for South Kensington and finally got to the Victoria and Albert Museum just at the stroke of 11. The first department contains a great number of old statues, and the second old furniture and a number of old rooms with paneling and furniture of the period of the 15th century. In the great hall the walls were covered with old doorways, altarpieces, chimneypieces, etc., and on the floor was a number of well heads, etc. On the fourth floor were architectural drawings and models of historic buildings. The fifth compartment contained old gold and silver vessels and works of art beautifully engraved; the sixth, great old statues and monuments in plaster paris; seventh, plaster casts of great pulpits and church interiors, etc.; eighth, on the wall old tapestries and on the floor musical instruments of all kinds; ninth, a splendid display of Gobelin tapestry and French carpets; tenth, a collection of water colors; eleven, engravings and etchings; twelfth, the bequest of John Jones especially being a collection of small portraits and beautiful and expensive old vases, furniture, etc.; thirteenth, a small collection of paintings; fourteenth, manuscript and relics of Charles Dickens; sixteenth, another small collection of paintings and water colors; seventeenth, the Murray bequest containing one great painting of Leighton, and some old models, vases, etc.; seventeenth a grand display of old lace; eighteenth, embroideries of all kinds, carpets, clothing, etc.; nineteenth, ceramics; twentieth, Japanese pottery; twenty-first, fine collection of china and earthenware; twenty-second, collection of Chin-

ese and Japanese carved stands, and all kinds of dishes, vases and carved ware.

Finishing here I then went up to Kensington Garden, part of Hyde Park, and continued along till I came to the Albert Memorial, the most magnificent monument in London. The lowest base is about six feet from the ground, and one hundred feet square. About one dozen steps all the way around lead to the second base which is about sixty feet square. A few feet more to the third, which is about forty feet square. On this is built a solid base ten feet high and thirty feet square. This is covered with probably a hundred figures. On top sits a gigantic figure of the Prince Consort, and over all is a great canopy resembling a mosque. After viewing this I went on to Kensington Palace, where Queen Victoria was born and lived till she came to the throne. It is now a museum and contains a great number of relics of the Royal family, as well as a number of paintings of important events.

I just got through the building when it closed at 6. There was about one dozen rooms used and what they were once used for is told in the sign over the door. The building itself was just a common structure two stories high, but is surrounded by beautiful grounds.

After this I went back to the tube station and it was 7 o'clock before I got home. This was a strenuous day. I had to start in and get my dinner, only having had a lunch at noon. Just before I was ready to start in I hunted up St. Claire and he and I ate together and talked till 9 o'clock when I went to bed.

SEPTEMBER 3. Arose at 8, prepared and ate breakfast, did some writing and left at 9:30 for Madame Tussand's Wax Works, noted the world over. At the "tube" station booked to the wrong place and had to walk a considerable distance. As this was a new part of the city to me I took my time and did not reach the place till 11. All I have heard and read about this place did not exaggerate its attractions, there being nearly 400 figures and tableaux. The two most important at the present time are those of the late General Booth and his son, General Bramwell Booth.

There are figures of all the English Kings and Queens and some of their consorts from William the Conqueror down to King George, great numbers of public men and other European sovereigns. Then there is the Napoleon room, containing figures of all the Bonaparte family, and interesting relics of all kinds—the traveling coach of Napoleon captured at Waterloo, the bed on which he died, etc. The most uncannily interesting was “The Chamber of Horrors.” This contained wax models of the heads of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette and a great number of others modeled by Madame Tussand by command of the National Assembly, immediately after their execution. There were figures of dozens of murderers and murtheresses, a number of ropes used at executions, the “Old Bailey” dock and innumerable articles. At intervals, while looking over the exhibit, I stopped and listened to the orchestra and watched a moving picture show, and also heard a grand gramophone concert by Caruso, Melba, Patti, Harry Lauder and others. Finally at 7, after being there eight hours I went home and prepared a big feed, as I had eaten nothing since morning. St. Claire, who was just having his supper when I arrived, sat and talked to me while I was eating. Afterwards we went upstairs and played checkers till 11, when I turned in.

SEPTEMBER 4. Had to go out to do some marketing, then prepared and ate breakfast and sat down to talk with St. Claire until 10, when I went to the tube station and boarded a train for Whitely's store, the largest and finest in the British Isles. This is owned by an American, and is run on the same plan as the department stores in that country. It is a very fine building and everything is gotten up regardless of price, but of course it does not compare in size with the great stores of New York. After wandering through I finally reached the roof, where there is a garden and as this with the exception of quite a breeze was the finest day we had had for some time, I enjoyed a few minutes of a sun bath. Only a few blocks away was Hyde Park and this I headed for. On reaching the park I found the first convenient seat and prepared

to enjoy the fine day, observing the coming and going crowd, afterwards going on through until I came to Hyde Park proper. I then inquired for Rotten Row and found out that I was within a few feet of the noted old thoroughfare. This road was a mile in length, running through the park, and during the season is used by wealth and fashion as a promenade horse-back, it being about fifty feet wide with rows of fine old trees on either side, and the center roadway having a top dressing of several inches of fine gravel and sand. As every one, except seven or eight million that have to stay, left the city the first of August, I did not see this fashionable display turn out. I watched some girls playing basketball for a while and then continued on through the park to the Eastern gate. I must not forget that I had the first drink of cold water I had tasted since leaving Stockholm. This was obtained at an old well or pump. I then went down past Buckingham Palace and Westminster Cathedral, the principal Roman Catholic church in England. This is a very large structure, but with the exception of a few marble pillars and arches the interior is common, every-day brick. There is one main auditorium with chapels on either side. The service started just as I entered, and the music of the organ and the singing of the choir were splendid.

After leaving here I went on toward Trafalgar Square, entering and inspecting the army and navy stores on the way. This place has a great high class trade and more especially with the families of army and navy officers. Everything is gotten up regardless of expense and all articles for sale are of the best material but have a fancy price attached. After a few minutes here I went on to the National Portrait Gallery, where are exhibited the pictures of the Royal families and principal men of the times from Richard I. down, each period having a different room. At the bottom of each portrait is a short history of the person. Americans will be glad to know that George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and John Wesley were among this number. On leaving I struck out for my lodgings, having a short walk to Charing Cross Station, where I took a "tube" for Aldgate, and after preparing and



eating supper in the company of St. Claire, we talked until bedtime.

SEPTEMBER 5. After breakfast it appearing to be a fine day, I decided to go to Greenwich and took a long walk down to and across the Tower bridge, then up along the banks to London bridge where I took an S. E. & C. train expecting to see something of the city. I found it was an underground train which ran along above the tops of the houses. I saw plenty of the city but none of the country as it was built right up to the Greenwich station.

After a short walk, mostly up hill, I reached the observatory, but could only view this from the outside, as a person was only permitted to enter after going through a lot of red tape.

I waited until noon and then I set my watch by the great clock which is just outside the gate. Those who have not forgotten their geography lessons and still remember something of latitude and longitude, would know that this is 0 of longitude. There is a beautiful park and a couple hundred acres surrounding the building. After walking over this considerably I turned my steps toward the Naval College. No one is admitted to this, but I stood for some time watching a number of boys playing foot-ball. In the quadrangle is a full rigged ship with all the appurtenances for the use of the embryo officers. In succession I went through the museum, chapel and hall. In the museum there was quite a large exhibition of models and ships, also a collection of relics of Sir John Franklin's expedition, as well as a few paintings.

The chapel, which is only for the students and teachers of the college, is quite small, but has a very beautiful interior. The painted hall is the main attraction, being a great hall about one hundred feet by fifty feet and fifty feet high. At the front is a raised dias and the walls are covered with paintings in some places three deep. These are portraits of officers, pictures of great battles and ships, more of Lord Nelson than any other. In a case there are a number of relics of the Great Nelson. The ceilings and front walls are beautifully decorated and the floor is made

of squares of marble, lengths of matting being laid down to walk on.

The museum is on the Thames and a grand view can be obtained from the second floor. After finishing here I took a long walk about the town, leaving for the city at 5. On getting home I prepared and ate supper, then up came St. Claire and we played checkers and talked until bedtime.

SEPTEMBER 6. With the exception of two short walks didn't leave the house all day. My feet were in such a poor condition that I concluded I had better stay in and rest up.

After doing a little necessary cleaning and repairing of clothing I sorted out some cards I wanted to send to Detroit, then wrote some cards and a couple of letters, and then I went out and did a little marketing. St. Claire and I prepared and ate dinner together and talked until 3 when again I went for the writing, this time making a start at a very long letter which I sent to the church class in Detroit, and didn't let up until 7, when St. Claire dragged me away and we went down and prepared and ate supper together and then played checkers until 10, when I went to bed.

SEPTEMBER 7. The first thing this morning had to do some marketing and then St. Claire and I had breakfast. In order to put my feet on the bum once more went first to the Canadian Bank of Commerce where I drew an equivalent of \$100, this having been sent over from a Bank in Windsor.

I then hunted up Tuck & Sons, the great post card manufacturers, after that headed for the British Museum. Was directed wrong a few times, but took my time, stopped and rested while I rubbed at the crowd. Got something to eat, and at last reached the noble building at 1 o'clock.

This building was about what I expected to see. At the entrance were thirty-eight great pillars, two rows along the front and a row at each end, the two wings of this projecting out towards the street. The part I inspected was

the manuscript room where are works of royalty and numerous other authors, also a great number of the historical documents like the Magna Charter, etc. There is also a collection of the great seals used by all the rulers of England from Edward the Confessor down, also a great number of the autographed letters of noted people. As these were old geniuses it was impossible to read their handwriting. Next was a number of the earliest known books, one written 411 A. D., being the earliest extant. There were a number of books representing the early stages of printing process, next a number of early maps and globes. In the main hall around a part of the wall and on the floor were a large number of slabs and pieces of stone containing characters carved before the Christian era.

Upstairs were very different kinds of old styles of furniture. One room contains nothing but old Grecian pottery, and on the outside of each article a scene of some kind was depicted. The Egyptian exhibit is the main attraction. The hundreds of mummy cases, etc., attract great crowds.

It is interesting for the person who knows his dates fairly well to go along and observe the times given with each exhibit and then let the mind travel back to the contemporary periods of the Hebrew, Jews. In an Assyrian exhibit was one collection that especially attracted my attention. This was more than a hundred letters on baked clay written by a king who lived more than two thousand years B. C.

In a couple of rooms was a very good collection from South America of ancient articles. Then the Esquimaux were represented by a fine collection of furs and household goods. Next was a splendid collection of chinaware ranging back to the 17th century. After going this far I called off for the day and after a short walk boarded a tram which landed me within a few blocks of home.

After loading up with provisions for tomorrow I went home and prepared and ate supper. St. Claire came along just as I finished. I stayed until he got through, then we went upstairs and played checkers and talked until bedtime.

SEPTEMBER 8. Prepared and ate breakfast, St. Claire being a little ahead of me, and after getting ready started out on a long walk for church; passed Petticoat Lane, a notorious street, on the way. On coming opposite to St. Paul's Cathedral I thought it would be a shame to leave London without attending a service at one of the great churches, so went in for the morning service. The singing and music were fine. On coming out I started for home, going the entire length of Petticoat Lane, passing Frying Pan Alley. The first named has been noted for years for its Sunday morning markets, the entire street for upwards of a mile being filled with carts containing all kinds of merchandise imaginable. On arriving home I prepared and ate dinner, St. Claire joining me, after which we talked until supper time, which meal we prepared and ate together. We then continued our conversation until bedtime.

SEPTEMBER 9. Had to go out and do some marketing first thing, then prepared and ate breakfast and after a short talk with St. Claire started out, taking a long walk, finally winding up at Hackney Station. From here I took a train to Chalk Farm, near the Zoo, got something to eat, and at 12:30 gained an entrance and spent three hours going around seeing the different animals; then sat down for a while and watched three elephants going back and forth carrying passengers. At 4 went into the lion house to see the animals fed. This was a thrilling and awe inspiring sight. The animals had been restless and uneasy for some time. When the attendants brought in the meat and wheeled it along in front of the cages, the uproar was fearful. The place was packed and jammed with people and I could not help thinking what a catastrophe would occur if one of the animals broke out. In the bottom of each cage was an opening about twelve inches high, with a bar across. This was raised and one attendant passed in a piece of meat. I was standing directly in front of the largest lion and it was dreadful to see it seize on its portion, which was a large leg bone. It did not take him long to get all the meat and then he

kept turning the bone over in every direction to see if he could not find another crumb, then finally he broke it all to pieces and got the marrow out. After this I went around once more, seeing new attractions, and at 5 started for home, passing through Regent's Park on the way to my station. If it had only been warm it would have been delightful strolling around for awhile, but it was cold as usual. On getting home, prepared and ate supper, then went up and talked and played checkers with St. Claire until 8, when I helped him get supper and talked to him until bedtime.

SEPTEMBER 10. Was lazy. Prepared and ate breakfast, had a chat with St. Claire and then walked slowly down across London Bridge, where I took an elevated train for Crystal Palace, one of the sights of London. Arrived there at 11. Started to take in the sights. The palace principally is, as its name indicates, a huge rectangular structure, built almost entirely of steel and glass. On my entrance a great organ was sending out fine music and I headed in the direction of the sound, which was in the great central hall. After a few minutes the music stopped and I started out to examine the building. Along the sides were representatives of different forms of ancient architecture in the shape of frescoes, doorways, arches, statues and monuments of every kind. These were all exact duplicates in plaster. I just went along one side of this, it being so cold that I was nearly frozen, when I saw a sign which read like this, "Down Stairs to the Monkey House." Down I went, thinking, at least, it would be warmer down there and I was right, for it was fairly comfortable. After looking over most of the collection, which consisted of monkeys and parrots, I sat down and enjoyed the antics of a band of girls, apparently from some home. They were just having a heavenly time. I then had some lunch and went through the great building, admiring the statues, exhibitions, etc., also listening to a short organ recital, then out in the grounds, looking at the different sights, but there was very little doing, as it was so cold. Stopped in front of the Canadian Northern Exhibit and had a talk with the man in charge.

I afterward listened to a band concert and when this had finished went out in the ground to make a last round before leaving, and stumbled on a Grand Canadian Exhibit, also stopped in to see the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific building. Got into conversation with some one in each place and did not get away until 6. Had to wait a short time in the station, not arriving home until 7. Prepared and had supper with St. Claire and then sat up and talked until 10, when we went to bed.

SEPTEMBER 11. Did some marketing after which prepared and had breakfast and then after a talk with St. Claire wrote until 12:30 a long letter to Detroit. Part of this was in the line of a scolding for not having received any word from them. I afterward prepared dinner and St. Claire and I had this together. Then I went downtown, posting my letter on the way. Stopped at the Guild Hall and Library until 5, poring over a Continental Bradshaw, then took a walk a little further to the postoffice and thought I might as well stop in and tell them to forward any mail that came. I had given up all hopes of receiving letters and was agreeably surprised to find two waiting for me from Detroit. I was then sorry I posted my letter, although I had said nothing that could hurt any one. My, how good those letters seemed to me, especially coming just as they did, as I was about to leave London for a country where the English language was not spoken. After reading my letters, which were fine and all I could ask, I went down Holborne intending to call on Burroughes', but missed the place some way or other. After proceeding as far as Oxford street I turned back and walked home, then prepared and ate my supper in company with St. Claire. Wrote and posted a card to Detroit, afterwards talking and playing checkers with St. Claire until bedtime.

SEPTEMBER 12. Had to take a long walk after some bread as the people across the street, whom I had been dealing with, were closed up, it being some kind of a Jewish holiday. After returning I prepared and ate my

breakfast and then started to get lined up for my departure. First cleaned coat and hat with ammonia, then got together all the post cards and souvenirs of all kinds I had accumulated and had St. Claire fix them up in a parcel, which I posted to Detroit, and at the same time went on a little further to Cook's office where I booked for Rotterdam. Coming back I wrote until 12, then went down and prepared the last meal I should probably fix up in a long time. As I was expecting St. Claire in any minute I got the utensils ready for him.

He appearing, we had our last meal together. Afterward I went up and talked and played checkers with St. Claire until 4, when we started for the station. I had to stop in at Cook's and get some money changed and St. Claire had to walk slowly on account of his crutches, but we both got there the same time.

We had a few minutes to wait, but we had not much to say, both having lumps in our throats, our mutual attachment being so strong. I know as far as I am concerned I never became so attached to any man in my whole life.

Finally, after repeated requests on his part for me to write we had to part and I could see tears in his eyes, and I am not ashamed to say for the first time in many a day one or two leaked from mine.

I was agreeably surprised by the train-ride. If I had given it a thought I probably expected to travel two or three miles instead of more than twenty. We passed through quite a bit of the country which as the weather was considerably warmer and the sun was shining looked very pretty.

The train landed us at the dock and a tender conveyed us to the boat, the "Batavier," a Dutch ship of fair size. After locating my berth I went up on deck watching the scenery for about an hour, when the river getting so wide and darkness settling down, I went below. After eating supper, wrote and read until 9 o'clock.

SEPTEMBER 13. Was called at 5—an unearthly hour. After dressing had some breakfast and then went up on deck and stayed until we landed at 6:30.

Rotterdam is a few miles up from the mouth of the Rhine. There was a great deal of shipping to see. That was all. On landing I hunted up the address given me by St. Claire, which proved to be the Salvation Army Hotel.

When after sitting down for awhile and listening to a Dutch conversation, and writing a short time, I went up to see a little of the place. Traveled and kept going.

This is another canal city and I crossed innumerable bridges. Finally noticed a tram-car with "Central station" marked on it, and I thought I would like to know where it was, so I would know about how far it was from my lodging, and I was tired before I got there. But saw some of the city and located a museum that I intended to hunt up.

After sitting in the station awhile getting information I went back until I came to a museum, which I proceeded to explore. After leaving I hunted a restaurant and had some dinner, which cost me thirty cents (Dutch), ten cents in our money.

I was mighty hungry, but had a full feeling strong before I finished. After this I took another long walk, bringing up at a fish market. Holland is noted for her eel industry, and I went into a stall where a man, woman and boy were operating on snake-like creatures and the buyer would pick out the live one and one or the other would skin and clean it. It looked like a cruel job, but I suppose these fish are devoid of feeling.

After this I went to the back of the building where an auction was in progress. The auctioneer stood up with his back to the building. Right in front of him was a long table-like structure which held the fish, on the other side in the form of a semi-circle were a number of seats. These were filled with bare-headed and shawled fishwives, a few men standing behind.

The contents of a bushel basket would be dumped on the table and then instead of the people bidding the auctioneer would start at a high figure and quickly come down until someone would call. This was repeated until everything was cleaned out. It was nearly over when I got there, but I enjoyed it while it lasted.



Then another walk, passing the postoffice, went in to get stamps for a letter and card I expected to send from Holland. As the stamps issued run from one-half cent up I could put quite a collection on the letter.

I kept on until I came to the river and as the sun was shining and it was warm I sat down and took in the sights. One of the things I have noticed is that most hand-carts have a dog fastened behind, that helps to pull.

I then went on a few blocks further to the Mass where I rubbered around for awhile, then came out and stood on one of the steps of the station, letting the sun soak in a little and gazing upon the river with particular interest as it had just come to my mind that this was the historical Rhine, so much written about in prose and poetry.

After this I strolled along the quay and watched the small boats unloading. There were no sheds—they unloaded right on the quay. Then I crossed the river and went down for some distance, noticing the sign “Boats for Amsterdam.” I made inquiry and found they started every day at 8 p. m. If they had started in the morning I would have traveled that way instead of by train.

St. Claire had told me of a fine trip from Rotterdam to Antwerp by boat through canals, and I located a dock and found out what time the boat left. When I come back from The Hague I expect to go by boat to Antwerp.

I then went on a little further to a different part of the town and came to a small park where I rested my feet a little, then back, another walk, had supper. After this, being a long way from my lodgings, I started back, but just as I was turning into my street I espied what appeared to be a busy thoroughfare and turned along this. It turned out to be a main business street of the city.

It was about a mile in length, and I traveled up one side and down the other, rubbering to get prices on everything, which I especially made it my business to do wherever I went.

After getting to my lodgings I watched the people for awhile and then turned in at 9:30. I forgot to speak of the wash-women I saw at work this morning. This was

on the canal boats, families living on them. This wash business was very primitive, a board and scrubbing brush being the main implements.

SEPTEMBER 14. After breakfast read and wrote and listened to the conversation of those around me until 10:30 and started out for a stroll; passed by what looked to be a church and as it was locked did not have an opportunity to explore. Went down to docks and watched the men loading and unloading boats. Noticed one thing especially, that was the slowness of the movements of everybody. The police of this town are great and wonderful beings, dressed in a long black frock coat and trousers, with a grand tin helmet on the head. After dinner I went to the electric station and boarded a train for The Hague, fifteen miles away.

I can't say much for the beauty of the country passed. It was very flat; had either been lots of rain or an overflow, as the land was mostly covered with water.

There were small, medium and large ditches and canals. Wherever I looked I could see an old windmill (of the pictures) with two great arms. The entire country was given over to pasturage, most of the cows being blanketed, whether on account of the flies or rain I could not say.

The Hague appeared altogether different from Rotterdam, seemed more aristocratic, so to speak. I hunted up the Maruitshus Museum and stayed there until 4. There was a splendid collection of pictures mostly by Rembrandt, Van Dyke, Holbein and Rubens. After this I kept going until 8:30; passed by the principal legislative buildings, went down to the canal and noticed how a boat is propelled when the sails are not used.

A woman steers while the man takes a long pole, lets it to the bottom, goes to the front part of the boat and then slowly walks back to the stern, pushing on the pole as he comes along.

I was fascinated by this primeval form of locomotion and watched it for quite a while. There was a small cabin at the stern where the family live. Just before this I spent more than an hour in the great bazaar, like some

of our department stores in America. All the time I heard sweet music discoursed by a phonograph.

This was a beautiful place, modern and up-to-date. The young ladies were the best looking I have seen in any of these European stores. One of the cashiers looked enough like a Detroit young lady whom I know to be her twin sister.

As I was looking for a restaurant where I could get some supper I ran into a great open-air market, and after getting some provisions at one of the stalls I wandered up and down for a couple of hours, and just as I was leaving a man came up and said, "Hello there," and of course I responded to his salutation, finding out he had spent many years in America. After a few minutes' conversation he gave me his business card and asked me to hunt him up before I left the city. As I had not already done so, I thought it was time I hunted up a home for the night, and after considerable traveling located a place.

The landlord being able to talk English we made out all right. It was now 8:30 and I sat down at a table and wrote until 9:30 when I went to bed.

SEPTEMBER 15. Breakfast consisted of bread, butter, kasse and coffee, with no sugar. I did a little writing and then started off to see a little of the town. Was looking for the Peace Palace, was directed wrong several times and finally arrived at the place directed to, which turned out to be the Palace in the Woods, which was very picturesque, and was one of the palaces I wanted to see. In going through I passed by a fine stretch of residences and park land reaching out into the country. Before I finished I went through a couple of parks that were certainly of the natural order.

If it had only been a warm day this would have been an extra fine stroll, as it was it was all right. I passed one church and wished it was Methodist.

I didn't get back to my stopping place till 1 p. m., and spent a miserable hour waiting for dinner. Of all the quarrelsome people I ever saw these are the worst. One couple I thought would eat each other. Finally I got my

dinner and then hustled out to the Cemeendes Museum where a fine selection of paintings and curios were. After finishing here I took a stoom tram to Scheveningen, about four miles away. This is an ancient resort and must be quite interesting in the summer, there being a board walk which extends for several miles to all kinds of residences and amusement places. On landing I went along the sand for upwards of a mile. On the way I picked up a peculiarly marked shell which I intend placing in a letter which I shall send to my Detroit friends.

After this I walked down a narrow street which was filled with damsels dressed in native costume. This was a fine sight. The dress consisted of voluminous skirts, tight fitting waists and small shawl and peculiar head dress. A heavy band of silver held the hair. Then a light filmy embroidered close-fitting cap and a couple of bangles to hold the cap. Heavy earrings, brooch and chain complete the costume, which was, to say the least, very picturesque, although it made the girls look like their own grandmothers.

For the second time on this trip I came in for a certain amount of attention and guying from the crowd, although for what particular reason I could not tell.

On turning off this street I soon got back to the shore where the wind was blowing stronger than ever, almost carrying a person off his feet, and I noticed knots of people gathered around men with glasses, who were looking at a yacht which seemed in distress. It appeared every minute as though it would be engulfed. For some time a small tug was seen making its way toward the yacht, and after a hard struggle managed to make fast and started towing it in. At this point, having seen all I wanted to of the place, I went to the station and took a car back to The Hague, reaching my lodging at 7.

After supper I sat around and listened to the conversation till bedtime.

This was the most unpleasant Sunday evening of my trip. They were having a drunken revel. As it was, my feet were completely worn out and I had my choice of the street or the revel. I could not help contrasting this

with the Sunday nights I spent in Detroit. I would willingly give one-half cent Dutch money to be through with this journey.

SEPTEMBER 16. Breakfasted and after a talk with the proprietor went to the station and boarded the train for Amsterdam. I happened to strike an express and went through the historical towns of Delft, Haarlam and Leyden without stopping. Got to my destination at 10, and after several inquiries at last located the Rijks, the great National Museum, and stayed right on the job till 2. The building is certainly a magnificent structure, comparing favorably with the Victoria and Albert in London, although not nearly so large. The ground floor and a kind of half basement were given over to antiquities, furniture, dishes, etc., and a splendid collection of cannon, guns and flags and all kinds of articles captured in battle, also a number of uniforms of different periods. The second floor contained some of the most priceless paintings in the world by Rubens, Rembrandt and others. I suppose I have had a surfeit of fine pictures and cannot appreciate them as I should, but even at that I could not help admiring a great number of these. There are a number of portraits of the House of Orange and Nassau, there being several of Prince William III., afterwards king of England. The most priceless of all, "Rembrandt's Watch Night," had a room all to itself, and even to my common, every-day eyes it seemed a wonderful painting. The people appeared to be about to step out of the frame.

At last being tired and hungry I came out and after going considerable distance looking for a restaurant, bought some cakes and went into a small park and ate them. Sat awhile to watch the crowd and then went on again, coming to the open market, watched for awhile as an interested spectator a faker getting rid of knives, jewelry, etc., and not leaving till he shut up shop.

Continuing on a little farther I ran into a tremendous edifice with a splendid dome. At this place they were having an international gas exhibition. The building was built in the form of a hollow square, and must have been

two hundred feet square, and with the exception of a great restaurant and theater, entirely given over to small stores. This is a little different from anything I have ever seen as yet. After this I came upon a French bazaar and went through, buying some post cards. This was something like our small department stores.

It now being 5 o'clock I thought I had better locate a lodging, and as I walked along kept my eyes open for something of this kind, but was getting very tired and seeing nothing, when across the street I spied a bicycle shop, and on the window was the legend "English spoken." I went over and asked the proprietor to direct me to a lodging, and this he did by directing me to the Metropool. This was a Salvation Army hotel, which unlike the place in Rotterdam, was extra cheap. On going inside I found a room containing a hundred people, all sitting at tables. Finding a table near a window I sat down and did some writing, and then watched the crowd for awhile. A man sitting at the end of the same table who had been watching me for some time addressed me in Dutch, and on my saying "English" he struck up a conversation in that language. According to his tale he could speak eight languages and had traveled over most of the world. I cannot say anything in regard to the others, but I know he could speak English fluently. He knew quite a number of American cities and we had quite a friendly talk till he sprang a hard-luck story, when I cooled off at once. He didn't exactly ask me for money, but threw out some strong hints, but I am the densest person in the world when I do not want to understand, and I could not see the point. According to his story, while sick in a hospital in Cuba, he had been given morphine till, when he came out, he had acquired the habit and was here waiting to enter a hospital, but on account of red tape, etc., was compelled to wait longer than he expected, as the officials were slow. I had no way to prove the truth of his story, and even if I could was not able to hand out to everybody. After having something to eat I wrote till 9, when I turned in.

SEPTEMBER 17. After breakfast wrote and talked to my linguistic friend and noticed the crowd till 10 when I wandered out and after walking a few blocks came out on the Zuyder Zee. I spent some time strolling along watching the sights and could not help thinking how little value time seemed to these people, when I saw a bridge turn and the traffic held up for at least twenty minutes while a boat was passing under. The boat, which was a great clumsy affair, was propelled by the aid of two long poles in the hands of the boatmen.

They would go to the bow, stick the pole into the bottom and then walk to the stern, pushing all the time. The father acted as lookout while the mother handled the rudder. After this I went into the station and rubbered awhile. After a time a couple of American young ladies sat down on the same seat and regaled me by their comments on the place, people, etc. After this another walk uptown, passing and going through another great bazaar and on my way back to lodgings was entertained by a brass band, hand organ, performance and the dancing by a man with two wooden legs.

As I was eating dinner another man who could speak English came along and entered into conversation with me. He had been out to America, getting as far west as Ohio. He didn't tell any hard luck stories only that this Dutch land was a mighty poor place compared with America, in which to make a living. He had been out of work for some time and was starting in again as second cook in a hotel, hours from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. at the grand salary of three dollars per week.

He told me that he intended to save up and ship to America as soon as he could and if he ever got there would never leave it. At 1 I started for the boat landing to catch a boat for Zandam, making the 1:30 boat. This place is on the main body of the Zuyder Zee, five miles up one of the arms from Amsterdam and the trip was delightful. Boats of all sizes were passed and met.

I had a chance to see the condition of most of Holland as we were up above the surrounding land, the water being diked. On landing I started out walking and as

this is a small, quiet, sleepy place saw most of the town. Like all the other towns and cities of Holland, it is cut up by canals of all sizes. I stopped at a couple of small locks and watched the *modus operandus*. I stopped at the last lock and did some writing while resting, watching and listening to a brass band and hand organ in the distance. This band put me in mind of the German band in Detroit. This is one of the several places where the great Czar Peter of Russia was domiciled for a time while learning shipbuilding, and the house where he lived is pointed out to tourists. I then walked back to the depot where after waiting a short time I went back to the city.

This was a splendid trip going back, as the sun was shining and it was quite calm. It was 6 when I landed back at my lodgings and after eating supper I wrote steadily till 8, then after a short walk returned at 9.

SEPTEMBER 18. After breakfast hunted up the electric train running to Haarlem and boarded same for that town. Arrived there in about half an hour and spent a couple of hours wandering around this old place. The principal sight is the Grotto Kierke and it is very large, one of the finest in Holland, built in the shape of a Greek cross and all the space between the crosses is filled in with small shops and markets, which makes a great combination.

New York is sometimes called for this place and as a boy I remember the story in one of the school readers entitled "The Hero of Haarlem." This was a tale of a boy twelve years of age who noticed a small leak in the dike and there being no one near, and not having time to go for help, he plugged up the hole with his finger and held it there several hours before leaving. After this I took a stoom tram for Leyden. This was the finest ride yet. More than two hours were consumed in going eighteen miles and the view was splendid. Sections of small villages, gardens and orchards, and whole fields of dahlias and other flowers were seen.

As it was after 12 when I arrived at Leyden, the first thing was something to eat, then I spent a couple of hours



rambling around. The cathedral church being opened I went in and inspected. It was not very large but had a beautiful interior.

After this I boarded a train for The Hague and without going out from the station finished up my letter for Detroit and after posting boarded an electric train for Rotterdam. On arrival I hunted up an exchange office and changed most of my Dutch money for Belgian; then after a long walk went to my old lodgings and had supper. I then did some writing, then went out and bought some provisions for the morrow. After going back I wrote till 9 when I turned in.

SEPTEMBER 19. Arose at 5 and after I had washed and dressed walked down to the dock to take the boat to Antwerp, but was too early and could not get on. I then went over to a small waiting room and ate breakfast, afterwards going back to the boat and then was allowed to go aboard. The boat was small, just having a small cubbyhole at the stern for passengers. At 7 we started. I went on deck and stayed there watching the fine panorama until noon.

The boat traveled down towards one of the mouths of the Rhine. Part of the way the stream was quite narrow and the view splendid, and we passed a continuous procession of canal boats, string after string being hauled by small tugs. These were loaded with everything imaginable. One had a great lot of wheat in the sheaf and several were loaded with hay. At Dordrecht we passed under a bridge, the smokestack being lowered at this time. At this point the river widened, averaging three miles across. Very little of the country could be seen. The passengers were few and select, there only being five men and a woman.

Just after we passed a bridge one of the men accosted me. Finding out I was an American he struck up a conversation in very good English. It turned out that he was a ship steward and had sailed in a number of English boats and had learned the language in that way. We kept along in the wide stream with only one stop until

we came to the mouth of the canal, which connects the Scheldt and Rhine rivers. Our boat went into a lock along with others and after they all got straightened out the water was turned on and up we went. This took several minutes and I took advantage and went ashore. There were a lot of the country people around and with the exception of the wooden shoes and an old headdress they were dressed similar to country people in America. It took two hours to go through the canal and it was very interesting.

As it was crowded full with all kinds of boats I could easily spend a week riding along amidst scenery like this. On some boats the family wash was hung out, on others the women sat outside peeling potatoes or engaged in some other form of housework. At the end of the canal we went through the same performance of crowding into the lock until we were jammed like sardines and when we were ready the upper gate was closed and the water let out and then we headed out into the Scheldt which here is very much like a great bay.

Two great English boats passed us going in. After awhile, the wind getting up and turning quite cold, I went below where I wrote for a time, afterward going up and staying until we pulled into the dock at 5:30. During the last hour we had a splendid view of most of the town. On landing I spent an hour hunting up a lodging, going first to an address given me by St. Claire which was a considerable distance away, and not finding accommodations there I came back to my starting point and located a place near by.

Apparently everyone speaks English here, in fact it is so generally spoken that I am surprised when I accost a person and find he doesn't speak the language. The Telegraaff No. 4 was the name of the boat I traveled on. After fixing up for my lodging I started out and strolled for a couple of hours, coming out on one of the main streets and boulevard. This city is a great contrast to the Dutch. They seem more like simple towns on account of the great number of canals and the rustic traffic upon these. I returned to my lodgings at 9 and then went to bed.

SEPTEMBER 20. Being completely tired out the night before, after breakfast I went a few blocks to the Notre Dame Cathedral inspecting the inside which is very large and fine. I went up to the top of the great steeple, paying fourteen cents to be permitted to laboriously trudge up the 500 steps to the top, but I was more than well repaid by the fine view obtained, there being an outside platform running all the way around. This was 325 feet from the street, enabling a person to see most of the city and for a considerable distance into the country.

The best view is the one obtained of the river Sheldt which, from this height, looked like a ribbon winding in and out. On coming down walked until I came to the fine boulevard which I touched last night, and it being a splendid day enjoyed strolling along this avenue, more especially as the architecture of the buildings was pleasing to my artistic sense. I am neither an architect nor an artist but I enjoyed the beauty of these buildings which are mostly banks and office buildings, but, unlike same in our country, had more of a semi-private appearance. Continuing along, suddenly on my right I came upon an open air market where all varieties of fruit, nuts, vegetables, meat, fish, butter, cheese, etc., were sold.

I spent some time admiring the display and people and listening to them call out their wares. I then went into a large building where a fruit auction was in progress. After watching for some time I suddenly noticed two things—first that it was nearly 1 o'clock and that I was hungry. As I saw no eating house near I bought some cakes, a stick of chocolate, which is very cheap in this country, and some brand new thin shelled walnuts, and sitting on the boulevard proceeded to devour this variety. After resting a bit I went on, passing a grand building, the Museum des Beaux Arts, but did not go in as I had a surfeit of pictures and it was too fine outside.

A little further along I came to a magnificent building with a great tower which I thought must be a palace of some kind but on reaching discovered it to be a branch station. Entering I secured some ink and then sat down and wrote for awhile. After this went into a postoffice,

finding out that stamps were issued here, figured the denominations I wanted and purchased some. I then went on to the church of St. Joseph. This was not as large as Notre Dame, but was far more beautiful, the interior being built up mostly of small blocks of gray stone. There were a number of fine paintings and statues and a few splendid stained glass windows.

After this I wandered through a little park, stayed some time to watch a crowd of children scrambling for chestnuts as they were shaken down to them by attendants. On finishing here I brought up at a magnificent structure, which proved to be the central station. This looked fine enough for a palace. If some of the palaces I have seen had been of this nature I would have gone into ecstasies over them. Several noble domes and in the lobby fine paintings and statues. After visiting this place I started off to my lodgings, going a different way from the morning. I forgot to say I passed by two fine statues of the late king. On going to my lodgings I had supper, then wrote and watched the crowd. Like at all hotels on the Continent, liquor was sold there. I was seated in a room containing five small tables and ten men were sitting at these drinking beer. Another was playing the piano in the corner, and one of the daughters of the house, who is a bar-maid, was seated at a table with three others smoking cigarettes. The bar was in the front while this room was in the center.

From its appearance it must have been an old mansion, as in this room was a beautiful marble fireplace and a grand pier glass over the marble mantelpiece. The great French window and door were covered with hand painted flowers and in the room where I slept was a beautiful fireplace and great windows covered with hand painted roses. Just after the young lady had sung a song accompanied by the piano I went to bed.

SEPTEMBER 21. Had to laugh at the landlady telling me what my breakfast came to in pence instead of Belgian money. It required a mental effort on her part to convert one into the other, and almost as much of an effort on my part to translate it back.

After breakfast I went about a little and then started out to hunt up the station. I found one nearer than I expected and had a little time to wait until 9:05 when I started for Ghent, the first stage being made by ferry across the river, afterwards by train. This was a grand journey, not ending until 11. The day was beautiful, the sun shining brightly, and we passed through what appeared to be a great garden and orchard, no field containing more than five acres, and most of them not more than one, there being fields of wheat not larger than this. Everyone was at work, father and all. I saw probably half a dozen one-horse harrow outfits in operation and a one-ox rig. The grain was stacked in very small stacks, all being carefully thatched. The houses were brick, some being thatched while the rest of the roofs were slate or tile.

Arriving at Ghent, we went almost entirely around the city before getting to the station. On arriving I spent about an hour trying to find a lodging, and then it being dinner time went into a cafe and had some dinner. After a few minutes went on down to the great Cathedral, but it was not open. Near there I discovered a lodgment which I thought would suit, but after going in to find the price I ran up against a difficulty. I could not make myself understood. It took all of fifteen minutes to find out that bed and breakfast would cost me one franc and a half. As this sounded fairly reasonable I thought I had better mark the place for the evening. After this I walked on to the Chateau de Flanders, where John of Gaunt was born in 1344. This is a grand old ruin and well worth seeing. Then I took a tram for the Musee des Beaux Arts which I inspected. A great number of the pictures were of that heart-breaking type of the Crucifixion and kindred kinds. The balance were portraits and landscapes of later times.

After this I walked a little through the fine park joining the Musee, and then strolled slowly back to the street and from there back to the Cathedral St. Boven and entered and inspected same. This is a very old church, but does not look as ruinous inside as some. It had the usual small chapels along the side, a few statues and paintings and a very fine, great altar.

After this I went on a little farther, had supper and went back a different way to the station, sat down in the waiting room and did some writing, resting and watching the crowd. This place unlike Antwerp, which is principally Dutch, is inhabited for the most part by French-speaking people, and for the first time on my trip I began to notice a distinct difference in the looks of the people. Heretofore they had been mostly of the blond persuasion, but here they began to run to brunettes.

While sitting in the station I saw a great number of soldiers go to different trains. They were wonderfully gotten up, each with his sword and trappings looking like a general at the very least. At 8 I went to my lodgings, where I wrote and watched the other occupants of the sitting room until 9:30 when I went to bed.

SEPTEMBER 22. After breakfast started to hunt up the English Church, the address of which I had obtained. A small boy piloted me there and finding I had three-quarters of an hour before service I went in and explored the ruins of the St. Bavon Abbey, built in 1125, and it is a ruin certainly. Part of the roof of the old church is all that is intact. There was a garden, and the old well, used so many centuries ago, is still unfilled, there being a windlass and bucket, and a fresh pail of water is hauled up every morning. I plucked a leaf from the wall, enclosing it in a letter to Detroit. After going through this I returned to the church, where, after a long string of formal exercises, I listened to a fairly good sermon, then wandered down to the Chateau de Flanders built in A. D. 868. I went through this very old castle of the time of the dark ages, part of it being in a fairly good state of preservation. I saw the dungeons and then climbed up on the ramparts. At intervals there were trap doors, which were very handy for the purpose of dropping refractory persons into the moat below. While up here I sat down and wrote in my diary, which I had marked, and also wrote a few words in a letter I was sending to Detroit. I spent more than an hour going through, there being forty-nine different sections. At each place there was a

description in Dutch, French, German and English. I carved my initials on one of the stones of the rampart. The first building was partly destroyed and rebuilt in 1138. Quite a number of the rooms are in a fine state of preservation. The private rooms of the Count and Countess, and the great living room being among these. After finishing here I had dinner and started on a long walk, the day being fairly warm and my lodgings being filled up with people in all stages of drunkenness. Sunday is a great fête day for those who are not working and have money to spend and a harvest to those who cater to the spendthrift. All the cafes, bakeries, candy stores and a great many other kinds were open. A few go to church early in the morning, then they are done for the day. I wandered on until I came to a canal. At this point a small train was standing. I suppose it ran out to some of the smaller towns. There being seats here, I sat down for some time watching the crowd. I then started out along the canal, there being a dirt path which seemed a relief to my poor feet. I continued along this for a couple of miles, thinking I would eventually reach the open country. At this point the canal joined the river and I took another rest and watched the continual passing of boats. After this I slowly wended my way back and finally after a number of stops brought up at the station at 5. In this walk I had passed at least a dozen cafes, where a concert and dance were in progress. I stayed in the station watching the people until 6, when after getting a bite to eat I again went to church, there being a congregation of fifteen besides myself, but I enjoyed the service and the poor feeble minister did the best he could. On going out and finding it was only 7:30 I strolled around until 8, then going to my lodgings found four families gathered in the room, all drinking beer and talking at once. I sat in the corner and rested and wrote until 9 when I went to bed.

SEPTEMBER 23. After breakfast, went to the station where at 9 I boarded a slow train for Brussels, a trip of thirty-eight miles and consuming more than two hours,

but I enjoyed every foot of it, the scenery being similar to that between Antwerp and Ghent—mostly small fields of potatoes or roots and odd orchards and vineyards, a few fields of hops and a little pasture land. The landscape was covered with whole families digging and picking potatoes. I saw one team of horses and several ox rigs. The sight of this trip was seen at one of the small towns where a wheelbarrow came trundling along, propelled by a dog pulling and a man pushing.

On arriving at Brussels, I started out to locate the Y., the address having been given to me by St. Claire. I think this will be the last time I shall try to locate a place of this kind, because, after more than an hour's walk, I finally found the place but it did me no good as they had no room. I had to make a fresh start.

Luckily I happened to turn the right way and ran into just what I wanted, getting a room for fifty centimes. After paying for one night I went back to the place mentioned by St. Claire, Maison du Peu Ples, a great building containing a restaurant, library, etc. It is the headquarters of the Socialists' party. I had dinner and wrote and watched the crowd. The sitting capacity must have been all of 250, and most of the seats were filled. At 1:30 I started out for the Palace Royal, but after going a few blocks turned aside on seeing a great building in the distance. This proved to be the Palais de Justice, and if ever a building deserved the name of palace this did, being 560 feet by 590 and built proportionately. There were hundreds of great marble pillars, massive blocks of stone and then to crown all a great dome in the center. An elevator ran to the top and from this point one had a splendid view of the city, more especially as the site of the building was a great hill. I spent the time until 4 going over a little of this immense place and then walked slowly around the outside, admiring from every side. After this went into the Notre Dame church. This was not as large as the one in Antwerp, but had a beautiful interior.

A little further on I came to the Royal Museum, a noble building. I spent what time I had until 5 admir-



ing the statuary and a few of the paintings. Almost across the street was a church, St. Jacques. This is a Royal Chapel. It is small but well appointed and unlike most of the others has a few upholstered chairs. I presumed these were for royalties. Two large paintings of the Crucifixion hung on either side. One represented the rending of the veil of the temple. Just around the corner I at last came upon the palace itself, and it well deserves the name. It looks something like my idea of what a palace should be like. In the first place, it is on a hill facing a fine park. The frontage is about 1000 feet. The main building is of beautiful gray stone with marble pillars, which have not tarnished and there are a number of cupolas. I stood and admired the building and watched the manoeuvres of some soldiers, then went through the park and back near my lodgings; strolled quite a distance up the Rue Haute, a street filled with cheap shops, cafes, etc., and being tired and hungry, went into a restaurant and had some supper and wrote and watched the crowd for awhile. This was a very interesting place, all kinds of eccentric looking people coming and going. Just across from me stood a young fellow with a little mustache, small chin whiskers, queer looking clothes and wearing an immense black bow. A great number looked like the most violent of anarchists although they may have been absolutely harmless. At 9 I turned in.

SEPTEMBER 24. After breakfast took a long walk, bringing up just before 10 at the town hall, Hotel de Ville. This is one of the sights of Europe. It was first built in 1300, but was added to from time to time for two hundred years. It was built in what is called pointed style, which means a continuous corrugation. The different rooms shown to the public are very beautiful and are decorated with pictures, paintings and statues. The council chamber is unequalled among these.

One of the rooms is known as the marriage hall and just as I came to this a number of soldiers, dressed in the grand costume of the 18th century, paraded by and took seats in the room. I sat down for a few minutes when one of the

officials told me that a marriage party was expected any minute, and that I would have to retire to a small enclosure roped off. In a few minutes a long line of carriages arrived containing the marriage party, and when they all got into the room a grand show was made by both men and women. The ceremony, which was only civil, didn't take long, but was well worth seeing under the circumstances. I then went down a grand staircase.

After another long walk, had dinner and took a train for Waterloo station, ten miles away. On arrival I walked about three miles before getting to the battlefield; found I had taken the wrong road, but I didn't mind as I had a good opportunity of seeing the peasants at work along the way. The chief attraction of the battlefield is a great artificial hill 150 feet high, on the top of which are three great blocks of stone crowned with an immense lion. Up here the whole field of Waterloo is spread out before one. I took a seat on the sunny side of the monument and admired the view, and could not help contrasting its present peacefulness with that terrible day nearly one hundred years before.

After this walked partly around the field, saw the great Hanoverian and Gordon monuments, stopped for some time watching road-making operations, and then started back towards the station which was called Braine le Alleud, taking a shorter road this time, but I could not resist the temptation to go into the field, part of the old battle ground, where seeding was in operation, and watch the process.

There were four men and three teams of horses at work. One dragged, another rolled, and two others operated a primitive drill, one going along by the side of the team driving and the other going behind using the levers and keeping the shoes clear of clogs with a stick. I followed them around once and then taking a little wheat, thinking I might plant it in America, went on my way.

At the station I had to wait twenty-five minutes for the train, so spent most of the time writing. There was a crowd so I had to stand. Coming out of the station at a different side I was completely lost and wandered around for some

time before I got my bearings, and it was more than an hour before I located the "Maison" at 7:30. After supper, which I needed by this time, I watched the crowd until 9 when I went to bed.

SEPTEMBER 25. After breakfast took a long walk up to a park opposite the palace, from this went to the Rue Regent where there are a great many buildings. I passed around these admiring as I went. I came out on the grand Boulevard des Regent. It is a splendid avenue and would do credit to any city.

There are roadways for trams, wagons, motors and bicycles and even a special way for horseback riders. Outside this is a wide strip and in the center are trees on either side, and seats. This for upwards of a mile had windings in and out and finally I came to a street on which is a palace. I turned off here and went along until I came to the Royal Museum, which opened at 10.

I went in and started where I left off last night. There are two wonderful paintings of Van Alsloot, the one representing a parade of the crafts in front of the Maison Roe and the soldiers manœuvering. In the first are more than 5,000 figures and in the latter there must be five hundred. There is also a painting representing the legend of William Tell and the apple. I finished here at 12, had dinner, then took a stroll back to the Royal Portrait Gallery, and here I found a fine collection of paintings and portraits, some of them of immense size.

Whether I was feeling just right I don't know, but I enjoyed these paintings more than any I have seen for some time. I took more time for once. There was one splendid painting, a reproduction of modern life entitled "In the Morning." It pictured a number of the idle rich, partly intoxicated, leaving the house after an all-night debauch, while on the sidewalk are workers on their way to their places of toil. After finishing here I went to the Cathedral. It is a tremendous structure, filled with an unusual number of chapels, etc. On going out I took a long walk about the Rue Haute and along this to the Boulevard des Mide. At this point is a number of old

block houses and in here were found relics. It was closed, but I walked around here and much was seen. I then made my way to the place where I ate and after supper finished my letter to Detroit and did some writing and watching the crowd until 9 when I went home.

SEPTEMBER 26. Had breakfast and then went around to a station. While waiting for a train, wrote and posted a card to Detroit. Left Brussels for Paris at 9. Before reaching Mons, a fair-sized city, we passed through one tunnel, and quite a stretch of forest land. The larger share of the way it was fairly flat and all cultivated, or in pasture. The last is not so intensively farmed as between Antwerp and Ghent and the fields are larger. A great amount of grain is raised and all along farmers were ploughing and seeding fall wheat.

At Feignis, the next stop, we crossed into France. All had to get off the train, enter a room in the station and run the gamut of customs. They were very strict in this.

After this we were on our way, getting only nicely started when we stopped at Manbug which seemed to be quite a town. Between there and Paris the train stopped at several places. The view was fine all the way, being tunnel, varied fields, orchards and forests; kept me busy watching the scenery and the people in the same compartments.

These were an elderly gentleman from Boston and a Paris family consisting of mother and five children. The oldest girl, about twenty, had all the airs and graces the French are noted for. About half way of the journey she struck up a conversation with the old gentleman and they seemed to be having a fine time from the amount of laughing. As I didn't do any laughing I finally attracted their attention and the young lady, who was sitting opposite, said something in French. I shook my head and said I was an American. With that the old gentleman spoke up and wanted to know what part I was from and on telling him, said that he was from Boston and had been in Belgium for a number of years. I think he was somewhat of a jollier and had me at a disadvantage. From that on

there was quite a constant interchange of compliments between the young lady and myself, the gentleman acting as interpreter, and everybody was kept laughing. What made it more amusing was the almost absolute surety that he was not keeping to the facts. It seemed like bidding farewell to old friends when I had to leave these people at the station.

As soon as I arrived I had my usual troubles finding the way. I had the address of an English Y., which I tried to locate. After several mis-directions I managed to find the place, but was no better off than when I left the station, they having no accommodation. They directed me to a couple of different places, but I knew I was receiving directions that I would not take as the prices were prohibitive.

At both Amsterdam and Rotterdam I stopped at hotels kept by the Salvation Army, so I started out to find their place here, and did so after an interminable walk and found it was located within five blocks of the station where I left the train, and at last my troubles were over in this line for a couple of weeks, as I expected to stay here that long. After supper I went as far as the station, spending the time until 9:30 going over the time-tables, then to my bed.

SEPTEMBER 27. As a change had breakfast, consisting of a bowl of milk and rolls, on the sidewalk. Took a long walk along the Rue Lafayette, a fine street, then through another, and about the time I was going to retrace my steps coming back to the station where I started.

This place, like all European cities, is hard for an American to find his way about, as the streets run in every direction. In front of the station is a great map of the city and it is a proposition trying to locate a street on the map, let alone trying to follow it.

I did a little writing and took a long walk, going back to my lodgings just at noon, passing and inspecting the church of St. Laurent. After dinner I rested and listened to the conversation of those around me when I started out for a grand walk along the Boulevards Strasburg, Sebastopool and Rivoli.

The first two are wide streets with a great wide walk on either side, a row of trees planted near the edges and seats all along the sidewalk. On either side are shops and offices of every kind.

Passing through the first two into the third I came to the church of St. Luke which I entered and viewed. None of these churches are very large. On coming to the Rivoli, on the left I noticed soldiers pacing up and down, and going over found it to be the headquarters of the police.

This is a large sized building, built in the form of a hollow square. All along one side of the ground floor are the stables for horses and directly above are the quarters of officers. Just to the left of this building is the greatest church in France, the Notre Dame Cathedral.

I spent some time viewing this, not on account of the beauty but the immensity of the interior. The altars and pictures appear to be plainer than most. Of course it has some very grand and beautiful stained-glass windows. On coming out I went around the outside. One side borders on the Seine. It is a very small stream, not more than two hundred feet wide, at this place.

On looking across I noticed a great dome in the distance and started out to see what it was part of, and was well repaid, as it turned out to be the Pantheon. It was first built as a monument to St. Genevieve. I have not language at my command strong enough to express the beauty of this place.

It is very large, built of stone, with a great number of huge columns and pillars, but it has an interior over which a person can enthuse. There is a great central place. Then on either side several steps leading up to a platform that runs along the walls, which are covered with very large paintings representing the life of St. Genevieve, six fine paintings of Joan d' Arc and a number of others depicting scenes of the history of France. In the front is a gigantic group in marble representing the scene at the time of the revolution. Then it is filled with beautiful columns, pillars and arches. The ceiling and inside of the great dome are all covered with paintings.

On leaving here I struck back towards the river, pass-

ing a great place, the University of Paris. Coming to the Cluny Museum I spent a few minutes in the grounds, which were filled with old relics, like statues fixed on old walls, buildings, etc.

From here I went on until I got to my lodging. After supper I read through the Paris edition of New York Herald, which I bought on the way up, containing the news that the Giants and Bostons had won respective pennants of their league, also giving the standing of the clubs. As this was the first time I had seen any baseball news since leaving New York it was a treat.

After this I spent an hour or two at the Y. M. C. A. and then to bed.

SEPTEMBER 28. Happened to meet a man who could speak English and he took me out to a restaurant he patronized, which was better than usual. After breakfast he walked down as far as the postoffice with me, and I found a letter from St. Claire, but no paper. Unlike all other foreign cities I visited, there are very few officials who speak English. I fooled around quite awhile trying to find out about these papers. I wrote some cards, then went down along the Louvre. A few minutes' walk brought me to the palace of the Tuileries, which is opposite the Louvre Museum. Here is a wonderful collection. I counted 153 paintings in a single room, but it was very hard on my eyes viewing this collection, as some places they are hung three and four feet deep. The interior of this magnificent gallery would be well worth seeing if there were no paintings. The rooms number forty and are of all sizes, some of the great halls being very fine. The walls and ceiling are decorated in gilt. There are beautiful arches and pillars of many-colored marble.

One of the grandest rooms contains eighteen very large paintings by Rubens. These are of the time of Marie de Medici, wife of Henry IV. and mother of Louis XIII. This room and the paintings alone are worth a trip from America to see. This being a noted art gallery. I expected that the entrance fee would be considerable, and would have been well satisfied to dig down for a good sized

piece of money, but was agreeably disappointed to find that it was absolutely free. The value of all these great paintings is, of course, incalculable, and think what a tremendous loss to the world it would be if they were destroyed.

I kept going till 12:30, when I went to a restaurant and got dinner. This was a bustling, busy place, not so large as the People's Palace in Brussels, but doing more business. The regulations were especially helpful for me, as I would buy a franc's worth of checks from the cashier, then go into a corner where I helped myself to dishes, next to a great range which was covered with pots containing food of every kind, and I could point to different things. Then at the counter were bread, porter, wine and milk. I ate my dinner and watched the crowd for awhile. When I went out it was raining and as I had left my umbrella at home, I stopped in the postoffice and wrote until 4. By this time the sun was shining again and I went back to the Louvre and stayed till it closed at 5.

The palace of the Tuileries is a tremendous building, built in three hollow squares with the end of the last open. There must be ten acres of land inside each square. The buildings are three stories high, built of stone, gray with age. One has just a great yard, but the other two have beautiful gardens, which contain a number of statues. On coming out I went across the street to the Grand Magazine du Louvre, a splendid department store, and spent some time inspecting this. Then to supper and afterwards to my lodging, then out again to the Gare de Est station near by, where I did some writing and watched the crowd. Then went home and to bed.

SEPTEMBER 29. After breakfast went down to the postoffice, then to the American Church, in Avenue de Alma, off the Champs Elysees. This is a grand walk, consuming an hour. Went down the Rue de Rivoli, then to the Place Concordia, across this into the noted grand Avenue de Champs Elysees and along this to the church. All the grand adjectives I have at my command would not be enough to describe the beauty of this walk. There



was a succession of palaces, monuments, beautiful gardens and trees. The church is a very elaborate affair in which the English service is used, and there was quite a large congregation. I had expected to find a different branch of the church but was disappointed. Was placed by the usher where I could neither see nor hear so did not get much benefit. As I wanted to get back for dinner I did not loiter along the way. On passing the postoffice I stopped and inquired about the bundle of papers from St. Claire.

After dinner at my special restaurant I went back to my lodging. I then spent three hours walking, for exercise. After this I went to the station and read and wrote till 7 when I went to my lodging, had supper, watched the crowd for awhile and then went to bed.

SEPTEMBER 30. After breakfast went down to the Louvre. I had forgotten it was closed on Mondays. I then went out and crossed the Seine and strolled along until I came to the railway station, went in and watched the crowd until 12. This was very interesting, there being all kinds of types, the general run of well-to-do dress and act like folks. Some of the wonderful get-ups are outrageous. A great number of very young men wear an atrocious little moustache and chin beard, and all French women are not beautiful by any means, although most of them know how to dress. I was amused by the antics of a very distinguished gentleman. He traveled up and down several times before he finally passed from my view, accompanied by his wife and baby. An old gentleman, presumably his father, and a little boy and maid brought up the rear, loaded down with parcels of all dimensions.

In no continental countries are you allowed baggage on your ticket, consequently most people carry what they have into the train, and as a rule the third-class carriage has the appearance of a baggage car.

At noon I went to my special restaurant. Going through the Tuileries I stopped and noticed in a small enclosure a statue of Lafayette, built by money subscribed by the school children of the States, under the auspices of the Daughters of the Revolution.

After dinner I sat for quite awhile in the restaurant and watched the crowd. After going out I struck across to the Boulevard Sebastopol, then to the Rue Rivoli and along this until I came to the Hotel de Ville. I sat for some time watching a great crowd lined up in front of the Financial Office to take up a city bond issue of two million francs. The governments of both State and City, unlike ours, when they want to float a bond issue give the common people a chance to subscribe.

After this I went through the part of the building one is allowed to enter. On the second floor all around opening onto the court are very beautiful stained glass windows, each panel having the arms and insignia of two of the Governors of the city. These covered a period of over five hundred years.

On leaving here I went across the street to the Church of St. Francis, then on a little farther to the Churches of St. Paul and St. Louis. Both of these churches are medium sized and contain a number of fine paintings. The latter church has specially beautiful altars and statues, among them being one of Joan of Arc.

I then continued along until I came to the Place de Bastille where the notorious prison was located. In the center of the square is now a great statue crowned with a gold Goddess of Liberty. After observing this I went on a little farther to the station. This is the station where I shall take the train when I leave Paris. I stayed here taking note of the crowd until 6. Going out I went along the Place Republique and the Boulevard Magenta home. After supper I watched the crowd awhile and then went to bed.

OCTOBER 1. Went to the postoffice and from there to the Palace of the Tuileries Garden where I stayed until 12, ruminating on the sins of the past, especially those against my eyes, as they had gone back on me completely. At noon I went to my special restaurant and ate dinner, and stayed there until 2 watching the people, then took a long stroll over to the Vincennes station, stopping there until 6:30, writing a little and taking notice of the people,

but for most part sat with my eyes closed to ease them. Would have left sooner but it was raining quite hard.

At 6:30 started for home and had two narrow escapes from motor cars. This is a very dangerous city in that the streets running in every direction make so many corners, there being dozens of places like the one at the City Hall in Detroit. After having supper I stayed at the table a little while and then went to bed.

OCTOBER 2. Got a loaf of bread in the bakery and then went down to a little stand and had some breakfast, consisting of bread and hot milk. I then strolled down along the Magenta Boulevard, Rue de St. Dennis, Rue de Tiqueticonne to the postoffice where I received a card from St. Claire and from one of my Detroit friends. The card from Detroit was to the effect that my letter had been received and enjoyed and that I would receive a long letter before leaving Paris. This cheered me considerably and made me almost forget about my eyes.

I then strolled down the street to the Garden of the Tuileries where I watched the crowd for awhile then went into the gardens. Here I noticed an old lady manicuring her toe nails. Poor old thing, she probably stays at one of the cheap lodging houses where there are no facilities for doing anything of this kind. I stayed in the garden until 12, just resting my eyes and allowing my mind to wander into the past. I then went to my special restaurant, stopping in the Bourse for a few minutes on my way. I got back into the corner where I could see what was going on. I judge the place was run by a sharp featured, shrewd French lady who has two daughters, both fairly good looking. I amused myself watching the landlady traveling up and down to find seats for the crowd.

After eating I told a young fellow the names of several articles in English, and I listened to three men talking about the great strike in Spain and the threatened war in the Balkans. On going out I stopped at the New York Herald office and read a paper. It was full of war news and the great wind and rain of the day before. After a few minutes four girls came in and took seats at the

same table, and I was amused listening to their chatter. Later on four well dressed negroes came in and sat down near by. It seemed odd to hear them talking French.

At 2 I started for the Rue Turbigo and the Place Republique. The latter is a fine large square with a great statue of the Goddess of Liberty in the center. Upon the statue were the three French words—Liberté, Eglite, Fraternite. I stayed there a little while watching the tremendous traffic. I went a little way to the Boulevard St. Martin and sat down and watched the people and traffic. In Paris, unlike London, the cab is not a past number, they being almost as plentiful as they were in St. Petersburg. All drivers wear a queer high hat like oil cloth. In Paris there are a great number of auto-buses, which always take the central track.

They have quite a scheme for cleaning the streets. At intervals along the edge of the sidewalk are openings to let out water. The water flows along the edge of the curb and men and women go along with long sticks with a bunch of twigs tied on the end and sweep all the refuse into the running streams. Unlike in our cities, people are not allowed to ride on the outside of the cars, hanging on by their eyebrows. Only a certain number are allowed and when that number is reached the conductor turns down the board at the rear, which bears the legend, "Complete," upon it. They have here, what I have never seen in any other city, motor street cleaners and sprinklers. Just then a man passed who attracted considerable attention, being dressed in black frock, coat and trousers, the latter of a high water variety and the former having on the back in red letters the legend, "Nouvae Circue," which I took to mean Novel Circus. He also wore a high hat and carried a wooden dog in his arm and went through some peculiar antics.

About 4 it got a little cooler and I strolled by to the East station, from there took a long walk along the Rue Lafayette, down this to a great department store, called Galleries Lafayette. At this point six streets come together and for more than an hour I stood and watched one of the traffic officers taking care of the traffic. The

store itself was a very beautiful sight, having strung all along the front a great number of lights. After this, as it was raining quite heavily, and I had no umbrella with me, I went back to my lodgings. After supper I wrote and listened to the clamor for awhile and then went to bed.

OCTOBER 3. After my usual breakfast of bread and hot milk I made a new departure in that I plunged boldly forth in the general direction of the Louvre and wandered on and on, until at last I brought up at the Place d' Opera and spent a few minutes taking a good view of this splendid national palace of music, then continued down toward the great monument I saw in the distance, which proved to be of the great Napoleon. This must have been 150 feet in height and I counted twenty-two different battle scenes upon the stone. This was at the Place Vendome. Just across the way I noticed a crowd gathered in front of the Hotel Rhine. Shortly after joining them a couple of gentlemen came up and got into an auto and drove away. I afterwards found out that they were the French Minister of State and the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs. I then went on to the Palace Gardens, spent a few minutes watching the birds eating out of a man's hand, and then went into a special little enclosure that I had occupied for a time the last three mornings and wrote for some time. After this I strolled to the postoffice where I wrote a card to Detroit and then went to dinner, afterward as usual noticing the crowd and staying there until 2. I then went to the Tuileries Gardens and the park facing the same, and sat down in a favorite corner and took a sun bath, while I watched the passing stream of vehicles and people. It being so nice at this place I stayed there for more than two hours, most of this time watching the efforts of a pitiful little fellow trying to play with a ball. At last the sun went down below the trees, it began to get chilly so I went back to the postoffice, stopping for a few minutes to watch a man making a sand mold for a cast. At the office I spent the time until 6 writing, and then to my restaurant for supper. Stayed here until 7:30 watching the crowd and then went to my lodgings. On

my tendering a five franc piece as payment for my room, was told it was counterfeit. As I had gotten the said piece as change at a branch postoffice that morning, I never dreamed of getting bad money at a place of this kind. After watching the crowd a few minutes I went to bed.

OCTOBER 4. After breakfast, I started to hunt up the office where I had obtained the five franc. As I had just wandered at random yesterday I had a hard time to locate it, and when I did I got no satisfaction, the same man not being at the desk. Afterwards I went down to the Place d' Opera, and noticing a sign "Chicago Daily News Reading Room," went in and spent some time reading, then walked along the Boulevards Italiens and Mont Marte, until I came to the postoffice, going and inquiring for mail, then as it was near noon went to dinner. It being quite crowded there, and there were numbers waiting for seats, I left as soon as I had finished eating, then viewed the Church of St. Eustace, near the Bourse. I then went down to the Herald office and read the news displayed in the window. After this to the Tuileries, and across the Seine to the Institute de France, a kind of a technical school. I just went into the main corridor, but no farther, then down along the quay to the Orleans station, where I stopped awhile and watched the crowd, then along the quay past the house of Rousseau, then quite a little farther on to the Parliament building. This is a low structure with a narrow frontage, but very deep. There are thirty steps leading up to the base, a foundation for twelve great pillars, which uphold the portico, which is richly carved. In front of the sides were six statues, four sitting and two standing. Further along I came to a bridge leading across to what appeared to be a palace. On the left was a grand esplanade, probably forty rods wide, reaching down about eighty rods to the Hotel des Invalides, and the Church of St. Louis. The hotel is the headquarters of the War Department. Inside the courtyard and covering the corridor runs entirely around the building and on the walls are a number of paintings

representing saints in the early history of France. At the rear is a church which is different from most Catholic churches as it was nearly as light as the outside and again instead of chairs there were long cushioned benches. There are not many altars but quite a number of small paintings of Christ and on the pillars are tablets commemorating great battles, or men. To the right of the main altar is a small room built on. This contains a great tomb against the wall. In a glass case are the funeral drapings and in two small caskets are grand gold wreaths and the plaster cast of the occupant's dead face. In an alcove in the front is a funeral carriage that conveyed the body to the tomb. Around the walls near the top of the church are hanging relics of 479 flags captured in battle.

On coming out I followed the crowd to the rear and came upon the tomb of Napoleon. The tomb is a grand building about 100 feet square with a great dome in the center, rising to an immense height. In the center of the interior is a round opening in the floor about twenty feet in depth, and in this, resting on two blocks of marble, one low and the other high, is the sarcophagus, very large. This looks as if it were made of mahogany. The interior is all white, there being a number of pillars and arches and the walls are covered with fine paintings; within grottoes are other sarcophagi of the Bonapartes. At the rear is a grand altar and steps lead down to the door leading to the tomb. In niches are the bodies of Bertrand and Drouot, Napoleon's favorite generals, who followed him to St. Helena and stayed with him until he died. A fine painting covers the interior of the tomb to the top. Just think, no man that ever lived has such a magnificent tomb.

On coming out I struck for the Eiffel tower, passing the Ferris wheel on the way, but when I reached the tower and saw what a proposition it would be to go to the top, it being then almost closing time, I postponed my ascent. On my way back passed a magnificent building, called Palais des Beaux Arts, but did not stop to admire it, going along Champs Elysees and through the palace gardens, then on to the postoffice where I wrote until 6, when I went to supper, and after eating and noticing the crowd for awhile, went to bed.

OCTOBER 5. After breakfast strolled down to the postoffice, talked for a minute and examined a couple of motor cars that had collided, then on again to the great Central market. This is a tremendous affair, there being six great buildings and all the streets in the vicinity are crowded with carts and vehicles of every description. I just happened to notice this morning that there are no news boys here. The papers are sold by men and women. On arriving at the postoffice inquired for mail and then went to the Louvre. Stayed there until noon. After dinner went to the postoffice, did some writing, then passed a Herald office and glanced at the news bulletin, and then on a long walk to the Eiffel tower. This is utterly unlike my preconceived idea of it.

There are four great foundations about 200 feet apart known as the north, south, east and west pillars, and from these rise great masses of structural iron forming an arch upon which the first platform is built. This is about a hundred feet square and has a theater, restaurant, etc., upon it. Then another couple of hundred feet higher is a platform, and then a second stage which is probably fifty feet square, then at the summit, 960 feet up, is an enclosed steel platform 100 feet in circumference, and then ten feet above this is another platform with just a railing around, and how the wind blows up here!

The ascent to the top is made in three different lifts, one goes up to the second stage, and the other two divide the distance to the summit. As the elevator goes slowly, and as the sides have windows all around, a person has a continuous changing view of the city. The height to the extreme tip is one thousand feet, this being more than 300 feet higher than the next highest structure, the tower of the Singer building in New York. On coming down I went around to the Ferris wheel and gazed at it for some time, allowing my mind to run back nineteen years to the time of the Chicago fair. After being up to the top of the tower there was no inducement for me to take a trip on the wheel.

I then went along to the Avenue Duquesne, thence to the quay on Magertio street. An amusement park is situated



here. Going through the palace gardens I stopped for a few minutes to watch the antics of a number of automations, then to a restaurant, being just in time for supper.

After supper I wrote and watched the crowd as usual until 8. I had been thinking while sitting here how much better the customs of this country are than ours. We just hustle to our restaurant, bolt our food, and go out as soon as possible. Here you are supposed to take plenty of time to eat and then be in no hurry to leave. After this I went home and to bed.

OCTOBER 6. After breakfast strolled down to the postoffice and after writing awhile started out to find the English Church, but after being misdirected several times gave it up as a bad job. It then being too late, I wandered around a little enjoying scenery and then back to the postoffice where I wrote till noon. I then inquired for mail and was handed a conundrum. On the wrapper was "C. B. Struthers, London, England," and the additional "Post Restante, Paris." The wrapper was postmarked "Detroit, Sept. 24," and yet when I opened the parcel all it contained was a copy of the London Daily Mail of October 4th. I have been puzzled ever since to get the answer. My supposition is that St. Claire got the paper sent from Detroit and pushed the mail under the cover and then forwarded to Paris, and in the shuffle the Detroit paper had slipped out and disappeared. If this proves to be the solution I shall owe St. Claire a calling down, and whatever is the answer I seem to be doomed to a continual strain of disappointment in regard to getting mail from Detroit. Such being the case, in my next letter I shall ask the folks to discontinue sending the paper and then not expecting I will not be disappointed.

After dinner I stayed till 2, reading my paper and observing the people, then took a long walk through the palace gardens and along the Champs Elysees, where the Garden de Paris stops. I sat down and read a little and observed the great crowd coming and going. I then went on to the top of the avenue where the great Arch de Triumph is situated. Passing through this I continued

on down the Avenue de Boulogne and then turned back to the arch, going up to the top, which is 150 feet high. A fine view is obtained from this. The arch is double and is about seventy-five feet square, and all the way up the pillars, were the names of battles fought by Napoleon.

On going down I continued on back the avenue, stopping for a few minutes and listening to a couple of Punch and Judy shows, then kept going till I reached the restaurant.

After supper watched the crowd as usual. I have been greatly amused at the antics of one of the waiters. One part of the room is reserved for those who pay a trifle extra to be served, and this waiter is jumping around like a chicken with its head off. After this I went home and to bed.

OCTOBER 7. After breakfast strolled along the Boulevard Magenta, coming out at the Place de Bastille, and then along the Boulevard de Bastille to the Zoo Gardens.

Paris deserves commendation for the splendid Zoo, not only for the fine collection of animals, etc., but more especially for the splendid Gardens, and accommodations for the animals, for having plenty of room and in many cases natural surroundings. I spent some time here and then started for my restaurant for I had a long way to go.

After dinner I noticed the crowd for awhile, then went to the postoffice to see if I could solve the disappearance of my paper. I waited till 3 before I got tired and went out. First went into an office of the Societie General and tried to cash one of my AB. checks, and not having the kind of money wanted I made a blind guess and started for the Place de Opera, knowing that I would find what I wanted there, and made out all right after considerable twisting and turning.

After getting my check cashed, went across to Cook's office and turned some of the proceeds into German money, then went into the Herald office and wrote till 5, when I again went to the postoffice, and this time located a man who could speak English, and had the satisfaction of finding out that if the Detroit paper had been enclosed with

the other paper and fallen out anywhere it would be sent back to Detroit; thus another grievous disappointment for me.

I then went to supper. For the first time at this place my satisfaction in a meal was partly spoiled on account of the behavior of a drunk. I sat till 7:30, then went home and to bed at 8.

OCTOBER 8. After breakfast started for the Sacre de Coeur and after twisting and turning at last reached it. This is the finest of the fine as to its position and exterior, it being built on a great hill which must be two hundred feet above the street level. The sides of the hill are almost perpendicular and in order to reach the top it is necessary to mount several flights of steps and then the grandeur of the great edifice will overwhelm one.

The only place I saw anything like this was in St. Petersburg. The building is new, the outside approaches and steps and the great altar not being finished. The material used is a gray stone almost white. There are eleven domes, a large one in the center, four smaller and six still smaller. But I cannot put down on paper the feeling of awe that came over me on getting a full view of this edifice. There is nothing striking about the interior. The main altar is not finished and is boarded up so a person cannot tell what it will be like, but two of the others are splendid, being finished in marble beautifully inlaid.

I didn't go to the top of the dome, first, because I had viewed the city from every angle at great heights, and second because, although the sun shone brightly, there was a kind of haze hanging over the city which obscured the view. After leaving here I struck out for the post-office, passed the Herald office, read the bulletin and got there after being more than an hour on the way. On inquiry for mail was handed a large document which I concluded was a letter I was expecting from Detroit.

As it was almost 12 I didn't open it but hurried for a restaurant where I am afraid I took less time than usual. I read every one of the sixteen Epistles on the long roll within the huge envelope. I then went to the Bastille and

it being open climbed the winding stair within the interior to the top and spent a few minutes admiring the view. Then on down to the Zoo, and went around this, spent some time watching the antics of an elephant who seemed almost human in the intelligence shown. After this I went through the gardens, thence strolling slowly towards the postoffice where I finished a letter to Detroit. Then to supper and after sitting awhile as usual, went home and to bed.

OCTOBER 9. After breakfast strolled down to the office and spent the time from 9:30 until 1 writing messages to friends in Detroit. After dinner took an extra long walk bringing up at the Chicago News office where I read the papers for awhile. Then went to the St. Augustine, headquarters of the Salvation Army, where I obtained information in regard to some of their hotels in other cities, then on a little farther to the Church de la Madeline. The exterior of this could be described as a number of immense columns enclosing a flat roof building, there being about a hundred of these columns in or running entirely around the building. This was built in 1764. The interior is different from most churches in that the main altar is at the side instead of the rear. After leaving here went to the postoffice where I changed my address to Berlin, then to supper, not spending any more time than necessary, then into a barber shop where I had a hair cut. They have a peculiar practice here. When I paid the price, indicated on the tariff sheet, I was told to put another five centimes into a box. This was to help pay for the gas used. Next time I will have work of this kind done in the daytime. After this I took one last stroll and then went home and to bed.

OCTOBER 10. Arose at the unearthly hour of 5, finished packing my grip and then strolled leisurely down to the station, taking in the early morning sights. I heard the bray of a donkey for the first time since leaving Ireland, and the queer part of it is that I could understand him just as well as I could the Irish donkey.

Arrived at the station in ample time, and after securing my ticket boarded the train and spent the intervening time till 7 writing. Till we reached Lens the country was quite flat, and after leaving the vicinity of this city was mostly planted to wheat; from that on it became more hilly.

As we neared Brienon I noticed considerable of the land was devoted to sugar beets and was not surprised to see a sugar refinery located here. A little farther along passed through two towns. At this point it was quite mountainous and all arable land was covered with vineyards.

Reached Dijon at 12 and spent the next two hours strolling around the town. Went into a couple of small churches and the Cathedral of St. Bigne. The latter is a fine church, having a beautiful interior, the special feature being a number of splendid paintings.

At 3 I boarded the train for Dole. Just on the outside of the outskirts of Dijon was a sign that seemed familiar viz: "Heinz 57 Varieties."

Fields of sugar beets were scattered along the road and the majority of the people were pulling and chopping off the leaves, getting them ready for market. I noticed a number of five and six-horse tandem teams plowing, and thought what a waste of labor this was.

Arrived at Dole at 5 and then proceeded to hunt up a man named Strauss, a friend of a relative of mine in Detroit. On arriving at his house and finding he was not at home, was asked to wait and kept from going to sleep by the French conversation of the family. At 6 Mr. Strauss came in and after a few minutes' conversation we adjourned to supper, this being the first time I had put my feet under a family table since leaving Ilkeston. Afterward he and I talked till 9 when the house being filled he insisted on taking me to a hotel and arranging for a bed. At 10 I bid him good-by and turned in.

OCTOBER 11. After breakfast strolled down to the postoffice where I wrote a post card to Detroit, then inspected the Notre Dame Cathedral, built more than 1700 years ago. There were cannon balls embedded in the walls,

fired by the Prussians in 1871. This is a very large church for the size of the town, and within are a number of fine paintings and altars.

After this went on a little farther past the barracks where soldiers were cleaning horses, then by a school named after Joan of Arc. Across the stream, while standing on the bridge, an up-to-date milk wagon passed me. This consisted of a small cart drawn by a donkey and loaded with a few cans, and the milkman was a young girl.

Crossing the stream to the right was a small lock and I stood for some time watching the operation of putting through a boat. While it was still in the lock a grandmother, mother and group of children came up loaded down with bread and other provisions. It is evident they are not afraid of microbes in this country, as the bread had no covering around it. They all climbed into the boat and the mother proceeded to chop up some kindling wood. The last I saw of the outfit the oldest boy was leading a small pair of mules, the father standing in the boat, grandmother at the rudder, two kids playing with a small wheel and the mother making the fire in the stove on deck, the stove not being any larger than a minute.

I then wandered through the market and on to the station, stopping for a few minutes to inspect a monument in memory of those who had lost their lives in defense of Dole in 1871.

At the station I wrote a few minutes and then at 11:30 started for Mouchard. The train ran slowly, didn't reach the town till 12:30. Having eaten a lunch on board the train I lost no time starting out to explore the village, for that was all it was, a small place probably 500 population. I walked along the one village street and beyond into the country for probably a mile, stopping for a few minutes to watch a man and boy saw wood, one at either end of the buck saw. A little farther on a woman and her daughter were carding wool. At the end of my walk I sat down and did a little writing. While sitting there two outfits passed me, both being small low-wheeled wagons, one drawn by a donkey and the other drawn by an ox. A man and woman occupied the first, two women the latter. As I was

sitting here I wished I could stay for a week, and if I only had some reading matter I would have done so. At the time there was hardly a breath of air stirring, the sun was shining bright and warm and the sky had that beautiful hazy appearance.

To the right was the town and to the left were high wooded hills, but I had to desist and return as my train was soon due.

On my way back I met a young girl driving a couple of cows, knitting as she went along. Making a detour I entered a small church and viewed the interior for a few minutes. This was quite a contrast to the huge structures of Paris.

On arrival at the station I handed the agent three francs to pay for a third-class ticket for Pontalier, only to find out after some trouble that the train I was intending to take carried only first and second-class passengers, and that I would have to hand over an additional franc and a half. Even then if I had not left my wits wool gathering out in the peaceful country I might have partly eased this blow, as the train on which I had come from Dole was only a half hour ahead, and I had noticed this train I had intended to take passed it farther along, but I was dazed and could hardly think, and as in a dream handed out the additional  $1\frac{1}{2}$  francs, 30 cents.

Some would have enjoyed the luxurious carriage in which I had the privilege of traveling, but I could not rally so readily from the shock, although finally realizing what I owed to the unborn generations, who might peruse this narrative, I pulled myself together and started to observe and store away my observations in my memory.

Immediately on leaving Mouchard we started to climb and were soon among the mountains, which were covered with spruce and pine, part of the time traveling along a ledge overhanging an abyss, and anyone who was timid could have imagined catastrophes of all kinds.

This was an hour's run, and just as we were approaching the end of our journey, when with my usual quickness of rising to the top after being plunged deep into the slough of despond, the conductor came around examining

tickets, in order to see who would be leaving the train, and on handing him mine, he turned it over several times, took out a book and looked over it, and then in a most matter of fact tone of voice said, "Un franc."

I shudder to think of the consequences if I were possessed of a violent temper, but fortunately for this man the everlasting sweetness of my kindly disposition prevented me from throwing him off the train. Of course the fact of his being larger and heavier than I did not act as a deterrent. As nothing can happen to us that is not eventually for our good, so with me, as I did not succumb from shock under the force of this last cool blow.

Now I feel that I am prepared for the very worst that can befall me on this trip. On arriving at Pontalier, there being a train for Berne within half an hour, I boarded the same and went through to my destination.

The view along the way until at Neufchâtel, situated on the largest lake in Switzerland, was simply superb. A never-ending panorama of mountains and valleys, and for considerable distance as we approached the city, and for some miles beyond, all the hillsides as far as could be seen were covered with one solid vineyard.

Arrived at Berne at 7:30. Finished up my especially hardluck day, setting down my grip for a minute while looking for some information, only to have it disappear. But why dwell on this! Luckily, I always carry my papers, etc., in my clothes.

I blame this whole day to having cut my fingernails on Friday. I then had to walk around the city until after 9 before I finally located a lodging and quickly retired, not without some misgivings that the house would burn down.

OCTOBER 12. After breakfast struck out to see something of the town. The first thing I ran into was a great outside market beside the Notre Dame Church, and what attracted my attention especially was an old woman sawing wood.

After wandering around the market awhile I went to the rear of the great church where is a kind of garden, the three sides of which are enclosed by a low wall and over-



look a part of the town, 150 feet down. A splendid view is obtained of the lower part of the city. Several peaks can be seen from here on a clear day, but it being a misty day I didn't see these.

I then went on to the postoffice where I wrote a few cards and then to the Gwer Museum. As this was only a small place I didn't spend much time there, but there was a very interesting collection of plaster paris work besides a number of stamped leather articles.

The next place was the very fine parliament building which was a grand work of art. It comes nearer, on a smaller scale of course, to the splendor of our Capitol building in Washington than any of the European buildings. A grand stairway leads up to the first floor where the different committee rooms are situated. An elderly gentleman and his wife were just ahead of me. Later I found that he was a native of Detroit and they were recently from California.

We were shown the different rooms by a guide and everything is gotten up regardless. On finishing I sat for some time admiring the beauty of the interior of the great dome.

I then went into the garden near the church. A cog-wheel railway runs up and down for the benefit of the people living on the lower level. Near here was the Dresastigkeits Kirche. Down either aisle seven great mottled marble pillars form six arches, and these arches and the walls and ceiling were gilded and painted in a splendid manner. I would advise anyone coming to Berne not to miss this place.

After this I went to my lodging for dinner. The first thing that attracts the stranger in this city is the peculiar way in which the buildings are put up. All above the ground floor is built out flush with the sidewalk, forming a covered passage; over the latter the building is upheld by arches.

Another peculiar thing is the absence of autos. I have only seen one so far. In the Parliament Square are the Town Hall and a couple of great banks. All these buildings, in fact most of the finer buildings, are built of a gray sandstone.

After dinner I noticed the sun was trying to come out, and shortly afterward he came out in all his glory. I passed by a great church, where the open market had been in operation. A number of old dames were at work cleaning up, assisted by a man with a sprinkler cart attached to his back.

I then went across the river over a high bridge. The river appeared almost like a canyon. I stood some time in the center admiring the view up and down. Across the bridge I came upon an important historical museum, but didn't go in as it was not open.

Coming back and drifting into a side street I happened to notice a sign, "American Consulate." I went up only to find that no one was in.

After this I took a long walk through the main part into the residential district, passing a fine hospital and a great number of splendid residences. Coming at last to a kind of mill I stepped in to see what was going on, finding the men busy making wine casks. Near by was a storehouse, and as I came past men were unloading cheese from a wagon. These were about ten inches high and three feet in circumference.

After continuing along until my feet began to hurt, I turned back to the hospital where there was a seat and a nice sunny nook. I sat down and let the sun soak in. After this strolled down to the main business street and went slowly along looking at the sights. Stopped in at a bazaar and did some purchasing.

On arriving at my lodging sat down, and did a little writing and watched the inmates, and then after supper took a walk, then wrote and tried to converse with a man that could speak a little English. I learned among other things that he worked for nine cents an hour. At 9:30 went to bed.

OCTOBER 13. After breakfast, wrote a letter. At 10:30 was interrupted by a service. An organ was brought into the room and a few hymns were sung, after which an address was given in German. This was fine, as the speaker spoke right from the bat, as though he knew what

he was talking about. After this I took a long, fast walk, as it was misty and quite cold. I went across the river in a different direction from yesterday, passed a number of fine residences built in all styles of old architecture. These were mostly built of a light gray sandstone and had a great number of painted French windows. I was on the lookout for an English church, passed and examined a couple, but they were not what I wanted. At last I came to a small one, which bore an inscription in German, "Weslyn Chapel." The service being over, I went inside and found out that there would be a service in the evening. I then went back to my lodgings, had dinner and afterward took a long walk out past a soldiers' barracks, and watched them monœuvre for awhile, then went on farther out, down a beautiful country road bordered on either side by splendid old trees, until I came to a great common. Here a number of ball games were in operation and I watched the play for awhile. Then I returned to my lodgings where I stayed until supper, afterward going to the church I had located in the morning, where I heard a very good service. Although it was in German I enjoyed it very much, afterward going home and to bed.

OCTOBER 14. After breakfast went down to the station and started out at 8 for Lucerne, taking three hours for the trip. This was certainly very interesting. Most of the time the sun was shining brightly and a good view was obtained. It seemed like one long street with great hills on all sides. Every foot of available land was either in grass or planted in vegetables. Dairying must be the only industry and everybody works, father and all. Women must have equal rights here, as they were working with scythe, fork and spade, right alongside of the men. Nothing appears to be wasted, all land being utilized. At one point I saw a boy and girl hauling fertilizer with a cow hitched to a small cart. At another point a man, engaged in repairing a road, had a horse and cow hitched to a wagon. But above everything else, the houses are a delight to look upon, some built entirely of wood and others stone part of the way and then finished with wood. They all

ran up to a peak and some numbered five stories, although the roof on either side reached almost to the ground. They were all large, some being of vast dimensions, looking like great barns, and that was partly what they were, as house, stable, barn, etc., were all under the same roof.

Arrived at Lucerne at 11, and started right out. Just a little way from the station was the shore of a lake, on the arm of which Lucerne is situated. I rambled along until I came to a very fine church, which I entered and inspected, and although not large it had a beautiful interior, being finished in white marble, colored marble being used for the altars. A little farther along was another fine church. This had a number of splendid marble altars. Just to the back was a great hill with a cog railway running up to an amusement resort at the top, but this was closed. I then wandered to a great open bazaar or market. Everything imaginable was for sale here. I bought some post cards and a little further on, coming to a postoffice, I went in and wrote and posted these. After dinner I continued along the side of this hill for considerable distance, then across the stream climbed up a very high hill to what looked to be a section of a great wall. It was 300 feet long and had a high tower at either end. I sat down here and observed the beautiful scenery for awhile, then back to the Cathedral of St. Leger. This is a large church and is beautifully finished in white marble, the altars, of which there are quite a number, are finished in brass. Outside all around is a burying ground.

I then took a stroll to the end of the quay, which is lined with great hotels. Among others, I noticed the Hotel Montana. I then turned back and went around the other side of the quay, passed a station and came upon twenty-five different propositions for separating the unwary from their money, and watched different performances for some time. I could hardly keep the tears out of my eyes as the organ attached to one of the merry-go-rounds played the same old tune that the German street band played so often in Detroit.

Lucerne is a city of about 35,000 population and is situated on the lake of the same name. If you were to say

that it was built and kept up by tourists you would not be far wrong.

At 4 I started for Zurich, passing on the way a number of interesting towns. At one place a very fine church could be seen from the train and what appeared to be a large lake was seen on the right. We followed the shore of this lake to a place called Zug, which was quite a large town. We next stopped at Baar. A three-mile tunnel was passed through before we reached the next place. Another long tunnel before Horgen was reached. Then came Thalwill. We now appeared to be up a great height and following along beside a large lake. The next stop was Zurich, which appeared to be a fine city. The country between Lucerne and Zurich is different to that between Berne and Lucerne, inasmuch as it does not appear to have many farms, in fact, a person might say at least one-half of the distance is a continuous town or village, and all the rest one great lawn, mostly covered with trees of some kind. The grass appears to be kept mowed down and the strength of the land is kept up by a coating of fertilizer. The whole distance the scenery was as beautiful as a dream. At Thalwill we appeared to have risen to a great height, just being able to see the lake away below, then we gradually came down until we arrived at Zurich and were almost on a level. It took me some time to locate my lodgings.

After waiting for a few minutes I was fixed up with a bed, had supper, then wrote for awhile. I was interrupted in this by a service conducted by a missionary. This consisted of a song and address and prayer. The address was interrupted a couple of times by one of the inmates and he was finally ejected. At 9 I turned in. There were twenty-five beds in one room, but this did not matter, as there was plenty of fresh air, two sides of the room being almost entirely taken up with windows.

OCTOBER 15. After breakfast started out to view the city although the prospect was not bright as there was a heavy fog. Within a few minutes I passed grounds attached to the military barracks and amused myself for a

few minutes watching the stunts of fifty recruits. They were jumping, climbing walls, ladders, etc. After this I continued on until I came to what appeared to be one of the main streets, and along on the sidewalks for several blocks was an open market.

This city is a complete contrast to Berne, being more modern in every respect. It has a population of 200,000, estimated, and is the largest city in Switzerland. Going to the end of the street I came to a station, went in and warmed up a little, writing some in the meantime. Stayed here until 11, thinking that the fog might lift, but it never lifted.

At that time I took a long walk, passing through a park along the quay, and back to my lodgings. After dinner I went to the station, stopping on the way in a small park. I sat down and watched the crowd for a little while and did some writing. I then went to the Landis Museum.

This was splendid, something altogether out of the ordinary, having a very large historical collection, all kinds of old relics. There must have been 200 cases filled with remnants of tools, arms, etc., picked or dug up. Then came a great collection of arms and armor and after that another collection of uniforms, running back a hundred and fifty years.

The finest of all, though, were about a dozen rooms of the 16th century. Everything was there, even to the walls, windows and doors. Then there were quite a number of old pieces of furniture, a few paintings, etc. I am glad I hunted this building up.

After this I took a long walk along the river to where it widens out to form the Zurich Sea, for that is what the lake is called. Coming along the quay a short distance I sat down to rest a little and let the sun soak in and as I am seldom idle wrote in my diary in the meantime.

On my way back stopped a few minutes to watch a couple of gangs of men at work. In each case four men took hold of a large length of log and used it as a pile driver in driving scantlings down into the river bottom to form a breakwater.

It looked like a lot of wasted effort to me. At this point

are a number of great hotels and the Grand Stadt Theater is in the center. The beautiful lake, over which a large number of boats were scudding, on the other side residences and villas and further back great hills and still further several of the highest peaks in Switzerland—a beautiful view. After admiring it for some time I went on to the end of the quay, where I stopped and watched a gang of men wheeling sand out of barges.

These men were bareheaded and stripped to the waist, and their bodies exposed were burnt as brown as mahogany. I then turned back and went around the other side, passing the Town Hall. This is a beautiful building and unique in the fact that it is built of pressed brick. The front center is round like a pavilion and at the front corners are two fine towers. A little further on is the Enge Church. This occupies a fine site, the finest in the city. From the top of the high hill, and from the bottom up, the hill is terraced, showing a fine effect. I stood for a few minutes admiring the view, which was grand, and then as it was getting late started back downtown.

After quite a walk came into the Bahn Hof Strasse, near where it separated from the quay, and from there to the station. This is the main street and is a dream. All along are hotels, cafes, bank offices and the principal retail stores.

We think in America that we know how to attract customers, by fine stores with grand fronts, etc., but are not in it with these people. I did not see even in Paris a finer lot of fronts or windows. One store especially deserves a description. This appeared to be a new one and occupied a corner lot. It was built of glass and a very pretty light grey sandstone but what made it stand out from all others was the fact that it was nearly all windows, the ground floor being immense plate glass windows, with partition of stone between. These columns continued up to the top and with others formed the partition between, the windows above being smaller with old-fashioned panes. Taken as a whole it made a very attractive appearance.

From the station I went on to my lodging and after supper wrote awhile, and then read a copy of the New

York Salvation Army paper, handed me by one of the inmates. Then went to bed.

OCTOBER 16. After breakfast took one last long walk and then went to the station where I wrote till it was time to take the train for Basle. On the way we stopped at several small towns, also went through a tunnel one and one-half miles in length. At a place called Slacking the Rhine was seen for the first time. At Pratteln I saw a young woman sawing wood, also a sign, "Heinz 57 Varieties."

Arrived at Basle at 12. This stretch of country of sixty-two miles was one grand panorama, mountains all the way, and then there was the usual intensive cultivation of the land, although unlike between Lucerne and Zurich there was less grass land. All the way along they were plowing, and sundry and various were the outfits. One consisted of one horse and three cows. Imagine how degraded that poor horse must have felt, but most cases two or four cows were used. The plow was something similar to those seen at Waterloo, a double affair, one part being up while the other was in the ground and this allows them to go back and forth in the same furrow. Women as well as men handle plows. It must have been a ticklish proposition plowing along the side of these hills. It appears as though a plow could hardly stick on.

On arriving at Basle I spent the time till 1 looking up my German route and locating the Salvation Army hotel.

After dinner I took a seat on the banks of the Rhine. I could hardly realize that this was the famous river of history. Took particular notice of some of the houses on the other bank. One especially, directly across from where I was sitting, was like those in the country. As I sat here it was so beautiful and warm I wanted to remain till night, but I had to get up and see something of the town, expecting to leave in the morning.

At 2:30 I pulled myself together and started back across the river to see something of the city. First thing I ran into, the special attraction of the city, was the Rathaus (Town Hall). This was built in 1600 and is certainly



worth looking at. The whole front is beautifully painted and gilded, and besides there are a number of paintings describing war scenes. There is a small gilt steeple in the center and a high tower at the end and the sloping roof is covered with different colored tiles. Within the great yard the walls are decorated somewhat similar to the outside.

The next great sight is the Munster Cathedral. This is old and quite large and has two very high steeples on either front corner. It appears to be built of red sandstone. In the rear is a small park which overlooks the Rhine. This must be 150 feet above the river. A grand view is obtained from this point. At one side of the church is a cloister and all around the inside of these are monuments and tablets. A little farther on I came upon St. Elizabeth's Church. This building is modern and built of grey sandstone.

Just across the street there was a bookstore, and glancing in the window I discovered an old London print of the William Tell scene, and at the bottom of the picture was a short history of the time when the Swiss earned their independence. A little farther on there was a paper stand, and among other papers was a copy of the Cleveland Plain Dealer. This contained the Katzenjammer Kids. After this I went to the station and did some writing.

I have discovered what fills my heart with joy, and that is that all over Germany fourth-class tickets are sold on the railways, and as I expect to travel more than 1,000 miles in this country, this means something. Just across from the corner of the station is the postoffice, which is a very large building, and would do credit to a city five times as large.

I took another stroll, coming to my lodging at 5:30, sat down for a few minutes, and finding a man who could talk English I had some conversation with him till supper. After supper I wrote awhile and then went to bed.

OCTOBER 17. After breakfast strolled down to the station where I watched the crowd until 8, when I started for Strassburg. Up to Mulhausen the country is varied

considerable, and is mostly flat, and is about equally divided between plowed land and grass, and on the hills grapes are planted. There are quite a number of small forests which are carefully cared for.

We crossed a road at one point, and just a short distance away were four old women dressed in glaring red petticoats wheeling barrows loaded down with brushwood. On the hill to the left was what appeared to be a ruin.

Colman was the next large town. In the compartment in which I am traveling there is a sign that reads thus: "Seats for eleven and standing room for twelve."

The next large town was Schettststadt. At this place we made quite a long stop for some reason or other. At one place I saw an old lady driving a yoke of cows attached to a wagon loaded with fertilizer. All along the way were men and women plowing and harrowing with all kinds of nondescript outfits—a horse and cow, two cows, two oxen, one horse and a cow and oxen. One thing I could not help noticing was the absence of farm buildings.

At Einstein a one-horse street car was waiting at the station. Arrived at Strassburg at 12.

Generally speaking, the distance of ninety miles was a flat plain, probably four miles from the Rhine. After dinner I started out to see the town.

The first sight I noticed was the floating laundries. These were covered barges anchored to the bank of a small stream on which there must have been at least 100 women washing clothes. After watching these for awhile I went on until I came to a great cathedral. I had read of this building, and it was certainly worth making a trip to see. Large, tremendous and immense are the kind of words to use in describing it. It occupies a block, and it must be 150 feet in height. There is a great tower, another probably 100 feet above this, and a steeple seventy-five feet higher up. I went up to the top of the tower on which there is a platform and a grand view of the town is obtained from this.

I then walked on until I came to a smaller church in which a funeral service was being held, and as it was raining hard, in fact it had been ever since I struck the town, I went in and heard the service.

The dead man must have been a great general as the church was filled with officers wearing beautiful uniforms. After a wait of some time the minister came out and conducted the service. Afterwards two or three of the great men of the town made speeches, I presume eulogizing the dead man. I got mighty tired before they finished.

Coming out I next spied a university and got a glimpse of the entrance hall, which was splendid. Then the next was a Church of St. John. This is a fine modern building of light sandstone. Afterwards I came upon St. Peter's Cathedral, a fine new building of red sandstone. There was a splendid dome and the interior, which was fine, contained a number of altars and splendid paintings. The next building I came upon was the postoffice and if they have such a grand building in Berlin they will be doing well. It is a fine new building of light stone and occupies a whole square.

The next was a collection of five buildings, the finest of all being the palace. The others were a library and state buildings. I then made my way back to the station, passing along the main business street, on which were some fine buildings, one of these a grand department store, which I went into and wandered around on the ground floor. It was splendidly gotten up.

At the station I looked over time-tables and then went to the ticket window, but no one could speak English. Finally I located a hotel runner who could, and got the much needed information in regard to the train in the morning.

I then went some distance away and struck by accident a fine building to get my supper. After eating I stayed here awhile and watched the crowd. I hope now to say good-bye to the centime until I arrive in Italy. It was very handy, being easily figured, as five centimes equal one cent, while here five pfennigs equal one and a fifth of a cent. This requires a considerable amount of gray matter to translate from one to the other. After this I went to my lodgings and to bed.

OCTOBER 18. Arose at 6:30. After breakfast went down to the station where I boarded a train for Heidel-

berg at 8. At Karlsruhe I had to change. Having to wait for more than an hour saw a little of the town, going as far as Kaiser Strasse, the main street of the city. This is a fine wide avenue, apparently longer than the usual run. There is a fine park right near the station.

Although I had bought a fourth-class ticket through to Heidelberg, with the exception of the first ten miles I rode third class. The country we passed was similar to that between Basil and Strassburg. When we neared the foothills the land presented the same form of intensive cultivation.

Arriving at Heidelberg at 2, I was busily employed until dark seeing something of the place. The first thing was the University, but I would have passed right by the place—it is such a very common looking affair. On the other hand the University Library is a splendid modern building. The Cathedral of St. Peter came after the Library. It is a large church with a great steeple; next is the fine Heidelberg Kirchen. This is a very old church and is entirely surrounded by small stands, a kind of bazaar. The next would require an artist to describe. It is the ruins of the old Heidelberg Castle. Most of the city covers space between the high hills and near the river. The castle was more than a thousand feet above the street level and was unlike anything I had yet seen in this line, being cut off apparently from civilization, as the approach and surroundings were covered with a heavy growth of trees. All around the wall of the courtyard were the statues of ancient emperors, kings, etc. There were also battlements and towers galore. The view up and down the valley was wonderful.

After finishing here I went along the trail that led still higher up to a hotel and some dwelling houses, the highest of these being about two thousand feet from the street. I could not help thinking that it must have cost something to get the material for these houses up here. By the time I had finished and come down it was dark.

I hunted up a lodging and had supper. At this place there was a woman who could speak English, and I had quite a long conversation with her. After supper I wrote a few cards and then went to bed.

OCTOBER 19. After breakfast went right down to the station to take the train for Darmstadt. The street-cleaning brigade was at work along the way. At the station I wrote until 7, when I boarded a train. The first large town was Frederischfeld. Near the track was a great cathedral. There were also a great number of houses with very sharp, peaked roofs.

At Ladenburg from the station could be seen an old looking church with two odd looking steeples. A high flagpole with red and yellow stripes, like a barber pole, was standing at one end of the station. What looked like the tower of an old castle was perched up on a high hill back of the town and a little farther on another one of these towers.

A number got on at this place and one who was dressed like a preacher. Shortly after we started he took a piece of dry bread out of his pocket and had breakfast. It was 10 o'clock before we reached Darmstadt. It had begun to rain shortly after we started and it was still at it when I got off the train, but I left the warm station, which is a brand new, grand affair, and went about my business of seeing something of the town. The station seemed to be on the outskirts of the town as it was quite a walk down to the center to the Palace of the Grand Duke Ludwig of Hesse. This was built in 1720, and was quite a large building, although very common looking.

In a small square is an immense statue of Ludwig, one time Grand Duke of Hesse, and a little farther on is the Ludwig Platz, a great square, with a statue of Ludwig IV., and directly facing is the palace of the Grand Duke, who is the grandson of Queen Victoria and son of the beloved Princess Alice who forfeited her life by insisting upon kissing her child who was dying of diphtheria. The place was built in 1720 and has splendid grounds surrounding it. On the right is the Market Platz, a great open place that is full of all kinds of vegetables, fruits and breadstuffs. From the windows of the palace they could look out and choose a cabbage for dinner. On the right is the Landes Museum. This is a fine modern building. It was closed so I did not go through. After going through the market took a long

walk, trying to find a place where I could get my shoes cobbled as one of the soles was loose. I found three places, but they were all busy.

I then came to the Church of St. Ludwig. It certainly is a queer looking church, just like an immense dome that had been placed on the ground instead of a building. It was built of cement blocks. On entering I saw a bridal couple standing at the altar and decided to remain and see the ceremony. In a few minutes the priest came in and performed the service, which in all must have lasted twenty minutes. The church was about as round as it could be. About ten feet from the wall were twenty-eight great cement pillars, twenty feet high. These support the great dome which is a succession of circles that get smaller until the peak is reached. There was a large main altar with two smaller ones on either side. There were fourteen white marble groups of the Cross, beside two large ones of the Savior at the Cross and another of Him at the Tomb. Near by in a fine park were two magnificent buildings, the first a Russian chapel, and that reminded me of the fine churches of St. Petersburg. It was very gorgeous, having three towers like minarets. The other was a fine new church, the notable thing about it being the tower, this having five queer looking affairs at the top looking like windows in the roof.

I then took a long walk back to the station and looked for some post cards and did not find them. Just as I was going down to the train I saw what I wanted and buying one, addressed and posted it to Detroit. At 2 started for Frankfort; had to stand up most of the way. Flat and uninteresting country. There were several small forests and a number of orchards, and as we neared Frankfort lots of market gardens. Just as we got to the station I made inquiries and got some information in regard to trains. I thought I would see if I could locate the Salvation Army hotel, and spent nearly two hours trying to do so and finally gave up in disgust. Just at 5 when I had finished this hopeless quest, I had a chance to rest my poor feet while having my shoes repaired. After this started out and found lodgings at 8, but even then not what I

wanted. I went into a milk shop and made my supper of a large glass of milk and some bread and cake. At 9 I finally got to bed.

OCTOBER 20. After breakfast I walked a few blocks, coming upon the Rathause. This was a very large, splendid building. Within the great yard were a number of statues of great men. After this I went a little farther coming out on the Kaiser Strass. This is a main business street and a splendid wide thoroughfare, paved with asphalt. A short distance along came to a small park like a square and within this is a Bismarck monument, being a group—a colossal standing figure of Bismarck and behind him a warrior mounted.

On the other side is a splendid opera house. At either front corner are figures in niches of Goethe and Schiller. In the great lobby of the station where I stayed some time, writing and observing the crowd, I looked over a large plan of the streets and main buildings but there was no church I cared to go to. I was sitting in the waiting room and was amused by the pompous appearance of the train caller. He was very much like our own station callers.

In the distinction of his appearance he looked like a general. Any thinking person is led to almost believe that every one is some kind of an officer as the officials wear a uniform while on the train. I could not help noticing how plentiful labor appears to be. At small stations where with us one man would do the work, here there are at least half a dozen—one man who has the art of doing nothing down to a science and the other five help him to do it. There are tables scattered all over the room and a buffet at one side.

A cab driver came in wandering around and begged a piece of sugar of one of the patrons, who had not used this in his coffee. At 12 I went out and seeing a crowd at one side of the station went over to see what it meant. Standing in front of what looked like a private entrance was a grand auto with crowns on top of a lamp. Taking it for granted that someone of note was expected I waited a few moments and was rewarded by a partial view of the Grand

Duke of Hesse. After this I strolled back, went to my lodgings and had dinner, which consisted of a large glass of hot milk and part of a loaf of bread. I then strolled a few blocks coming upon the great Dom Cathedral. This is a large old church with a very unique steeple. Coming down a short street I came out upon the main quay and went along the river for quite a distance. The Main here is quite a good sized stream.

I then crossed the river and strolled along the poorer section, coming upon another church. This being open I went in. It was just an ordinary appearing place with several fine paintings back of the pulpit. After this I went back across the river to the main street. I then went through a beautiful park, coming out at the Grand Opera House, which is in the center of the opera platz. Just at the end of the park opposite the opera is an equestrian statue of William I.

On reaching the opera noticed two buildings to the left, went over to investigate them, thinking they were palaces, only to find that both were used as banks and office buildings. They certainly do have some beautiful buildings in this country. I then went back to the station. Just crossing from the left of the station is another grand opera, the Opera Schuman. As it had again started to rain I went into the station and rested up a little. On the main street I noticed a familiar name, "Werner & Co., tailors." I stayed in the station until 6, writing and watching the people, then went out and got something to eat, back to the station where I stayed until 8. I then struck out for my lodgings.

While sitting in the station I couldn't help thinking of the hard condition of the very poor in this country, as wages are small and the cost of living quite high. A few feet of where I was sitting was a table at which three of the waiters were eating their supper. Just then a poor old cab driver sat down and munched part of a loaf. I could not help noting the longing looks he cast at the food the waiters were consuming, which was sliced bologna, potato salad and bread. At 9 I went home to bed.



OCTOBER 21. Rose at 6, had some difficulty in finding my way down to the exit, only to find the door locked, there being no one up. Luckily, another man who knew the place, followed me down and then managed to rustle a key. As I always give myself plenty of time, I managed to get to the station in time for my train. Both here and at Heidelberg, I had an old-fashioned Dutch bed, a feather tick as a mattress and another feather tick for bed clothes. At 7, started for Mayence, arriving there at 8:30, and then started out to see something of the town. Within a couple of blocks of the station, looking to the left, I saw a great dome and on investigating, found it was Christ Church, a fairly large building with a tremendous dome. The church was not open. A little farther along was St. Peter's Church. This was a very old, fair sized church with a peculiar looking tower on either front corner. The interior was fine, with grand pillars and arches and the beautiful painted ceiling and three splendid altars. From the main altar was a canopy, upheld by four colored marble pillars, and the other two were partly supported by the same kind of pillars. Near here was a fine modern building used as a seminary. A little farther along, was the Town Hall, being a collection of up-to-date buildings. Then eclipsing everything was the great Dom Cathedral. This is very large and massive, having a number of great towers fore and aft. The interior shows the signs of age. Nothing striking about it but a few fine paintings and the beautiful stained windows. I then went through the market place, coming upon still another church—St. Christopher. This is a small building and surmounted by a great tower and partly built around with houses. Has a very poor interior with the exception of the stained glass windows. A little farther along I came out upon that noble stream, the Rhine, and walked along the quay for some distance, turning off at the place where the tower of an old castle was standing. This was surrounded by houses and also used as a tenement. Near here was another fine building, Stadt House (a museum). This not being open, I continued on, back through the station, passed through the main part of the town. For a city of

100,000, its appearance was that of being asleep. Passed a collection of buildings which were used for military purposes, and near the station was the Mayence Cathedral, an old, dilapidated affair, with two conical-shaped towers.

I then went to the station and just had a few minutes to spare, which I spent in writing. Started for Bingen at 12, arriving there at 1 o'clock. Immediately on coming out of the station the most wonderful panorama of my trip was presented. Right on the bank of the river and across was a great hill sloping down to the water's edge, and from just a few feet above the water up to the crest was a great checker board, consisting of thousands of small plots of ground under cultivation. I stood at one place and counted twenty-eight patches, one above another, and they extended around a bend of the river, when they were lost to view.

I had stopped off here just because of the association in the old third reader I used as a boy—there was a piece of poetry on "Bingen on the Rhine." But I am mighty glad that I stopped off for the sake of the town itself. At the top of the hill was a great monument and just about half way up were the ruins of an old castle.

After buying a ticket to Coblenz I went out on the platform and feasted my eyes till the train came along at 2. I then found out that this view continued along to a town called Boppard, about thirty-five miles away. At a few places along the way the same thing prevailed on our side of the river. I then had an opportunity to view this phenomenon at close range. All of these plots are like steps, being apparently blasted out of solid rock and built up at the outer edge. There was no soil in sight, vines being planted in beds of small broken pieces of rock. What struck me more than anything else was the tremendous labor involved in the care of this continuous vineyard.

All the way to Coblenz, a distance of fifty miles, the train followed the bank of the river, this being shut in by hills the whole distance.

Arrived at Coblenz at 4 and started out to see something of the city and incidentally hunt a lodging at the same

time. I passed through the market and then came to a very large old church, St. Joseph's, went in and inspected. Just an ordinary interior. Went around a little farther and located a lodging, then kept going till I came to the Stathaus, a very old and poor looking building. Across from this was the Jesuit Church. Although not much to look at the interior was fine, there being several splendid altars.

I then went on down to the Rhine and walked almost out in the country, passing some magnificent buildings. The University, a massive pile; next the Kaiser's palace. I am beginning to think he must have a palace in every town. After this I went back toward the city, coming out on what is called the Kaiser's Ring, which has at the entrance a barracks; a little farther on is another fine building used for state purposes and then came to a school. This is an old-fashioned building, having a number of very steep gable roofs, there being three or four stories in some of these. Then to the station where I had my supper, afterwards watching the crowd till 8, when I went to the lodging only to find the place filled up and had to look around for another. I shall certainly carry away fine impressions of the Deutsche. Everywhere where their prices are plainly marked, landlords will not stick to them. On the outside of this place was a sign, "Bed and Breakfast, One Mark," and when I went in and asked the landlord he said one and one-half marks, but when I turned on my heels to go out he called me back and said that I could stay for the mark. At 9 I went to bed.

OCTOBER 22. Arose at 7 and went down to have breakfast only to be held up for another five cents, as I would not argue the matter. Then went down to the station and bought my ticket for Bonn. Wrote and observed the crowd till 9, when I boarded the train.

The country between here and Bonn was not as interesting as between Bingen and Coblenz. We were in the Rhine valley all the time but only part of this time the track ran along the bank. There was the same intensive cultivation of the land, and a great number of orchards.

In the same compartment were five peddlers, two with great packs of shirts, underwear, etc., and the others had a great basket affair hanging around their necks containing a large assortment of trinkets, besides a number of canes strapped together.

Arrived at Bonn at 11, and as I intended leaving at 2, I lost no time in starting out to see something of the town. A plan of the city was hanging in the station and I thought I located the University all right, but after walking for an hour, I got back to the station. Starting again the first place I came upon was the Bonn Cathedral. This is quite a large church and has a beautiful interior, having a splendid setting of stained glass windows.

The next building of note was the Rathaus (Town Hall). This was a very common looking building. Then I came upon a building in front of which was a beautiful marble monument to William I. I next came into the Kaiser Strasse, a fine wide street lined with trees. Following along this I at last came upon the University building. Near by was the Kaiser's palace and to the right a fine new chemistry building. Occupying several squares were the different buildings that make up the University. This is one of the most noted institutions in the world, and is where the Emperor's sons were educated.

I then went back to the station and spent a few minutes I had left in eating some lunch. At 2 entrained for Cologne, arriving at 3.

Along these twenty miles the track ran partly along the bank of the Rhine. There was a great deal of grain and sugar beets grown along this stretch.

Arriving at Cologne I didn't have to spend much time hunting up the Dom Cathedral, this being the great attraction here, as when I emerged from the station it was just across the way. The first thought that came to me as I had a view of this old noted edifice was its tremendousness, as it occupied a great square and its steeple appeared to reach the sky. The interior is simply magnificent, the main feature being the wonderful stained glass windows, the finest I have yet seen. After viewing the interior I came out and feasted my eyes on the outside of the build-

ing. I then went on till I came to the Lutheran Church, St. Martin's. This is almost entirely surrounded by houses. The next church was just an ordinary looking building.

I then took a long walk, following near a certain street car track for upwards of two miles. The streets were very narrow. At last I turned back, got lost once or twice, but finally I managed to get back to the station by 6 o'clock.

After supper I wrote and watched the crowd for awhile, then went down to a locality where I had noticed lodgings advertised. At the first place I was turned down, but in the second I made connections by paying a few cents more than their advertised price. Went to bed at 9.

OCTOBER 23. After spending the night in a room that I had at first thought had no windows, I afterwards discovered a small opening leading to the skylight in the roof. It rained most of the night and at intervals water dripped down on the bed and in the morning I discovered a section of plaster missing and another portion that appeared to be about to fall on the pillow.

After breakfast I sat at the table some time as it was raining and I hated to go out, but at last I started out, and taking a long walk I at last came to St. Patrick's Church.

This is a very old church, having a tower on either front corner and a small dome in the center, just an ordinary interior with the exception of some fine painted windows, and fourteen small but very good engravings of "All the Way to Calvary."

Next I came upon St. Jerome's Church. This was modern, had quite a high steeple and the interior very beautiful. Had a number of gilded altars and splendid paintings.

The next was St. Mauritius. This is a new church, crowned by a couple of grand steeples. The interior was charming, the specialty being a great number of columns, apparently of cement blocks, and having the appearance of a square pillar surrounded by a number of smaller round pillars built into them. The windows were of stained glass. I then returned to the Dom and went in again to

look it over, as yesterday I was so tired I could not appreciate as I should. I counted 162 great columns and probably missed some. These are massive and like those in St. Mauritius, and there must be all of fifty great stained glass windows.

The building is all of 525 feet long, by 325 feet wide, and the top of the spire reaches more than 400 feet into the air.

After this I went up to the portal of the Hohenzollern Bridge and took a view of the Rhine. This portal is the great gateway with statues on either side.

I then took a last walk along the Rhine, and then back to the station where I ate and watched the crowd of workmen until it was time to take the train for Dusseldorf at 2. Arrived at the latter place at 3.

We crossed to the east of the Rhine just before leaving the station and did not see the river again all the way to Dusseldorf. The same highly intensive cultivation of the land was in vogue. Mostly planted to sugar beets.

On arriving at Dusseldorf the rain was coming down in chunks. I went into the waiting room and stayed until 4, writing and watching the crowd. As I was coming along from Cologne I could not help wondering who traveled first, second and third class, as at one time in the compartment with me there were nine men, all better dressed and more prosperous looking than I was.

While I was sitting in the waiting room a young girl with a pail came along and cleaned up one of the chocolate machines, and the way she did go over that was a caution. I thought what a wonderful help in the furthering of the settlement of Northwest Canada about 100,000 of these people would be.

At 4 I tore myself away from the warm waiting room and went out to hunt for a lodging and see something of the town. I kept this up until 6:30, but found no place, and at last concluded to go over to Essen as it was not necessary for me to stay here over night.

Mr. Strauss of Dole, had told me this place was something like Detroit, and I agree with him, in so far as a great number of the streets run at right angles to each other.

One especially, called the Konig's Alee, is a grand boulevard. A canal runs through the center and a fine walk and street on either side. I just entered one church, St. Martin's. Not very large, but having a fine interior. It contained fourteen splendid paintings of "All the Way to Calvary."

The Stadt Haus is a massive pile of red granite, covering a whole block. I had a notion that this was a small town, but I found it to be a great city. Passing the post-office I went in and sent a card to Detroit.

Got back to the station and boarded a train for Essen. As luck would have it I had to change at a small place on the way and it was 9 before I entered this town. I shall remember this place, the home of the Krupps, for some time.

I located one lodging and on going in was insulted and very near assaulted before I could get out, and although I kept moving along until 12, I found nothing else, but high-class places, and I could not have stayed in any of these, even if I had cared to pay the price.

At 12 I finally gave it up as a bad job and went into the station, determined to stick it out all night if necessary. As this ends the day, even if I am not in bed, I will say good-night.

OCTOBER 24. At 1:30 the station was closed and I had to wander up and down in order to keep from freezing until 4. I shall certainly remember this town for awhile. At 5 I boarded a train for Bremen, arriving at 12. On the way down through the city I saw something of the great plant of the Krupp Company. The country between Essen and Bremen is altogether different from that along the Rhine, in that it was more rolling, and not so intensively cultivated, there being quite large fields of wheat and pasture lands, also there were a number of farm buildings along the way. On arriving at Bremen, I got something to eat and then started out to see a little of the town, and after traveling along a mile or two of back streets, came out upon a harbor and spent some time going along watching the loading and unloading of vessels. After this

I took another long walk, and at last brought up at the main part of the city. A great market was in operation, but the first object that took my attention was the fine old Rathaus. I went through a part of this building. Besides having a number of fine old paintings, there were a collection of statues and some beautiful carved old furniture, and between the panels on the ceiling were upwards of forty paintings of old kings. After this I took a good look at the outside of the Dom Cathedral and Bourse, and then on the sights of a circus, for that was what it was called, that was in operation. There were eight different merry-go-rounds, besides a number of side-shows, and then there must have been a couple of hundred booths of all kinds where everything imaginable was being sold. I wandered around for quite a while and this did not do me any good for seeing so many people spending money, I could not resist the temptation and had to do the same. Got reckless and spent all of three cents for some chocolate. As I was now very tired I headed back for the station, had supper and stayed in the station until 8, and then went to lodgings near by, and turned in at 8:30. I was somewhat disappointed in regard to this city. Knowing it to be a great port, I expected it would be more modern than it is.

OCTOBER 25. After breakfast I went to the station, buying some provision for lunch on the train and wrote and took notice of the crowd until I boarded a train at 10 for Hamburg. Toistedt was quite a town and on the side-track were two great guns from the Krupp's at Essen. At this place a woman dressed in the typical costume of the country came in. She wore a very short voluminous skirt, tight-fitting waist, no hat, and her hair was done up in the old-fashioned way and parted in the center.

Harburg is quite a large city. At this point we crossed a great river. Arriving at Hamburg at 1, I then wandered around the station, getting information in regard to a train for Berlin, and then struck out to find myself in a mighty cold world. Felt like snow. After wandering a few blocks I stopped a policeman and asked him if he could speak English. He called to another man passing



by, and the latter took me to a small shop a block or so away. This was kept by an Englishman and here I obtained directions for finding the Salvation Army hotel. After this, I wandered into the fruit and vegetable market, and of all the markets I have ever seen this beats them all. It seemed to me as if there must be all of 5,000 people, and millions of baskets scattered about on the ground. I would have wandered around here until dark, only it was too cold. A little further along I came to St. Peter's Kirche (Lutheran), oldest in Hamburg, but not very large. Here, I received a shock that staggered me. I was about half way around the interior when the sexton came up and on my speaking English, started to give me the history of the church. He was very interesting and kind, although I did not enjoy his description as much as I should, as I, of course, figured that he expected a tip and my pocket-book was too slim for tips. At last, when I was about to leave he held out his hand and I dug down and fetched out my purse, but he said, "No," and then I was sorry I had not taken more interest in his description. I then shook hands and thanked him very heartily.

Next was a very fine, brand new department store, and I spent nearly an hour going through this building. The interior is fixed up regardless. It appears to be built of cement, steel and glass. I then went down a little farther and came out on what appeared to be a small lake. A fine avenue ran along the shore, there being a promenade walk next the water. This must be a fine place in summer. Just at one end is the Rathaus, a magnificent building. The center of the square is raised up a few feet and on this is a grand equestrian statue and monument of William I. There is also a fine fountain in the courtyard. I next passed St. Paul's Kirche, which is quite a large church, but it was not open. As it was very cold and getting late, I thought I had better find my way to the station as I knew the way to my lodgings from there, and although the streets ran in every direction, as in most cities, I made out all right and after a time was in the warm shelter of the station. Bad luck must be pursuing me. I was sure I had located a lodging all right

this time but when I gained the place it was full. They very kindly directed me to a place near by which turned out to be a police lodging house. This was only for those that had no money. They in turn directed me to the Concordia, and one of the officials placed me on a car that ran by the place. This hunting for lodgings is getting on my nerves.

After having supper, I went to bed as it was mighty cold in the office.

OCTOBER 26. Hated like anything to turn out as it was snowing. After breakfast walked up towards the station, coming to a fine park containing a magnificent monument to Bismarck; stopped to admire it although my teeth threatened to smash each other. Going a little further I came to a store and went in and bought an overcoat. This is what I should have done in Paris.

At this store I obtained directions for finding my way to Hagenbeck's Tier park and took a car for this place which is right out in the country, arriving there just as it opened at 10.

I spent a couple of hours going up and down and through this. Hagenbeck, as every one should know, is the man who supplies most of the animals required in zoos and circuses throughout the world, and this is his headquarters. It would have been more enjoyable going through this place in the summer, but as it was the time was well spent.

At 12:30 I got back to the station, walked a few blocks until I located a place to eat, then went back to the station where I wrote until 2 when I went out and walked down to a small lake. All along one side are great offices and buildings, mostly steamship companies. The Hamburg-American office occupies an immense building.

Entering this and inquiring the direction to their docks I came upon a reading room and got hold of a New York Herald, and read my first news of the Balkan War and of the attempted assassination of Roosevelt. I was wishing I was in a warmer country. It will probably be too warm when I get down into some of those hot countries.

After perusing this paper I boarded a car for the docks, afterward discovering that they were within 500 feet of the Bismarck monument I was admiring this morning. I didn't stay long, it being too cold to stand here.

I walked back to the station, wrote a couple of cards and then boarded a train for Berlin as I wanted to be moving, not caring to stop here over Sunday.

When I thought how easy it was to go aboard a boat and land in New York after a few days, I wanted to go away from the temptation. If it were not for the fact that a number of friends were especially interested in this trip of mine it would not be hard for me to quit right here, as I am certainly getting mighty tired.

I thought I could obtain a little sleep on the train, but not a wink. There was a jolly crowd in our compartment and they kept things moving until we got to Berlin. One man had just come from England and was showing off a little to the rest.

OCTOBER 27. Arrived at Berlin, stayed at the station until 9, then I sallied out into a still colder world than Hamburg. Asked a policeman to direct me to the Salvation Army. Started out across a small stream and found myself right among the finest kind of buildings.

First was a great monument to Bismarck, another to Moltke, then something grand to commemorate the victories over the French in 1871. This has a large base, probably 100 feet in circumference and twenty-five feet high. All around this were bronzed figures in bas-relief, above this base a smaller part covered by a canopy. This was covered with paintings. On the top was a high pedestal with a golden goddess of liberty.

In the small square fronting the palace was a group of figures, Bismarck being one of them. This is a great palace itself and a noble building, surmounted by a magnificent dome. I continued on through here until I came to Potsdam station and went in and warmed up a little; then after further directions I went on past a great station and a couple of monuments and finally came to a point where I had been directed to, only to find that I was wrong again.

A policeman put me aboard a car and gave directions to the conductor and after quite a ride he dropped me off at the Salvation Army headquarters, and I was directed from here by a policeman to their hotel, landing there just at 12 and finding it all right.

I had a good dinner and then went into a nice warm room and took comfort. In a short time a fellow came in who could speak English, and I showed him some post cards and we had quite a conversation.

My, how warm and homelike! This place heartened me up, and I certainly needed it as I was just about all in. At 4 I went out for a walk around until 6, although it was raining most of the time, but I didn't mind this as I was warmly clothed and what made the most difference was the thought of the fine warm fire that I could go back to. After supper I sat back and just enjoyed the warmth of the room and watched the crowd until bedtime.

OCTOBER 28. After breakfast wrote a little and then started out to find the postoffice, and after the usual number of misdirections finally located it and was overjoyed to find a paper from Detroit. After reading this over, I wrote a long epistle and card to St. Claire, then drifted down the Konig Strasse, till I came upon another great palace. This is a weather-worn old building of plain appearance, four stories in height. On top are a number of figures and a small dome. Directly opposite are the Kaiser's stables. Going around to the front I discovered a number of statues and monuments. Directly across the square is the Kaiser Frederick's Museum, a splendid low building with a grand portico upheld by twenty-two great columns. All along the walls are fine paintings of scenes taken from the history of Prussia. It was closed on Mondays so did not enter.

Cornering this is the magnificent Dom Cathedral. This is not so large as some but is a splendid building. It is nearly square with a fine arched entrance. Up about ten feet on either side are figures representing the four evangelists. The exterior is very beautiful. On either

side of the entrance to the altar are figures of Luther, Zungli, Melancthon and Calvin. In alcôves above are paintings of the evangelists. On up the inside of the great dome are paintings. In a large alcove are a number of statues, monuments and magnificent sarcophagi, a group of figures, Bismarck the foremost, being of the number. In describing the exterior I must not forget the great dome. This looks like that of St. Paul's in London at the front corner. Just around the corner from the Dom is the Frederick Wilhelm IV gallery, not large but a very fine building, it having a splendid entranceway within which are a number of figures. Here, just before ascending the grand staircase, are great paintings of the Kaisers, William I, and Queen Augusta, also one of the present Kaiser on horseback, surrounded by officers.

Within an alcove on the first floor are ten fine paintings representing scenes in the life of Abraham, and then in a smaller room on the second floor are five others, scenes in the life of Joseph.

On coming out I sat down in the Plaza, opposite the Dom, and ate some lunch I had with me. As I was finishing a crowd of soldiers, preceded by a band, came marching up to the palace and after a few minutes the band came out and over to the Plaza, mounted the platform, upon which stands a great equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, and played eight pieces of music.

After this I took a long walk. Just on the other side of the Dom Plaza is a canal and in this were a number of barges loaded down with fruit. I strolled along watching the people and looking in the store windows, and finally when I began to think I had gone far enough I came to the Kaiser Frederick's Museum, and discovered I had been wandering in a circle.

Coming to the Dom Plaza I sat down and did some writing. The weather had warmed up and the clouds had cleared away since yesterday. I then took another stroll down to the Unter den Linden. This is the finest avenue in Berlin. The University of Berlin is situated on this street and almost in front in the middle of the street is a great equestrian monument to Frederick the

Great. The Unter den Linden has a great tree and grass bordered roadway for pedestrians, and narrow, sandy roadway for horsemen, as well as another for carriages and auto traffic. I could not help noting the contrast between this place and Paris in regard to autos, there not appearing to be a tenth as many here.

It seems hard for me to realize I am in Berlin. Although I see all these fine palaces, etc., there doesn't appear to be life enough for a great city. All along the street are fine buildings, hotels, theatres, and great office structures. There is a fine theatre just opposite the University.

I then strolled back toward home, stopping in at the postoffice and sending away a couple of cards. After supper looked through my Detroit paper, wrote a little, and then sat back and watched the inmates of the room till 9, when I went to bed.

OCTOBER 29. After breakfast wrote a little, then strolled down to the postoffice where I posted some cards, then back to the central market and spent some time going through this great building where all kinds of materials for good meals may be obtained. I just timed myself to reach the Rathaus at 10. This is a very large, fine building. Two rooms, the magistrate hall and the Stadt hall, besides a grand corridor, are open to visitors. Along this grand corridor are twenty large paintings representing scenes and battles of Germany. Around the magistrate room are hung fine paintings of the Prussian kings, from 1700.

Within the Stadt room are a number of pieces of plate in glass cases and on an easel is a great painting of the congress of Berlin, 1878. On finishing here I went down past the palace to the Konlich's Zeughaus where is a grand collection of flags, guns, etc., captured in battle, besides a number of splendid paintings of great battles, and also great ground models of the battlefield.

Then further along are models of guns, carriages, etc., then a great number of uniforms of different periods and of all the European countries; then a number of models of airships, and hundreds of old cannons. At 12 I went

to the Kaiser's stables and carriage house. This is right across from the palace and is what I had first taken for a state house. This is the first of its kind I have seen on my trip and is away beyond any stables I ever expect to see again, a great four story building built around a great yard.

The stables, etc., occupied three of the wings. On the first and second floors are kept horses, and on the other two floors, carriages, harness, etc. There must have been about 400 stalls and on each floor there were two rows of stalls on either side of a passage twenty feet wide. More than half the stalls were occupied. The partitions were built of beautiful hardwood. The walls in front of the horses were built of vitrified brick and the floors were cement. There must have been two feet of rye straw in each stall and each horse had on a beautiful blue blanket embroidered with gold. On the other floors were hundreds of carriages of all kinds and descriptions. Besides the harness and saddles in use were a number of grand gold and silver mounted affairs that had been presented to the Kaiser by different crowned heads of Europe. I got through inspecting this wonderful display in time to get back to the palace square and hear the band and see the last of the soldiers marching into the palace yard. Then remembering yesterday I went over to the band stand and shortly the band came out and played several pieces.

My attention was partly detracted from the music by the behavior of a dear little girl about three, I think. When I first noticed her she was in her mother's arms and smiled back at two girls and my face must have appeared very pleasant to her as she came and shook hands with me. After this I went back to the Zeughaus, where I certainly met with a surprise. I had thought as the first floor was covered with old cannon, etc., that the second must be the same, and instead of this as I climbed the stairs I came upon a great hall of glory.

There were four rows, twenty each, of great bronze marble columns, about half of the figures in each being of life size, the first two making three arched corridors. Around the walls were fifteen magnificent paintings,

about half of the figures in each being of life size. The first two were in the time of Frederick William of Prussia. The next Frederick the Great. The next three Frederick William IV, the last five in the time of William I. The first two were representing battles between Prussia and Austria; the next, battles of the Franco-Prussian War, and the last represents the crowning of William I as emperor of Germany. All along by these columns were bronze busts on slate colored pedestals, of noted men of German history, and in the circle in the center were gigantic statues, bronze, on slate colored pedestals, of several Prussian kings. Beside each painting near one of the columns was a drawn plan with all the figures bearing the name so that a person could know each painting. After finishing here I went into the other room and looked at a great number of old models of different countries until the place closed at 3.

Then I took a short stroll along the Unter den Linden and observed the people and looked in the windows until I came to Cook's office. Went in and obtained some information in regard to sending a parcel to America. Then strolled on a little farther until I was brought up by noticing a sign, "Chicago Daily News' reading room. Visitors welcome." I lost no time in climbing the stairs and after registering read the Paris edition of the Herald and then other papers until 5 when I started for home. After supper I conversed and watched the inmates until 9, when I went to bed.

OCTOBER 30. After breakfast sallied out for a long stroll. Stopped in and went over the ground floor of Teitz's department store, the finest in the city. This is a truly splendid building, built of cement blocks, containing five floors.

It must be nearly one thousand feet long, and is quite narrow, probably one hundred feet, and like all great continental stores is fitted up regardless of expense. After this I went into the market and bought some cakes for my lunch, and then on to the postoffice where I sent away some cards and then just had time to reach the Zeughaus by 10 when it opened.



The rest of this exhibit comprised thousands of guns, swords and arms of all kinds and a great number of uniforms, but what specially attracted my attention were seventy wax figures dressed in uniforms of different periods from 1700 to the present time. These were fine. Then there were three small monuments in glass cases that must have cost something, these being made of jasper, gold and silver.

After finishing here I went across to the Altes Museum. Just within the main entrance was a great dome, and on the ground floor and in the gallery above were thirty-six marble statues of ancient Greek and Roman characters.

Both the ground floor and the one above are filled with everything that would be dear to the American—old statues, tablets, sarcophagi, pottery, cooking utensils, etc., used by the ancients. On finishing here I went through the gallery to the second floor of the New Museum. This is filled with statuary and tablets of Greeks and Egyptians. In one of the great rooms, in the panel near the ceiling, are fine paintings representing Bible scenes, and in another are huge paintings representing ancient cities. In the center of this floor is a large open space reaching to the roof and a grand stairway leads to the floor below. On either side are stairways to the floor above. These have fine gray marble steps and posts and beautiful brass work between the steps and the rail.

The walls above to the ceiling are covered with six gigantic paintings, besides containing smaller ones, depicting ancient scenes. At the floor of each staircase was the gigantic statue of an ancient beside a rearing horse and all around the staircase leading down are smaller statues.

Above, where the two staircases join, was a great canopy upheld by four columns on the one side and on the other by four statues of maidens. Eight girders which support the roof are beautifully decorated with brass figures. The whole was a splendid effect that is impossible to express on paper. On the floor above were a great number of ancient prints and manuscripts, besides a fine collection of paintings and pen and ink sketches of the nineteenth century.

The ground floor was entirely given over to statues and sarcophagi of ancient Egypt, there being a very large collection of these. At one part there was an open space and around this were sixteen great pillars, supporting the gallery. These, as well as the gallery above, are covered with paintings of Egyptian scenes, symbols, etc.

I finished here just in time to hear the band again from 1 to 1:30, eating my lunch while listening to the music. After this I took another stroll. On going a few blocks I came upon three splendid buildings, all in a row, occupying three squares—two great churches, almost alike at either end, and the Frederick Wilhelm III theater in the center.

The names of the two churches were the French Dom and German Dom. Both buildings were low in structure with three grand entrances, upheld by great pillars and crowned with very high domes surmounted by golden figures. They being closed I had no chance of visiting the interiors.

The theater was quite large and had a magnificent old entranceway, upheld by a number of great pillars. A little further on I came into the Leipziger Strasse, a fine street lined with great stores. I crossed Wilhelm Strasse, another fine, wide street. A little further along passed Wertheim's grand new department store. Crossed the Leipsic Platz, a large square, the buildings running around the outside. Streets ran around the outside, and centered on each side of the streets was a fence enclosing a grass plot, bordered with trees, and in alcoves were a couple of monuments. There are also seats around these monuments. A little further along I came out on the Potsdamer Platz, and station. I went in and inquired in regard to the station from which I would take a train for Leipsic, and finding it was only a few minutes away, went along the street, passing two great museums which I must see later. Coming to the station I went in and informed myself as to trains. Then turned back and continued along the Konig Gratz, coming to a fine park on the left. This was a road I had taken from the station on Sunday.

I sat down here and wrote a little then went on to the Unter den Linden, gaining entrance to it by way of the great portal. This is called Bradenburg Tor. After walking a short distance I came to the office of the Berliner Lokal Anzeiger and noticed a great crowd, both inside and out, reading bulletins and looking over maps pertaining to the war. I went in a few minutes, then continued along the street, passing among other fine buildings, the magnificent offices of the two great German steamship lines. Next door to one of these is the fine reading room of the Chicago News and I could not resist the temptation to go in and read a little while. I looked over the Paris edition of the Herald, and then picked up the News of October 21st. On the first page the name Detroit caught my eye. There was an article dealing with a speech made in the "Y" by Booker T. Washington, the great negro, hammering Jack Johnson.

After this I went home and had supper, and afterwards started a book lent me by one of the inmates, entitled, "Our German Cousins," and read this until 9, when I turned in.

OCTOBER 31. After breakfast, went down as far as the market. Wandered through and laid in provisions for noon, then went to the postoffice, where I wrote and sent away a few cards. After this, I headed for the Kaiser Frederick Museum, which opened at 10. This was a very large building and had a beautiful main entrance. The first room I entered contained a number of brass and bronze figures and groups, most of them referring to Scripture, then a number of figures and groups in marble, copies of Michael Angelo. I sat down in front of the magnificent bronze door, built in 1425, by Lorenzo Ghiberti, for a Florence church. Besides ten scenes, there were forty-seven small heads and figures. Next to this beautiful work of art there were thousands of medals, medallions and old coins. Afterward looked at more figures and groups. Next, running along the hall, skirting a lot of old pottery, etc., was a part of the wall from an old city in Persia. At the lower end of the long room, which was

filled with a varied collection, was a magnificent piece of inlaid work. Partly on the ceiling and sides and partly outside of the small half dome was a picture of St. Peter, with a great cross, and on either side the angels Michael and Gabriel. In another great hall were a number of fine old altars and paintings. On the second floor was a grand collection of old masters. The finest of all in one great room were hung nine immense tapestries from paintings of Raphael, representing scenes of the New Testament. At 12, I finished and strolled out around for awhile and then located an English church. I went on to the Dom square, where I ate my lunch and was just in time to see the soldiers march into the palace, and then line up as usual for the band, and heard eight fine selections.

At 1:30 I started down and along the Unter den Linden, rubbering along the way. Stopped in at a paper office and looked over a map giving the positions of the four countries engaged in war. After this I went through the Branden Burger and the Reichstag, going all around this and finally entering and finding that in fifteen minutes I could go through. At 2:30 sharp a guide started with a party of us. First was the grand central hall, literally smothered with flowers. Outside of this I thought the furnishings of the different rooms and offices quite plain. Reichstag chamber would not hold a candle to the Senate chamber in Washington. After seeing this place I went to the Grand Victory monument, and then walked down one side and back the other of Sieges Alle, or the Victory Avenue. This runs right through a beautiful park called the Thiergarten, from the Victory monument to Kemper Platz, a half mile in length. Down the center was a fine asphalt roadway, then on either side a row of trees, then a gravel track for horsemen. Next was another row of trees, then a wide walk and then a space about twenty feet wide for grass and flowers. At intervals were great monuments, thirty-two in all, sixteen on either side. The plan of all is the same, there being a stone platform with two steps leading to it. This is about thirty feet lengthwise of the street and is half round. The circle part is a stone seat with a back. In front is a fine marble statue on a pedestal

of one of the Prussian rulers, and dividing the seat into three sections were busts on pedestals of two of the noted men of the period. In addition, directly behind Joachim II was a bronze head of Luther. This is far and away the grandest avenue I have ever seen.

After making the round I sat down alongside of the bust of Bismarck and wrote this description. I then went on to the News office, read awhile, next to the Teitze store, and then home. After supper I wrote and read until bedtime.

NOVEMBER 1. After breakfast I went down to the market where I bought some cakes for my lunch, then continued down to the postoffice, sending away a couple of postcards, and then went down to the Konig Schloss, "the palace," just arriving there at 10, as it opened for visitors. I paid the fee—12 cents—and in a few minutes a party of us were shown through. We went up a winding stair until we reached the third floor, then were all handed felt slippers to put over our shoes. We then made the start. It was comical to see the bunch slipping along with the big slippers.

In all we visited twelve rooms besides two great portrait halls and two magnificent reception rooms. As we were moved right along I did not have time to take notes. I would like to have had about fifteen minutes in each room. About all I can remember is one grand and magnificent panorama. Not being able to understand the guide, I had to content myself in using my eyes to the best advantage. I inferred that each room was named after a ruler of Prussia and was furnished in the period in which the occupant lived. The floors were all of beautiful polished hardwood. The walls of each room were hung with fine portraits and there was of course very grand furniture. One article in each was uncovered so we could see it—grand silver and gold mirrors, marble and all kinds of inlaid tables, magnificent silver and gold candelabra, etc. But the last great room, which was the banquet hall, was grand beyond description—marble pillars and columns galore, and gold and silver decorations of all kinds. Last

was the chapel, a great round room, the walls and ceiling being covered with paintings of the Apostles and fathers of the church. The pulpit and altar decorations were superb.

After finishing here I went down to the office of an express company to see if I could get some information in regard to the Parcel Post. After obtaining information, I went to the Volker Kunde Museum. This is quite a large building, but not so grand as some of the others.

The great entrance hall is filled with old structures—boats, canoes and pieces of old statues of different kinds. The first floor was given over entirely to old stoves, weapons, and utensils of every kind used long ago. The second was covered with cabinets filled with everything used by the native tribes of different countries. One exhibit which attracted my attention especially was of a number of beautiful gods and other things made of shells and beads. This was wonderful work and showed great patience on the part of those who finished it.

The third floor was given over to a magnificent collection from China, India and Japan. There were thousands of pieces that would have taken a month to examine. Among them was a great number of wax figures, from the different countries, dressed in different costumes. These were very fine. There were thousands of gods, pieces of pottery, vases, etc.

On finishing here I went next to the Kunstewerbe Museum which is another fine building with a very beautiful entrance hall court. Fine black marble pillars uphold the roof of the gallery and the same number in the gallery uphold the roof. All around the walls of the court were old iron works of all kinds—door knockers, gates, fenders, screens, fence work, etc.

The first floor was entirely given over to thirty-one rooms—some old rooms themselves, others containing the furniture of a room of some noted person of the ancient times. These ran back for almost 600 years and are simply magnificent. One in particular contains the furniture formerly in the room belonging to Marie Antoinette. The old stained glass windows were used in many of the rooms.

Part of the second floor was taken up with thousands of pieces of china, plain, painted and otherwise, porcelain, and a great number of images and ceramic work. Next, a great number of gold and silver clocks, watches, caskets, snuff boxes, instruments, etc. There were a number of china stoves, a room filled with gold, silver and onyx vases, crosses, images, mirrors, etc. Next, a room filled with beautiful pieces of Venetian work and a couple of rooms with painted vases, dishes, etc.

All around the gallery were cases filled with old paintings, dishes, medals and medallions, great onyx, gold and silver snuff boxes, watch fobs and some old pipes, old buckles, etc. In one place were forty-five splendid paste imitations of gems. In cases around the wall were gold and silver tankards, mugs, cups, etc., a very fine collection.

On finishing with this I went to the main postoffice and read for a couple of hours, then I hustled home, had supper and after watching the crowd awhile, went to bed.

NOVEMBER 2. After breakfast, although it was raining, started out as usual. Stopped in at the market and bought material for lunch, and then went on to the postoffice where I posted a letter and a card. Next, went to the Salvation Army headquarters where I obtained information in regard to hotels located in Germany. This would have been a Godsend to me before I left Switzerland, but it is of no use now as I am practically through.

Then I went to the station where I took a train out for Potsdam arriving at 12. Within a couple of blocks from the station I came upon a great square, a palace on one side and a magnificent church of St. Nicholas on the other. The church was quite large and of square form with quite a number of large pillars and crowned with a fine dome.

The exterior of the palace was like others I have seen, a three story pile enclosing the courtyard. I found my way to the entrance, paid a fee and within a few minutes, in the company of two ladies, was shown around the building.

We must have seen everything there was on one floor as I counted thirty-two rooms. This is an old home of the

Hohenzollerns. Although not as magnificent as the one at Berlin, it was grand enough.

My, how I would have liked to have understood Deutsche, as the guide kept up a continual flow of language. He must have been picked especially on account of his voice because it was so pleasant to listen to him, even if I could not understand.

There was a number of bedrooms of all the ancient monarchs. A bed of Frederick the Great was shown and admired. Like at Berlin, we kept moving all the time and I had no chance to make notes. It was therefore all a blur of beauty and glory to me. Some rooms were decorated entirely in silver, others in gold, etc. Just as we finished a squad of soldiers marched up, headed by a band and went through a few evolutions.

After watching these for a little time I came upon the Garrison Kirche where the Kaiser worships. This is just a fair sized building, with a fine tower, containing a fine set of chiming bells.

I paid out 6 cents to see the interior of this and we were shown the place where the Kaiser William sits. I afterwards took a long walk, going almost around the town, and then out about three miles to the palace, the present residence of the Kaiser. This is in the country proper, even beyond the street cars, and is surrounded by hundreds of acres of park. On reaching the main gate I was not allowed to enter, and had to content myself with the view from this point, but the buildings were in plain sight, not more than forty rods away. There were three of them—the palace and two others used as offices. Nothing striking about the palace—just like other large country residences.

On leaving here I retraced my steps a short distance to the railway and took a train back to Berlin. Near this station was a private station for the use of the Kaiser alone. The train on which I rode was crowded, and I had to stand most of the way. On arriving at Berlin I walked up to the News office and read something of the war until 5, then went home. After supper wrote and read until 9, when I turned in.



NOVEMBER 3. Spent plenty of time over breakfast and then started for a long walk. I went down the Unter den Linden and along this to the Charlottenburg Chausee, continuing along this right through the park and then back around the outer edge, following the banks of the Spree river part of the way. This park, called the Thiergarten, is very beautiful and of great extent.

I continued along back the Unter den Linden to the Dom, crossed the canal there and within a few blocks came to the English church. This would hold about five hundred people and was well filled. The service was very high church, and I couldn't help thinking that I would have gotten more good by continuing my walk through the park.

On coming out I struck for home and after dinner spent the entire afternoon finishing a letter to Detroit. After supper I sat back and rested and rubbered at the crowd of sixty men who occupied the room, and were variously employed. I could not help thinking of what some of my friends would think of the place that I spoke so highly of in calling it "Home."

Right beside me was a man making supper of bologna and the substantial bread of this country, and it was pitiful to see him scraping the skin in order to not lose a crumb and licking his fingers to get the last taste. A young fellow who speaks English and has been very kind, has hunted around and gotten the address of lodging houses in Leipsic and Dresden, so I shall be all right at these places. At 8 I turned in.

NOVEMBER 4. After breakfast went around saying goodby to those who had been so kind, and then started for the station. Tried to see if I could make a short cut without getting lost and succeeded, for a wonder. Had my eyes open all the time to the looks, dress, etc., of the hundreds of girls I met or passed, who were going to work. To me they didn't seem any different from the girls of the same walk of life in Detroit.

It was a beautiful fall morning—cold and bracing—the air tasted like honey. I said good-by to Berlin with regret as I have had a very pleasant and instructive time here.

At 10 started for Leipsic. The country through which we passed was generally flat, in some places slightly rolling. One of the men in our compartment seemed to be a comic, as he kept the crowd laughing for a couple of hours, or until two girls, who appeared to be the "butt" of his wit, left the train.

At this time we ran into quite a snowstorm, the ground being already covered. It almost makes me feel like never stopping till I come into a warmer country, but I am not my own and must go according to orders.

We passed several large towns and at Wittenberg made quite a stop. The land was mostly planted to fall grain, this being up in most places. There are also a great number of small forests, mostly evergreens of some kind.

I had to change cars at Bitterfield, but only waited ten minutes for the next train. At this place the yard was filled with overhead wires. They appeared to do all their switching with electric motors. As we neared Leipsic, large fields of sugar beets were passed, women being busy pulling and trimming them.

Arrived at Leipsic at 2 and immediately started out to see something of this place. Within a few blocks came out upon a square, in the center of which was a great monument—a figure of a woman on a pedestal and surrounding this, statues of Kaiser Wilhelm I, and some of his officers on horseback.

Next I came to a church. On going in it looked as if a marriage were about to be performed. I just stood long enough to observe several fine pillars and the beautiful paintings along the walls. A little farther along I came out on August Platz. This is a very large square, long and narrow. At one end is a fine museum and at the other a great theater. On either side are shops and stores. Just across from the side of the museum is a university. The whole is a splendid modern building. I went in and looked at the main entrance hall.

Profiting by experience I then started out to locate the address given me in Berlin, and for a wonder I had been heading towards it and in a few minutes located the place.

I next went on till I came to Johanness Kirchen. This

is a very old church. Just an ordinary interior, excepting for the beautiful altar on which was a great stone figure of Christ. Above His head was a canopy upheld by four magnificent marble pillars.

I next went up to the market, which was a very large building. Wandered around for a few minutes, then went to the Rathaus, a magnificent new building, crowned by a splendid tower. This is larger than anything of its kind in Berlin. I went in and walked around the corridors of two floors. The main entrance and lobby are a dream of beauty, constructed of different colored marbles.

As it was getting late I headed for the lodging house. Had to stand in line for fifteen minutes, then had all kinds of trouble before I could make myself understood. If it had not been for having a passport I don't think I would have made connections.

After supper I listened to the crowd converse until 8. In order to get into this place I had to ring a bell and then pay out two cents, getting a check for this, it being good for that amount at the counter.

This must be some kind of a mission as there are several texts on the wall. I certainly pitied a poor old fellow who was at the end of the table where I was sitting. He must have been 60 years old and almost blind, hardly able to see the food on his plate. Just as I got ready to go to bed a couple of men handed around singing books, and after singing a couple of songs an address was given by the superintendent. At 9:30 I turned in.

NOVEMBER 5. After breakfast had same service, consisting of a hymn and chapter from the Bible, prayer and another hymn. I could not help noticing how well the men sang.

After a few minutes I went to the August Platz and boarded a car for the Leipsic battlefield. This was outside the city limits. The site was occupied by a great monument which must be one hundred feet square at the base. First, there was the foundation, then four great slabs of granite, each one a little shorter than the other. Then rough granite up twenty-five feet, then smooth granite another twenty-five and then a great cap.

Around this cap were twelve gigantic stone figures of generals who took part in the battle. At the bottom were four rich entrances to the interior, where are relics of the battle. This is just newly built, the approaches not being finished. Although the rain was coming down in chunks I walked all around it.

A part of the battlefield is now occupied by a cemetery and crematory. After this I went back to town, just getting back in time to reach the Grasse Museum as it opened at 10. It would take a person a month to examine everything in this place.

The first floor was entirely given over to products of Saxony, principally china and lace. On the second was a wonderful collection from China, Japan and India. I do not know that I have seen anything finer than this.

There was everything imaginable that the countries are noted for. There were costumes of all kinds, some of them very rich in silver and gold embroidery; gods and images, different rooms, lacquer work, bamboo, jinrikishas, palaquins, rooms completely furnished and a great number of models of noted temples, mosques, etc.

The third floor was taken up with prehistoric exhibits from South America and Africa—old weapons and utensils of every kind, besides a great number of bones and skeletons of extinct animals.

On finishing here I went a couple of blocks to the great building I had noticed last evening, which proved to be the Supreme Court. It was a magnificent building with a great dome in the center. There were great marble pillars all around outside of the court. In the center was a stone laid by the Kaiser in 1905. On the four sides of the lower part of the dome were a great number of windows in a semi-circle, covered with four scenes representing commerce, manufactures, agriculture and government. I was taken in hand by a guide and told about these different parts, then was shown into a room where the court was in session. The Judge was in the center of the semi-circle of men, all of whom were dressed in beautiful scarlet gowns. I stayed a few minutes taking in the scene, and then hurried to the station. When I arrived

there and bought my ticket I just had time to hurry out and get some lunch and go aboard the train at 12:30 for Dresden. Ate lunch as I went along.

For twenty-five miles the country was flat. Then we got into a valley of the river, and from there to Dresden the land was rolling and in some places very hilly. Most of this land was in grass, a little grain and a few sugar beets. There were a great number of forests. We passed several large towns and it must have taken us three-quarters of an hour to run through the suburbs of Dresden. It was a fine sight. I was able to look into many back yards. Every available foot was planted with something. In this country when they take off one crop they immediately plant something else, continuing this until frost stops growth.

One thing I noticed in this country, but had never made any note of before, is that there is no danger of accidents to rigs at railway crossings. Even in the country there is a man or woman stationed at all the crossings, who put down gates as a train approaches.

It was 4 before I arrived at Dresden, and 4:30 before I had finished my usual search for information in regard to trains, leaving for my next stop. By 5 I had located an address given me in Berlin. This appeared to be the same kind of a place I had stopped at in Leipsic, although not as large, but apparently a better class of men stopped there. I went into the sitting room and spent the time until nearly 6 writing up my diary.

At 6:30 I got fixed up for the night, not having the same bother as last night. I then had a good hot supper, afterwards sitting back and taking comfort watching and listening to the crowd. I was amused by the antics of one young fellow who would draw a lighted cigar into his mouth and work it out still lighted. At 8:30 we had a service, consisting of a song, sermon, prayer and another song, and it was 9:30 before I got to bed.

I forgot to mention anything about Leipsic's new station. This is a fine building newly built, and is the largest railway station in Europe. I remembered several times that this was election day in the States.

NOVEMBER 6. After breakfast had another service consisting of a song, chapter, prayer and another song. As I expected to leave early tomorrow morning, at 8 I started out. By accident made the right turn and then after a few blocks came out on a whole string of churches and museums. The first was the Zeughaus, an immense building which I noticed would be open at 9 o'clock. Next to this was a Vereim Museum, another great building, which overlooks the Elba. There was a small park here and then the esplanade along the river.

I then went down steps to the New Market Square. Here was located the Frauen Kirche, a very old building, nearly round, with a huge dome. Immediately in front was a fine statue of Luther and on the other side was a statue of Frederick August, king of Saxony. A couple of blocks farther along was a Rathaus (city hall), an immense building with a great central door. In the grand entrance way were a number of archways, supported by immense pillars, painted blue, striped with white, black and gold. Going back I came into the Altmarkt Square. In the center was a fine monument and figure of "Victory," surrounded by a number of other smaller figures. On one side was another large church, Johannes, something like the Frauen. A little farther along, I came upon an old woman shoveling coal into a large basket, which she afterward carried up the stairway. Coming out upon the river again, I came to the Hof Kirche. This was quite a large church with a great tower. There were several fine paintings but the balance of the interior looked as if it had been left out in the rain for a number of years. I then went back to the Zeughaus. In a small square near by four old women were digging flower beds. Here were two small monuments, one to Luther and the other to Gootfried Lemmer. The great entrance hall and the first floor of the museum were entirely given over to statuary, modern and ancient. There were also a few cases of medals. There were a splendid lot of figures of the electors and kings of Saxony, and at one place, grouped together, were three fine bronze busts of Charles I, Cardinal Richelieu and Gustavus Adolphus. The second floor was

almost entirely taken up with statues, there being a great number of rooms, each representing different periods. Two great rooms were entirely filled with scenes from ancient Greece and Rome, statues and figures on the floor, and two rows of frieze work around the walls. In one room was a beautiful copy of a bronze door of a church in Florence on which were depicted ten Bible scenes—Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Noah, Abraham offering up Isaac, Jacob and Esau meeting in the desert, Joseph and his brethren at Pharaoh's court, David slaying Goliath, Moses coming down from the Mount, Fall of Jericho, and lastly, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Just in front was a copy of Michael Angelo's "Moses" in a sitting posture. There were two very beautiful stairways leading to the second floor and fine marble facing on the walls. Between the hand rail and steps was very unique brass work. On the walls above the marble work, were four fine paintings and the ceiling is covered with a painting representing an ancient war scene. After finishing here I took quite a long walk and crossed the river. On the other side were two great state buildings. Went along the Konig Liberty Strasse, then turned off and after going a couple of blocks came to another great Lutheran church, very large, crowned with a great tower. I went in and listened to the music a few minutes. There was nothing striking about the interior. Afterwards I came back across the river. Just before coming to the bridge, New Markt Square, there was a magnificent brass equestrian statue of King Frederick II, of Saxony.

On crossing the river, I came out upon the Zwingle Museum, a great narrow building running around a square. There are five different apartments. I went into one and spent some time looking at a fine collection of old prints and engravings. On finishing here, I then went to dinner, passing the palace on the way. This is just an ordinary looking pile of buildings, like so many others.

After dinner, I started out and took a long walk, stopping in at a couple of places to warm up as it was bitterly cold, not getting back to my lodgings until 5. At one place, seeing a cab waiting and a crowd gathered around,

I waited to see what would develop, and shortly a couple of young fellows, accompanied by some great officer, came out and entered the auto. They took off their hats and so did the men of the crowd. On inquiry I found they were two sons of the King of Saxony.

Today I was wishing I could get aboard a train and keep going until I got down into southern Italy where it is a little warmer than here. On arriving at my lodgings I waited a few minutes for lights and then got to work on a letter I am sending to Detroit. After supper had a service and at 9:30 turned in.

NOVEMBER 7. After breakfast I walked down to the station. With my usual forethought I had found out the exact fare to Bodenbach and kept the exact amount, changing the rest of my money into Austrian money, only to find that I was about fifteen cents short when I came to get the ticket, and had to exchange one kroner (20 cents) in order to make it.

At 8:30 started for Bodenbach, forty-one miles away. The entire distance the train followed the banks of the Elbe and a continual moving picture was spread out before us—great hills reaching down to the water's edge on either side. The river was full of small craft, and rafts and logs in some places were being shoved down to the water on slides. The sun came out at intervals but not long enough to melt the snow that had fallen. As we got higher up it seemed to be colder as more snow was seen, until arriving at Bodenbach there must have been six inches on the ground.

I did not stop here but obtained another ticket and went on the same train to Prague. We still followed the valley although now from time to time it widened out a little. Whenever this occurred the land was covered with orchards. I noticed a number of queer looking houses with sloping roofs and they appeared as if shingles had been raised up and very small windows inserted.

Just before we came to Bodenbach I said good-by to Deutschland as this little city is in Bohemia. From this point the names of the stations are printed both in Ger-



man and Bohemian. The uniform of the railroad employes is the same as the German with the exception of the caps, which are small and quite high. At Ludowitz the valley widened and wheat and beet fields were passed. By noon the sun came out nice and warm and I felt quite like living again.

At one large town quite a party of well dressed people were on the platform. They appeared to be a funeral party. Boudnice seemed to be quite a city. A large crowd got on there. At one place we passed a great hunting party. At different places along the line carts were standing loaded with beet pulp. It appears that the farmers who ship beets get the pulp back to feed. There have been a number of very good looking girls come aboard since we struck Bohemia, most of them dressed as in America, but some wore a queer kind of head wrap instead of a hat. Draha and Libsice appeared to be quite large sized towns.

Arrived at Prague at 4. I certainly had my fill of a slow train, as this 121 miles took seven and a half hours to traverse. I wandered around Prague almost continuously until 9, looking for lodgings without success. I know there must have been cheap places of some kind here but I could not find them. After this heartbreaking experience, I had to go to a hotel and pay a fancy price which I could ill afford. This continual hunting for lodgings has got on my nerves, like a nightmare. It will probably cause me to curtail my trip in several directions. This seems to be more of a city than either Leipsic or Dresden, which are more than twice as large. At 9 I turned in.

NOVEMBER 8. After breakfast started out to see something of the town, by daylight. First came to a church, a small one and very old but containing six small and one large altars that were very fine. I then went on to the postoffice and after considerable difficulty made out to get a collection of stamps for the letter and cards I will send from here. A little farther along came out upon a fine avenue, Vaglanske Camesti, which I had crossed several times. On a hill at the top is the royal museum, a

very large building crowned by a great tower. In front is a monument to one of the ancient kings of Bohemia.

As my first business was to locate the station from which I would leave for Vienna I asked a policeman here and finally got directions, it being a few blocks away. I spent some time here making sure about times of trains. I then started out for a long walk, not getting back to this station till 1. I passed by the great museum but didn't bother going in as I had had a surfeit of museums. A few blocks farther on I came to a great pile of buildings which proved to be the University of Prague. This covered several blocks, there being a great number of buildings, new and old.

There was a queer looking old church here but it was closed. I passed three other churches but they were also closed only being opened at certain times during the day. The last was a fine large modern building with two great steeples. Prague is very hilly and high. It winds up hill and down for several miles. Passed some very fine buildings and a couple of opera houses. This is the first city I have been in since leaving London where the traffic keeps to the left, and the first since leaving America that I have seen fenders on street cars.

The policemen were queer looking objects as they wore a comical looking hat with a great bunch of feathers on one side. After dinner, which I ate in the station, I sat in this warm place until 3, hating to face the cold world outside, but at that time made a break and although I nearly froze kept at it until 5. I first came upon a great building with a fine decorated front and a number of figures on top. I thought it must be a palace or a great museum or opera and instead discovered it to be a restaurant. Some of these people must have plenty of money to be able to patronize a place like this. Next was another large church, the entrance to which was reached by a passage, it being entirely surrounded by buildings. The interior was made up of contrast. The whole, with the exception of altars and paintings, was badly in need of repairs. The paintings represented "All the Way to Calvary" and were fine, but the altars were truly magnificent and would have been a credit to the finest church in the world.

I found out the name of this, viz., Hauptpfarrkirche. Across the way was another church and just beyond still another, but neither was open. I then traveled on a little farther until I came out upon the Elba. Here were a great opera and concert hall. This was called the Roudalphine. At the far end of the building was a gallery. This being opened I walked along the embankment quite a distance until I came opposite a point where to the right as far as I could see was one unbroken forest. After spending a few moments watching a duck wallowing around a great raft I started to see if I could find my way back.

I passed a few more small and very old looking buildings and then through a great tower portal to the main street. Then on to the postoffice where I warmed up a little while I was doing some writing. It is a good thing I had put the stamps on the envelope first as I had to write very close and small to get on the address, as there were ten stamps on the letter. At 6:30 I finished my letter and then went to the station where I had supper, then on to the Franz Josef station to wait for a train. During the day I noticed a great number of huge pipes with china bowls, but most of the smokers used cigars, which were very cheap, some less than half a cent apiece.

Here, as in most of the continental countries, the men take off their hats and almost sweep the ground with them on meeting acquaintances of either sex. I sat in the corridor of the station observing the crowd until 9:30, when I boarded the train for Vienna, 255 miles away, and rode all night.

NOVEMBER 9. Obtained a few hours' sleep during the night and by 6 I was able to see the country. We appeared to be climbing most of the night, but from this on to Vienna was down hill. The first sight I got of the country it was covered with snow, but this disappeared shortly. At first it was very hilly, then kept getting flatter till as far as I could see it was one immense plain. The last land seemed to be divided up into very small plots, mostly planted to wheat.

Arrived at Vienna at 9. After getting something to eat I started out to see if I could locate a lodging, also went to find a Cook's office, as I had only a few cents left and would have to cash a check here. After walking quite a distance I came upon another station and after considerable bother found some one who could speak English, and was directed to Cook's. On the way passed two churches. The first, St. Peter's, was a small round old building, crowned with a fair-sized dome, and within had nine splendid altars. St. Stephen's is a very large church having one small and one very high tower. The interior was splendid and the stained glass windows and altars were grand.

I noticed a peculiar thing in both these churches, also the same in the Prague churches, and that was the stone floors were covered with small sections of board floor, done to make it warm in winter, I suppose, but they squeaked and hollered every time you put your feet down.

Across the way from the last church was Cook's office. I went in and obtained my money and afterwards went along at random for a few blocks and I guessed all right. Pretty soon I came out upon a whole lot of palaces and museums, something like Berlin. First was the palace, a tremendous building. To one side a great portal led into a small park. On either side of the roadway were great monuments—one to Prince Carl and the other to Prince Eugene of Austria. These were great generals living two hundred years ago. Just across a small park was the Schiller Opera House. In front was a fine statue of Schiller on a pedestal, and on the opposite side was Goethe in a sitting posture.

A little farther along I came upon two immense buildings almost exactly alike on opposite sides of a great square. Each was crowned by great domes. They were closed.

Then came upon another fine church having two splendid steeples. Next a beautiful building with great marble pillar approaches. I went in and wandered around the corridors. It contained a number of fine marble pillars and columns, besides a few paintings.

The next was a great building surrounding a square with a number of odd looking towers on top. This was a military barracks and arsenal. Then came to the Rathaus. This was certainly grand beyond description. I thought it was another great church at first, as it had a small and large steeple. It closed at noon Saturday, so had no opportunity of viewing the interior.

I had eaten some lunch at a stand so didn't lose any time. By this time I was mighty tired and nearly frozen so I started back. Made a slight detour and passed another great church, a very magnificent affair, having a great dome and two immense towering pillars on either side.

I had some trouble locating the streets, but finally made out all right and came upon the lodging place I had noticed in the morning, only to be told that there was "nothing doing." Here I was again up against the same proposition as in Prague, as in all my walking I hadn't seen a single sign of a lodging house of any kind. I walked around till 6, then being completely worn out I went to the station and started to figure it out. Didn't take me long to make up my mind to go straight for Venice. I had some supper, then went out in the corridor and hunted up a time-table to Trieste and discovered that I might still go there as I first intended, as I would have to pass within a few miles in going to Venice. Also discovered that there was a train at 10:30, and within a few seconds had made up my mind to go. I then had to do some hustling, having to take a car to the other side of the town. Luckily for me there was a branch postoffice in the station. Going in here I wrote a letter and some cards to Detroit, then as I would be in the train all the next day, I went out and hunted up a store and bought a lunch to take along, then just had a few minutes before my train started.

NOVEMBER 10. After a most miserable night, as I nearly froze, and I got very little sleep, at 6 I began to take notice of the country.

The first stop was made at Wildon. I could not help noticing how green the grass appeared at this place. The

next was Leibnitz. This is the first country where I have seen corn grown to any extent. Great quantities seem to be planted here, most of it still being in the field. The next place was Ehrenheiser. The country so far is generally rolling, and some places quite hilly. At the last place we came out on the banks of a large river.

Marburg, the next stop, is quite a city. We made a twenty-five minute stop here for breakfast. At this point I quit keeping track of the towns, finding it too much bother.

The scenery all along has been grand, as for upwards of 100 miles we followed the banks of the stream, great hills on either side sometimes almost shutting us in.

The whole country is quite a contrast to Germany, the latter being almost one continuous city, whereas, here they have the real country, there being no places of any size all the distance from Vienna to Trieste.

Vienna is within a few miles of the eastern boundary of Hungary, and I noticed by the map in this car that we crossed over the line at a place called Eberfurth so I can say I have been in Hungary. Just before coming to Franzdorf we crossed the valley by a very high bridge and I never saw anything more peaceful.

What seems peculiar to me is the way the grass keeps so green. From this last place we started to climb, appearing to have to go over a range of hills as the valley appears to have sunk out of sight.

At Verd, the next stop, we were right in the midst of a great spruce and hemlock forest. At Rakek we are still in the hills, but no forest here. The sun is shining bright and warm, and I notice people outside in their shirt-sleeves. This looks good to me.

Adelsberg, the next, was a very fair sized town. Are still among the rocks and trees. At this place saw a couple of sailors hug and kiss each other. All along the line are shrines and altars. Between St. Peter and Divago we passed through a number of tunnels.

We are now going down towards the sea, and all along here for miles as far as I can see the country is covered with rock.

Nabrisino is quite a town and a junction. Here a road goes to Italy and a short branch runs south to Trieste. We arrived at this place at 6. Had lunch which I had brought along with me just before arrival here and was ready to hunt for lodgings.

I at once discovered by the signs the place I was in was an Italian instead of an Austrian city. This part of the country was at one time an Italian state, and most of the people speak Italian. I also noticed to my joy that I had also come upon a warmer climate.

After wandering along at random for awhile I turned off into a side street, and shortly afterward thought that I must be in the streets of Cairo. It was pandemonium broke loose, the whole street seemed to be lined with cafes and picture shows.

I walked up and down a couple of times rubbering and then asked a policeman to direct me to a lodging, but as usual was directed to a high priced hotel.

Coming back I went into one of the cafes and the waiter gave me an address. This I finally located with the assistance of a passer-by, who proved to be a German who had spent three years in America. Although it was only 8 I turned in, as I had been up three nights in succession.

NOVEMBER 11. After breakfast started out to find the postoffice. This is a fine building with a number of stone pillars and columns. I went in here and did some writing. On coming out and going around the building I saw the docks just in front. I went into the steamship office and got information in regard to boats crossing to Venice. I then went down to the docks and just let the beauty of the scene soak in. There was not a ripple on the water and the sun was shining nice and warm. I felt as if I were in a different world to Prague and Vienna. After this I came to a state building of the province before which soldiers were parading. I next came to a canal and great open market. At this place everything imaginable was for sale. Near by was a fine church, the sides being decorated with a number of paintings and the top crowned with a great dome. The interior was

nearly round. It was a Greek church, there just being one immense altar, in front of which were four great candelabra. The dome and walls were almost covered with beautiful paintings. At the end of the canal was another great church, built after the Italian style, and the portico upheld by six massive stone pillars. Then the organ gallery was upheld by four brown marble pillars and along either side quite a distance apart were eight great white marble pillars supporting arches. On the walls were fine paintings of "All the Way to Calvary," and over the six smaller altars were great paintings representing Bible scenes. The main altar was covered by a dome-like canopy, supported by small marble columns. Behind this was another great painting, reaching around the wall. As I entered the service was in progress and I waited to enjoy the music. I could not help thinking, as I saw a peasant woman going in with a great basket perched on her head, of the democracy of these churches. A little farther on I came to a barracks, and no one stopping me, I went into the courtyard, looked around a little, then into the great field where the soldiers were drilling, and watched them for some time, until an officer came along and told me it was "interdict." A little farther along I came upon a beautiful square where the station I landed at last night is located. Here are two small parks surrounded by fine office buildings. In the center of one of the parks was a great monument, erected to honor Franz Josef. On one side was a great bronze figure of "Liberty."

I then found my way back to a narrow street filled with cafes. Went into one of these and had dinner. After this I climbed a hill to a fine church. This not being open I continued climbing steps, and then steep narrow streets that a vehicle of any kind had never been over, until I came out upon a great plaza, a church on one side and small monuments in the center. There was a low wall enclosing the plaza and nearest the sea. I sat down here and admired the view. I then started to descend, passing a great number of small, old houses. Just before getting down to the street passed a building in course of erection. In front were three small narrow wagons, built



especially for the streets of this city. They were loaded with sand and were each drawn by one ox. A woman was carrying mortar in a tub to the masons. I watched this operation for some time. A little farther along I came upon a great area of steps, leading up, and started to investigate. There were fourteen stairways in all. At the top I found a street. A little way along a great pile of buildings were in course of erection. Here, among a great many men, twelve women were working, carrying mortar and brick. On coming down from here I came through a long tunnel which was about eighty rods in length and extended up near the docks. The tunnel was very high and lined with vitrified brick and must have cost a pretty penny to build. When I reached the docks I stood for some time watching barefooted men carrying sand up out of the hold of a barge. As it had clouded up and was now raining I went over to the great Lloyd building and located a reading room, found a London paper and read for awhile. I then wandered along the docks, passing the new six-story Excelsior Palace Hotel.

Went out on one of the docks and watched the loading of vessels for some time, then back to the steamship office where I looked up some maps. I just remember that it was seven months since I left Detroit. I was intending to go on to Venice by boat tomorrow, but I found out that I could not leave until Wednesday. If it is only fine tomorrow I will not regret this. At 6 I had supper and sat in the restaurant taking note of the crowd until 8, when I went out and took another stroll. Passed by a great restaurant and looked in at the bloated rich, then on to the postoffice where I wrote for a few minutes. Next a short stroll along the Soriso, one of the principal streets. All along, the shop helps were putting down the corrugated iron shutters that protect the windows. All the well-dressed women and girls I saw appeared to be very good looking. At 9 I went home and to bed.

NOVEMBER 12. During the night there was a very heavy thunderstorm accompanied by wind and rain, and this morning it was still raining. After breakfast I

started out and kept going until 12. I followed a street car track until I came out on the outskirts of the town. Passed through three different markets where I took notice of the crowd for some time. Going on a little farther I noticed the outfits of four different dames, three of these being small low wagons drawn by donkeys, the other a donkey loaded down with a great pack. I passed and met a great number of oxen and donkey outfits. In some cases the donkeys were hauling small wagons and in others were packing a load on their backs. In one street I came upon a hay market and some of the outfits were a comical sight. I do not suppose that any rack contained a load of more than half a ton. Oxen and donkeys were the principal power. Just before I turned back I met a most pitiable outfit—a poor old woman, almost doubled over with age, driving a donkey loaded with a small pack.

I came back a different road and on the way found a grand Jewish Synagogue, quite a large new building, built of light colored sandstone. The building was almost square, but rising above the main building like a battlement was a great tower almost half the size of the building. A tremendous stained glass window was in the tower. Just on the other side was a very pretty little park. In front was a new monument of Rosetti and scattered around were several smaller monuments. In the center was a small lake in which were a number of black swans. I stopped a few minutes to watch them swim about, and then on to the station where I had a chance to sit down and do some writing. After this I went to my special restaurant for dinner.

After watching the crowd for a few minutes started out again. It was still raining and I could see a long miserable afternoon ahead. I wandered down several streets and came to a station, went in the waiting room to warm up a little, and as it was raining steadily I stayed here until 4, spending a miserable time. There being no heat in the building I nearly froze. At this time I sallied forth to procure a ticket for Venice and to change some money. On getting a ticket was told a boat would leave at 12 tonight instead of in the morning. That looks like two

months to me as I have no warm place to go. Went on a little farther, changed my money, then plodded through the rain to the other station which was colder than the first. Wrote a little, then settled down again to grin and bear it until I could go to supper. Stayed there until 6, then to the restaurant where, after supper, I watched the inmates until 7, then went to my lodging to tell them I would not be there for the night. Next went to the post-office for a few minutes, then took a long walk through the main street to a great tunnel and then through another tunnel I had not noticed before. I could not help thinking of the tremendous sum these two tunnels must have cost.

I then went down to the boat only to find out that I was up against a fine proposition. The place where I was supposed to hang out the rest of the night can be compared to a barn with a couple of doors open and no heat. I felt almost like jumping into the sea. I had one of three things to do—walk up and down all night, freeze to death or figure out some plan of keeping warm. The hatches were covered with great canvases and I conceived the brilliant idea of crawling under one of these. There was another young fellow along who could speak a little English, and he and I formed a partnership. We spread our overcoats down on the boards, pulled our undercoats over our heads and then pulled the canvases over ourselves. In this way we managed to keep from freezing, although I had not gotten to sleep when the boat pulled out at 12.

NOVEMBER 13. Although far from comfortable, and freezing cold as it was, we had a thunderstorm toward daylight. What a wonderful sight was presented as we neared Venice—old palaces and churches galore! The ship anchored out in the main canal and the passengers were taken ashore in gondolas. As we landed I remembered what I had read about these gondoliers arguing and quarreling over the price. The ship's officer had told me the proper fee and I left the gondolier arguing away.

Where we landed was a very old place and a great structure called the Basilica. Across a great square was

St. Mark's Cathedral. This must have been wonderfully magnificent when new, a myriad of towers, domes, statues, pillars, etc. The interior shows signs of age, but a great number of altars and paintings were very fine. On finishing here I plunged into one of the side streets and was soon completely lost in the great number of narrow, tortuous alleys and canals. I kept on until I came to a market, and on one side went into a small shop and had some breakfast, then started back toward the main canal, as I wanted to locate a station. I came upon another church, San Giovanola's. This is a small building and within were a great number of fine paintings.

Went a little farther and coming to the postoffice went in and wrote some cards for Detroit, then followed a branch canal to the Arsenal Museum. This contains a few relics of the time when Venice was one of the great ports of the world. The weather was fine—raining away. I then went back to the grand canal and followed it around a little farther to the Via Garibaldi, quite a wide street, and came to San Francisco's church. This contains nine splendid altars and a number of fine paintings. A little farther along was the Garibaldi Park. At the entrance crowning a pedestal of rough boulders was a fine statue of Garibaldi and a little farther along is a monument of Francis Oviro, the great Arctic explorer. Nearby was a new marble statue of Richard Wagner. At the end of the park was a great beer and wine garden.

Making a detour I came out upon the Campo of St. Peter. In the center was a great tower about 150 feet high. St. Peter's church was a fair sized building with a dome at the rear. There was a barracks adjacent and a number of soldiers were then unloading provisions from a gondola as I came along. I then went back through the park and had dinner in a small eating house. The room was about sixteen feet square and the cooking and everything was carried on in this small space. I had noticed something having the constituency of soft cheese which was called palenta. They were making it here and I discovered it was corn meal mush. On going out the sun was shining so I sat down on a seat in front of the park

and allowed it to soak in a few minutes while I did some writing, but this was too good to last, and in a few minutes it was raining once more. I then made my way back to the Campo and took another survey of the place, and judge there must be twenty grand paintings on the outside of the church. Around the palace are 165 great columns which support two upper stories, this part of the building coming out flush with the street. This leaves a great covered walk all the way around. There must be fifty stores on the lower floor and the upper part is given over to apartments.

Next I walked for a couple of miles along the grand canal and stopped in at a small church, the San Maria. This had seven altars besides a number of fine paintings. I kept going around many narrow streets until I came out on the Campo Della Salute and here was a wonderfully grand church, the Della Salute. It was almost round with a number of great pillars at the entrance, one great and another smaller dome. There were six grand inferior altars. In alcoves were large paintings and at either side smaller ones. The great altar was a magnificent affair and what was unusual the organ was behind the altar. The large dome is in the front center and the small over the large altar.

The next building was the custom house. On top was a great golden globe upheld by bronze figures and crowned by another bronze figure. After inspecting this I tried to see if I could get back a shorter way and managed to do so. Some of these narrow streets appear like tunnels. On nearing the Campo San Marco once more I took another plunge and followed what seemed to be a busy street for some distance, making a circuit and landing back once more at the Campo Marco. It was then only 4:30 and I was completely tired out and yet there was no place of any kind where I could go and rest and warm up—no station even, that being some distance away on another island. As the next best I went into a postoffice (it was as cold as a barn) and wrote for awhile. I am certainly getting tired of this game of freeze-out and am going to keep moving on toward Rome unless weather conditions

change. I stayed in the office for a while and then went to a restaurant, took a long walk but it was still early, then another walk.

After supper I located a boat which finally landed me at the station, but I was no better off as it contained no waiting room except the lobby and this was as cold as outside. I had to wait around until 9 when I procured a ticket and went aboard a train but even then it was some time before I warmed up. Started at 9:30 for Milan.

NOVEMBER 14. I had a compartment to myself until we reached Verona, when a whole drove of Italians came aboard. The car being warm I obtained a few hours sleep before we arrived in Milan at 7. I can see the same experience ahead of me as in Venice—slow freezation.

As I intend pulling out at 5 this evening, I started promptly at 8 to see something of the town. Just a short distance from the station is a fine avenue running for nearly a mile alongside of a park. At the outer edge was an embankment to about fifty feet from the street. All along on either side of a roadway was a collection of sideshows and booths. I continued along till I came to the Francesca church. The altars of this were quite plain, but it contained a number of fine paintings. I turned off this street and down another, passing San Pietro's church. This was a very large church built of brick. The appearance of the interior was fine, the pillars and arches being a combination of cement and different colored brick. This church contained a number of fine paintings, besides a few stained glass windows. Alongside was a large burying ground. This was literally filled with crosses. Near by was a great wholesale market. I spent a few minutes here noting the different articles offered for sale, then turned back and came to Victor Place, where there is a fine monument. A little farther along, getting a view of a spire, I kept going till I came upon what is the main attraction of this place, the great Cathedral Duom. It is certainly wonderfully magnificent. Upon the top are three rows of small steeples crowned with figures, then in the center is a larger one crowned with a golden figure.

There are more than 150 of these steeples. As I came around to the front I noticed a great crowd reaching half a block. Part were going into the church. On going inside I found that the funeral procession of the Archbishop of Milan was to come into the church, and I stood up and waited with the rest for nearly an hour in order to see it.

There must have been at least a thousand people who filed by and upwards of one hundred banners were carried. Those in the procession comprised cardinals, archbishops, bishops, priests, nuns, choir boys, students, etc. Last of all appeared the coffin. This was carried on the shoulders of men. After watching this I took a good look at the interior. There are three great rows of pillars dividing the space into four corridors. There must be fifty magnificent stained glass windows. On either side of the great corridor were eighteen tapestry paintings, thirty-six in all. Eighteen large ones above and eighteen smaller ones below. The main altar was a dream of beauty.

On coming out I went all around the building, taking in its beauty as much as I could, then went across and around several great stores, there being a covered passageway running in four directions. This is called the Victor Emmanuel.

I then had dinner, afterwards coming upon another fair sized church, having fourteen great pillars at the entrance and being crowned by a small dome. This is named San Carlos.

I then went on to the Via Dante. At the end of this street is a great monument, crowned by an equestrian statue of Garibaldi. Just beyond this is the Castello Sforzerco, a great structure built round a square. A part of this is divided off into smaller squares. The building is about seventy-five feet high and built of brick. At either corner is a great stone fortress, and over the main entrance a brick tower in four parts—the first three square and the last round. Within the second tower was a great clock, the third a chime of bells, and the top is used as an observation station. A marble plaque of King Humbert on horseback was above the entrance. Around the outside was a great moat and within the yard was a collection

of old cannon, etc. In the rear was a fine park, and on the farther side a great arch, something like the "Triumphal" arch in Paris, but not near as large. There is one grand arch and two smaller ones. On top was a bronze figure standing in a chariot drawn by six horses. On either side were two equestrian bronze figures. On one side were a number of inscriptions. Beyond this was a large building used as an orphans' asylum.

I then turned back and on coming to the Duom went in and took one last look around. Then I headed for the station, passing another fine building, the Historical Museum.

I came out upon the great circus outfit I had seen in the morning. This was now in full blast and I spent the time I could spare till train time taking notice of the different attractions.

At 5 I started on another night's trip to Florence. At 11:30 we arrived at Bologna. This trip was one long misery. The car was not heated to start with, and for more than half the distance several of the windows were open. The last couple of hours was slow "freezation."

On arriving at Bologna I had one and a half hours to wait. Although it was raining I went out and saw something of the place.

NOVEMBER 15. At 1 I left Bologna, and this time the car was heated and I snatched a couple of hours' sleep before arriving at Florence at 6. Every time the train stopped, I could hear the rain pattering down and it made me anticipate with joy my walk and trip around the streets of Florence. On arrival I went into the waiting room and stayed until 8, when I started out. In the corner of the small waiting room was a diminutive fireplace on which chunks of wood were burning. As I was sitting here looking into the fire, if I could wish for anything and it would be mine, one thing above all others I would wish for would be that at about 5 this evening I could walk into the home of a friend, have a hot bath, change of clothes, good supper, a couple of hours' conversation and then roll into a comfortable bed. This would be Heaven



enough to me at present. The first place I ran into was an eating stall where I had breakfast. Then I wandered through the market and came upon the sight of Florence—St. Michael's Cathedral, a huge building with a great tower at one end of the front corners and a great dome at the rear. It was built of stone and a very pretty effect was given by the different colors and mosaic work. It looks something like some sarcophagi I have seen. Right in front was a chapel. Here is the Lorenzo door, a copy of which I saw in Paris and Berlin. The inside was very plain and dark, there being a few altars and stained glass windows. A little farther on I came out on the Emmanuel Victor Plaza. In the center was a great monument to him and at one side was a great portal. Going on I came out on the Pallaza, on one side of which was the Pallaza Vicchio. This is an immense stone fortress and is now used for government purposes. It has a grand tower and in front are three great statues of ancients. Across from one corner was a great open portico in which were a number of figures and statues. Just beyond this I came upon a river, a very muddy looking stream. I walked along the bank, bringing up at the Piazza St. Crace, a great long square. In the center was a fine statue of Dante. At one end is another fine church, different colored marble being used on the outside, giving a very beautiful effect. The interior was fine. On one side was a number of great groups in marble and paintings in between. There were some fine windows and several very fine altars.

After this I took a long walk across the river by the bridge that had small shops on either side of the roadway. Went along the river until I came upon the San Maria church. Had a very plain looking interior, containing fifteen beautiful altars, most of them having a fine painting as a background. Then another church not as large but very old, appears to have been built of small rough stone. I certainly had a surprise when I went inside as it was larger than it looked to be. The interior was very beautiful, being all white with fine paintings the whole length of the ceiling, and then there were five altars that were truly superb. Continuing I then came out on the

river where there was quite a fall. As it was now after 12 I hunted up a place to eat and found a small stall across from where they make all kinds of statuary. Three other men who were there ate at the same table. After eating and resting a few minutes I again went out to the river near the fall and stood for a while watching a young fellow fishing for minnows with a net, then on a little farther coming upon part of an ancient wall of the city and then a great portal. Old gates were still hanging. I went out this gateway and about a mile to the outskirts, meeting a great number of vehicles loaded for the market. These were all two-wheeled, large and small, drawn by donkeys, ponies and horses and loaded with all kinds of produce. I then came back part way and crossed the river on the bridge. I met a drove of hogs of the razor-back variety, the first I had seen on the continent. On gaining the other side I followed the river back for a couple of miles. There was a fine white gravel walk, bordered by hedges, and seats scattered along, then a wide roadway, next a high hedge and on the other side a beautiful park. I came back through the park which was fine, having grounds for all kinds of sports. Went along a narrow street until I finally brought up at the station where I sat down and rested my poor feet while I wrote and watched the crowd. Then I took another walk and bought some food for supper and back to the station for only a short time to wait for my train to Rome at 6. Between then and 12, on three separate occasions, when I was warm enough to go to sleep I was routed out to go on ahead. As these cars were crowded had my same old annoyance, when my teeth were chattering, there would be half a dozen windows and doors open.

Just after 12 we came to a small place called Overideo and were dumped off here to stay until after 6.

NOVEMBER 16. On landing at this place half a dozen of us went into the waiting room only to find it as cold as an ice-house. There was a crockery fireplace at one side, but no fire, and a pane of glass out of one of the doors. It looked like a pleasant prospect spending several hours here.

I walked about the town awhile, then went into another waiting room and laid down on a sofa with my overcoat over my head trying to get warm, but could not stand it. I then went to the other crowd, where, among the belongings, I spied an axe, and by signs I finally got one of them busy making up some kindling wood, and we finally got the fire started, but the place never got warm. It would only get warm on one side at a time. I stuck right alongside this place until the train came along.

The car which I entered was like a cold storage vault—no heat whatever. The compartment I got into at first had a number of these crazy-headed people who had to pull down the windows every time we stopped, and I changed into another which I had all to myself.

It was now light enough to see and I tried to interest myself in the scenery. We seemed to be following a valley, and it was generally pretty hilly, although in some places there was quite a strip of cultivated land, mostly orchards.

At a place called Orve we made quite a long stop, a through train from Venice passing us here. It was a slow train—we didn't arrive in Rome until 10:30.

On leaving the station I lost no time in obtaining something to eat, then started out on the tramp, wandering around and finally coming out on a great square where Cook's office was situated. Going in I inquired the way to the Methodist church as I knew there was one in the city. I had to take a car and ride and ride until I was finally dropped down at the door of the church, but this didn't help me out any as the place was locked up and no address of the pastor on the outside.

On the venture I went into a store next door, and the proprietor just knew enough English to inform me the church would be open at night and there would be a number of people there who spoke English. I then went back over my trail, stopped in a place and had something to eat, and a little farther on came out upon a great monument to Victor Emmanuel II. The interior is not completed as yet and visitors are not allowed to enter. The outside is wonderful and beautiful beyond description.

In the front center were fifty steps, about seventy-five feet in length, leading to a platform, and all the way around, which must be all of 400 feet, was an ornamental wall of marble. In the front center was a great marble platform about twenty feet high, and to crown it all a gigantic golden equestrian statue to Victor Emmanuel.

Around the outer wall were marble statues and groups. There was a foundation building about thirty feet high, then twenty-two fine marble columns supporting a great colonnade with porticos at either end. Within the colonnade and porticos was a frieze dome in gold on the outside and above the columns was a façade with small figures all along. Outside the porticos on either side were two fine marble columns crowned with golden angels.

A block farther in another square was a small old church with a tremendous dome. This was not open. In the center of this square was a pit about 200 feet in circumference and about ten feet deep. This was filled with broken columns. On one side was a great column about 100 feet high on a rough stone foundation crowned by a bronzed figure of St. Peter. Running up and around this column are twenty-three friezes representing scenes in Roman history.

A little farther on was a great old square tower next to the Church of St. Mary; next to this was a grand building which I thought must be a monument until I saw a sign "Bank of Italy." This was a huge three story building with a great number of columns and two different groups of figures. On top a little farther along I noticed a Y. M. C. A. sign and went in to see if I could gain any information in regard to lodgings, but got no satisfaction. I then made a detour and came out on the Piazza del Quirinal. In the center was a great monument topped by a cross and on every side great figures of horses. On one side, extending for considerable distance, was a great pile of buildings. These look like barracks but proved to be a palace. They were on a slight eminence and a good view of the city was obtained from this point.

Going back towards St. Peter's I came to San Maria des Grazzi. This has a very old weather-beaten exterior

that hides a wonderfully beautiful interior. There were six small altars, three of which were simply grand. The walls were faced with marble and brass. The ceiling and dome were covered with paintings, and the altars were a mass of marble, bronze and brass, surrounded by paintings.

Next I came upon San Maria Vittoria, a very large church having a massive dome. This had grand and more grand magnificent altars and great marble columns faced with brass, between each altar, and the ceilings and dome were covered with paintings. From here I went back to the Y. M. C. A. and this time obtained information in regard to lodgings.

I then went a little farther, coming out on the banks of the Tiber. At this point I went into another church—Sam Pratia. This was crowded with seven fine altars on either side. On the main altar were gigantic paintings. I then strolled along the banks of the Tiber, crossed the first bridge I came to and came back on the other side. The river is almost like a canal, both sides being walled in with stone, this wall being about three feet above the street.

After this I went to a hotel, had supper and wrote and observed the crowd until 9 when I turned in.

NOVEMBER 17. After breakfast started for church. Getting there a little early, I read one of the Detroit papers I had received. The church was quite large and there were probably fifty present. As the service was in Italian, I did not get much good out of it. At the end I had a few words with an American, then went back to the Victor Emmanuel Monument, having dinner at a small place to one side. As the monument was now open to the public, I gave this a thorough inspection and took in a fine view to be obtained from the floor of the great corridor. The main sight was a great number of domes, St. Peter's among the rest. Coming down I followed a street car track to St. Peter's, this being about a mile away. I crossed the Tiber by a bridge, at the other end of which were two great monuments and pedestals, crowned by bronze angels. At a quarter distance each way were two

great ancient groups and along on either side three small shafts. Up the river on the other side of another bridge were ruins of the old Colosseum. From the end of the bridge I passed down a narrow dirty street until I came out upon a great square. About 500 feet from the door of the church, with the entrance to each about 200 feet apart, two great covered ways start and run in a kind of semicircle, to the sides of the Cathedral. The roof of each is upheld by about 250 pillars and columns, these being fifty feet in height. There are four rows, leaving three inside passages, one for vehicles and the other two for pedestrians. Around the outer edge of the top were figures of ancient churchmen. In the square on either side were great plain fountains and in the center a plain stone column with a cross at the top. The front of the church had that old worn-out appearance common to most of these buildings. It was about 200 feet wide and 100 feet high, square up and down. There were five entrances, three sections of steps leading up to these. At the top of either front corner was a great clock. Below the left corner clock was a collection of bells. Along the top were sixteen figures, twelve standing and four sitting, these supporting the clocks on either side. Six columns upheld the canopy of the first entrance. Compared with some of the other great churches there was nothing striking or very beautiful about the exterior. A great dome seems to be situated well toward the rear. I wrote the foregoing description while sitting on the sunny side of the base of one of the columns upholding the passage. It was just warm enough to be pleasant. All along these columns were men, women and children, mostly of the poorer class. While I had been sitting there the bells had been ringing merrily. On entering the building the wonderful grandeur of the magnificent interior almost took away my breath, used as I am by this time to wonderful sights. I estimated the length at 800 feet, and unlike St. Paul's and Westminster in London, however dingy the exterior may appear, there was nothing dingy about the interior, it being one mass of beauty. I would think it would be necessary to use axes to drive artists out of a place like

this. On either side of the main corridor were seven great masses of marble supporting arches, crossing the corridor and between each other. Some were considerably larger than others and had altars or statues built into them. In the center, under a great dome, was the main altar, covered by a magnificent canopy and upheld by serpentine pillars. These were carved and are made of bronze. On top at the corners were golden angels. In the center of a small platform, supported by bronze stringers, running up from the corner, was a golden globe surmounted by a cross. In front of this altar, was a pit twenty-five feet square, surrounded by a fence, the lower and upper flat parts of white marble and the posts of brown. A beautiful double stairway led to the bottom where in the recess were kept the vessels pertaining to the main altar. All around the fence were beautiful vessels containing incense and were lighted. At the extreme end of this corridor was another beautiful altar. On either side, on huge marble pedestals, were great bronze figures of St. Peter dressed as Bishop of Rome. On the pedestal were the keys, mitre, etc., and over the altar was a half canopy and the two front corners supported by golden angels, and on top were other angels. Back of these was a small round window in the center of which was an image of Dives. At this point in my observations I had to quit as the church was about to be closed. On first entering I spent half an hour listening to the beautiful music and singing of a service and noting those who were taking part. I counted what I afterwards found out to be forty-eight different high dignitaries of the church, part of these being cardinals.

Those in the upper rows wore white mantles and in the lower row fur mantles of some kind. To the side of center between those two sets were four priests, and what I took for an archbishop, but afterwards found was the Pope. He was dressed in a magnificent robe and had a great hat upon his head.

On coming out of the building I sat down at the foot of one of the great columns and tried to write up a description of this place, then went on toward my lodging.

I continued along till I came to the main street, Via Nazionale. It was a beautiful evening and the sidewalks were literally crowded with people. I passed dozens of great cafes where thousands of people were sitting outside eating and drinking.

It was 7 before I reached the hotel and I spent the rest of the evening till 9 writing.

NOVEMBER 18. Took a long walk, getting breakfast on the way. After about a mile I came to the Piazza Della Trinite de Monti, a great roadway and a walk part of the way cut out of the side of a hill. On going to the top of the hill all along the way a low wall ran along the outer edge and below were terraces, gardens and orchards, which were very beautiful. I began to believe I must be in a fairly warm country when I saw a number of orange and lemon trees growing here. It made me think of Southern California. As the higher level was reached it widened out into a beautiful park. At one point was a kind of a balcony that juts out over the street a hundred feet below, and a beautiful view of the city was obtained from this point. St. Peter's was directly opposite, probably a mile away, and there were all kinds of churches and great buildings of every kind in sight. All around as a background were the hills and the open country and to make it more beautiful the sun was shining bright and warm.

After this I continued on around the park and then out into another. This seemed just like a natural bit of forest. In the center were the ruins of an old race course or sports ground. At the entrance to another park were the ruins of an old portal. The outer columns and two pillars in the center upholding part of the facade were all that were standing.

Going through another small park the Zoo is reached, but as I had seen a number of these I didn't bother going in.

I went on a little farther till I came out upon the open country and thought I had gone far enough for this time. There being no cars out in this neck of the woods I had to walk back. Going back a different way I came upon



one of the old roads used by the ancient Romans. As I was walking along I tried to picture some of the great emperors riding along the same road in a chariot, but the autos whisking by dispelled the illusion.

At last I came to what was once one of the gates of the city. At the present time on either side of the great iron gates are small porticos upheld by four columns and four pillars. Over the facade of one is the following: "Prophylaca, Pylona, Arcun, Pontes and Extensit." A little farther on I passed through another great portal and just to the left was the church St. Maria de Rosio. It was a small church, but the interior was crowned with fifteen grand altars, each in a separate alcove. The contrast was great between the old worn stone pillars and the beautiful marble fittings of the altar. There was a marble fence or gateway to each and grand paintings as a background. At this point there was a great square. Above was the place where I was sitting while observing the splendid view a while back. In the center of the square was a great monument, at the four corners of which were lions spurting water from their mouths. The monument had a great shaft of marble covered with hieroglyphics and crowned by an iron cross. Looking up towards the park at the top there were three terraces, one above the other, and all around the two sides of squares was a wall ten feet high, which is covered with figures and groups. On the open side five different streets debouch. On two corners were churches almost alike, both small. In each six great pillars upheld a grand entranceway and each had a great dome and belfry. Over the entrance of one were the words "Heir S. R. E., P. R., Card, Castaldue." This square was the Piazza Del Popolo, one of the finest in Rome.

Going into one of the side streets I had dinner in a small eating house. After resting a little I came out and took another street leading toward St. Peter's. It was now so warm I had to shed my overcoat. Going a short distance I came upon the river. Just before this I met a company of soldiers who were wearing queer headgear—a low-crowned, wide-brimmed hat, like a priest's with a

great bunch of rooster feathers on one side. I have seen others with the same kind of a hat, but they had just one feather sticking up.

Along the river was a kind of boulevard. Near the edge of the roadway across the bridge was a monument. I sat down awhile here and let the sun soak into me while I did a little writing and watched the passers-by. A couple of men came along pushing a cart loaded down with brush tied up in small bundles. In all other continental countries I have seen men and women working as beasts of burden in this manner, they being cheaper than donkeys in this country.

Crossing the bridge and coming to a cross street I noticed a great building to the left and started to investigate. In the center was a great monument with six ancient figures around the side, and on top a statue of Camillo Cavour. Around the square were a great bank, hotel, theater and an immense and beautiful building which proved to be the Supreme Court. A long flight of steps led up to the entrance and there was a great fountain on either side. Several great columns upheld the porticos.

The whole outside of the front of the three floors was columns, pillars, cornices and fancy work of all kinds. The whole interior was a dream of beauty and grandeur. I went around the two great inner corridors and they were one mass of great columns, pillars and fluted work. In the center of the court was a great monument. Around were a number of statues of old Roman lawyers and there was also a great standing figure of "Justice." The building had two fine entrances, the main one facing the river.

After this I followed along the river a couple of blocks coming upon Castel de Angelo, and this certainly did look like a castle. A great round massive pile, like an immense tower, surrounded by great thick walls. As I wanted to go on and finish at St. Peter's I didn't stop at this place.

In my description yesterday I left off at the end of the main corridor, and in describing the pit of the main altar didn't note that there was a grand carpet on the floor, fine tapestry around the walls and a great kneeling marble figure of a priest in front of the receptacle for the vessels.

Besides the main altars there were twenty-nine others, magnificent beyond description, most of the main alcoves having small domes above. There were all kinds of beautiful marble and mosaic work and a magnificent painting as a background for each. Along the two inner corridors were great columns, the same as along the great corridor. All along were grand figures and groups. Most of the ceiling was decorated in white and gold. There were paintings around the smaller domes, and of course the grand dome was the work of Michael Angelo. On either side of this dome were a number of confessional boxes, one for each of the following nationalities: German, Hungarian, Greek, Spanish, French, Flemish, Galacian and English. Most of the altars were named after a Pope, and the figures and groups represent some Pope or St. Peter.

While I was there a service was going on as yesterday. At 4 a procession was formed, with the Pope at the head, and they went around blessing all the altars. The Pope's great mitre fairly sparkled with gems, and a young priest held up the train of his grand robe. Every time they stopped one of the priests removed the great hat, and then put it back as they started.

Against one of the great columns was a figure of St. Peter in a sitting posture. A great number of people were continually passing and as they did so they kissed one of his feet.

I stayed till 5 drinking in all the beauty of this the grandest church in the world. It is too grand for me to describe.

On going out I took a walk around and then headed toward the hotel, having supper on the way and observing the crowd as I went along, it being 8 before I got to the hotel. I then read and wrote till 9 when I went to bed.

NOVEMBER 19. After breakfast went down to the Y. M. C. A., stopping in a few minutes looking for information, then continued on until I came to the British and Foreign Bible Society rooms. Here I obtained some information in regard to Parcels Post regulations. I next continued along until I came to the Vatican gallery.

This is around to the left behind St. Peter's church. I just got here at 10, passing by most of the Vatican buildings on the way. There was nothing imposing about the entrance to the gallery, but on ascending to the first floor I came upon a magnificent lobby dedicated to Pius VI.

In the center was a grand piece of mosaic work. On either side was what appeared to be a gigantic sarcophagus of brown marble. On the outside were a great many figures. These were upheld by four lions and four tigers respectively. At the head of the steps were two mottled sphinxes.

At the entrance to Pius V.'s room two great figures on mottled marble pedestals uphold a fine portico. Around the first room were a number of statues and figures.

The second room was a dream of beauty. On the floor all but a narrow space around the sides was railed in and covered with mosaic work. In the center of this and upheld by bronze lion-like legs was a great marble basin appearing for all the world like a huge butter plate. This was about twenty feet in diameter, and made of brown marble. Twelve great fluted columns of white marble divided it into alcoves. Two of these were the entrance and exit, and the others contained immense statues of ancients.

In front of each column was a white marble post on a low, circular, brown marble pedestal. There was also a great dome which was decorated in white and gold. There were several other fine rooms of this kind and then a couple larger rooms filled with old Egyptian work.

The next was a very long gallery, both walls covered with sculpture. This leads to the pontifical apartments Borgia. Six rooms are thrown open to visitors. These were all used at one time by different popes.

The first was quite large, about fifty feet square. Around the walls were two old-fashioned chairs. Around the three inside walls were several pieces of tapestry and the ceiling was decorated with fine paintings.

The second room was small and the walls very dingy looking, the upper part running into the ceiling being decorated with six fine paintings. There was one bronze bust on a circular mottled blue marble pedestal.

The third was a fine old room. The walls were covered with wooden mosaic above which were three fine pieces of tapestry; then above this running into the ceiling were five great paintings and the ceiling was beautifully decorated. On either side were slender shafts of marble supporting urns. On the floor against the wall were ten old chests. The walls of four were decorated in old stone mosaic. At one side was an old fireplace, and on the upper wall were six fine paintings, and the ceiling was beautifully decorated. In the room were two great cabinets containing plate.

The walls of the fifth were covered with tapestry above which were twelve paintings representing scenes from the Bible. The ceiling was decorated in white and gold. On the floor around the wall were five beautiful gold covered settees, also five chairs. There were two small bronze statuettes, on small marble pedestals. There was also a fine inlaid cabinet and a marble bust on a mottled marble pedestal of Pius II.

The walls of the sixth, excepting for one piece of tapestry, were covered with a beautiful gold paper. Above were twelve paintings similar to those in room five. The ceiling was decorated with small scenes. There was a fireplace on one side, three old chairs, three wonderful pieces of furniture presented to Leo XIII in 1887, two chests of drawers besides a great china cabinet. On these are a wonderful specimen of inlaid work.

On finishing here, it being nearly 1 o'clock, I went out, being a little sore as I had come especially to see a picture gallery and had wandered in the wrong place, although of course the sight of the Vatican apartments I would have missed if I had not come to this place.

After getting something to eat I went along an old narrow street for quite a distance and then came back to the river which appeared to run entirely around the city. I passed a couple of bridges and turned off when I came to a street car line and followed this to a long road out to a suburban station. All along to the right was a great hill which seemed to form a boundary line of the city.

It was raining a little most of the time, but a few minutes before I gained the station the sun came out and I then shed my overcoat.

On coming to the station, being quite tired, I went in and rested while I did some writing. I then went back for a short distance and climbed a great stairway to the top of a hill, and a wonderful view of most of the city and valley of the river was obtained from this point.

Rome is spoken of as a city of seven hills. It looked from this point as if there must have been fifty. Still higher up there seemed to be, in the suburbs, a great many places either being built or nearly finished.

Going along a little ways I came to a road leading up and followed it. To the right was an old high brick wall with portholes along the top. Continuing along for half a mile turned sharply to the right, still following the wall. Here on the right was a small store. Following this wall a little farther I came to the *Castlo Romano*. At this point I stopped and it was very easy to let my mind go back to ancient times. It was absolutely quiet—not a soul in sight.

Suddenly I came to two great portals. Choosing the one in front of me I found myself in a beautiful park. To the left of the hill was a small grove, and in this a small temporary looking building used as a school. Another splendid view is obtained from this point, *St. Peter's* church being only a short distance away.

Continuing on I came out on a great open space, and in the center, crowning a great granite pedestal, on a mass of the same stone, was an equestrian statue of *Garibaldi*. Around the four sides of the pedestal were fine bronze groups. On either side in the park were marble busts of noted Romans on pedestals.

A little farther along I came upon a great monument of marble having the appearance of a lighthouse, there being a great lamp on the top. Not far ahead I reached the end of the park and began to descend, finally coming out near a bridge that I crossed going to *St. Peter's*. I then headed for home, having supper on the way, and got back at 7, when I wrote and read until bedtime.

NOVEMBER 20. After breakfast headed for the Vatican Gallery. I may say that I am stopping at a large hotel near the Central station. Immediately in front is a fine small park. On the other side, the Via Nazionale, the principal street of the city begins. A great number of fine stores and hotels and offices line this street. A few blocks down is a great building used for exposition purposes. On the way down I had breakfast, and it being fine and warm, I consumed so much time on the way that it was 10:30 before I brought up at the gallery. Here were a number of fine paintings by Rafael, Angelo and others, but the collection would no more compare with the Louvre than the day with the night. The Vatican proposition has put me in mind of a fake side show, where the spieler outside tells you of all the wonderful things you will see for a dime. You pay your dime, go in and probably you will see one or two attractions, then you run up against another dime to pay. The Louvre was absolutely free and I would have willingly paid out five dollars before I would have missed that great collection.

While here there was a franc entrance fee for each of the two galleries, and if it were not for the name I would not have gone in if it had been free. On coming out I walked back as far as the open market I had passed in the morning, where I had dinner in a small eating house. In this country wine is generally used by all. The first place I went into they refused to serve me when I would not take wine. After dinner I strolled along the river. It was simply grand, the sun being nice and warm. It appeared to be wash day as clothes were hanging up all along the narrow streets. As in most of these cities there were no alleys or back yards.

Passed a number of fine apartment buildings and a great Hebrew Synagogue. A little farther along I left the river and went down to a great square, to one side of the ruin of what looked to be an old fort. Around the outside were eighteen old weather beaten pillars, apparently about ready to fall apart. On another side is what looks like a part of an old temple. This was used as a leanto for another building. Next was an old church with

a great square tower. I then came upon a huge modern building where they make macaroni.

A little farther on, another old church and next to this the sight of a lifetime—the ruins of the Palace of Cæsar. These must cover at least one hundred acres of ground and are not modernized in any way, the old buildings being left to fall and decay at their sweet will. It was a wonderful sight and beyond my powers of description. It needs to be seen to be appreciated. Where I first came upon it, it backs up against a hill and great sections of the walls are still standing, but scattered all over this area are pillars and columns and pieces of these by the hundreds. It shows how the city fathers of this place appreciate the ancient, as these ruins are just back of the Piazza Venezia, where the great Victoria Immanuel monument is situated. This is within a few blocks of the center of the city. Across from the one part is a small church crowned with a great dome. This is St. Luke's. The interior is taken up with four great alcoves and the dome, one alcove for the entrance and the others for three great altars. Each has a splendid painting as a background. At the side of one is a great painting that seems out of place. It depicts four ox teams and a man on horseback, traveling, apparently along the seashore. Immediately in front of the church stands a great portal, having three entrances. I should have stated that all the ruins are at least thirty feet below what is now the street level.

Continuing on around, I came upon the old Colosseum. This is more than 2000 years old. There appeared to be four floors, on three of these arches. There were windows all the way around. Although showing distinct evidences of decay, most of the wall is still standing. Going down, I went within an old amphitheater, where the early Christians were fed to lions. The dungeons where the Christians were kept and the cages of the lions were still to be seen. The Emperor's box is also pointed out. I sat down in this place and wrote a number of post cards, which I intended sending to Detroit. I have thought since coming upon the ruins of the Palace and the Colosseum that if I had seen nothing else, I would be amply



repaid for time and money spent on my whole trip. At 5 I started for my usual supper rendezvous. After supper I strolled slowly homeward. Just before going through at the end of the main street, I came upon a magnificent building. On either side, extending toward the park, were two fine buildings, the upper stories built out to the edge of the street and great pillars forming arched exits to steps leading down to the street, upheld the front, thus making a fine wide covered walk. As I came to this place, being earlier than usual, a military band was about to start operations, and although I had been pulling for home in order to do some writing, I had to stop and listen to the music until 8. I then went home and wrote until bedtime.

NOVEMBER 21. After breakfast I went down to the British and Foreign Bible Society and fixed up a parcel to send to Detroit, then went to the postoffice, but not being able to make myself understood I came back to the Y. M. C. A. and the secretary very kindly had my parcel fixed up and posted. While there a gentleman from Philadelphia came in and we had some conversation in regard to America.

I next went down to the monument and had dinner in a small eating house near by, and then went to the Colosseum where I did some writing and watched the soldiers drilling.

I next started for the Catacombs, passing along to the end of the ruins of Cæsar's Palace, then past the ruins of Cara Calla, then along a country road, this having a high wall on either side. It looked as if it had been built in the year 1. I passed all kinds of old ruins on the way. At one point was what looked like an old fort, a great structure fifty feet square at the bottom, thirty feet at the top and about fifty feet high. It was built of small rough stones. On top was a small cabin.

At last when I thought I must be nearly on the other side of Italy I came to the entrance of the Catacombs, a field containing about forty acres covered with small towers. These let light down in the tombs. I paid a franc

and was just started with a guide when a couple more Americans, a man and his wife from San Francisco, came along. It was certainly an interesting trip, lasting an hour. We saw hundreds of graves, tombs, inscriptions, etc., and everything was explained to us in very good English. The place is owned by the Catholic church and the guides are priests.

On going back to the city almost the whole distance I was followed by droves of kids calling "solda." This is a nickname for five centimes, having the value of one cent in our money. At one place the road went under a railroad bridge, and this seemed to be a kind of gate to the city, as all vehicles were held up by soldiers. It looked like as though duty had to be paid on certain articles.

I kept going right along till I came out at my old stamping ground, "The Monument," as usual. Here I had supper and then hustled to my hotel and spent the time till 10 on a letter to Detroit.

NOVEMBER 22. After breakfast I started down the main street, but after a couple of blocks, looking up one of the side streets noticed a great building, and going to this came upon the Piazza Del Esquinaldo. In the center was a fine grass plot and here stands a great marble shaft, crowned with an iron cross. On the other side was what I had taken for some state building, but discovered it was the Church Mary Magdalene. This is one of the great churches of the city. There are two fine entrances. About thirty steps lead up to the plain doors. It was not a very high building, and there is a dome on either side of the entrance. On the opposite side from the part I first came upon was another square. In the center was a great high pedestal crowned with a bronze figure of St. Paul. The entrance was near the street level here, there being only a few steps leading up. At this end there was quite a high tower. Over the entrance were a number of figures, and within alcoves were a few fine paintings. The interior compares favorably with St. Peter's, only on a smaller scale. On either side twenty great marble columns divide the building into three parts, the

center being exceptionally wide. The ceiling of the center part is flat and is divided into a hundred and five squares, each one beautifully decorated in gold. A number of small altars were along the sides and the great altar at the end. Four immense marble columns entwined with gold wreaths supported a beautiful canopy. All around the edges were golden angels; on top were four more marble angels and in the center another supporting a great golden figure. On the front were the keys and papal crown. There was a pit with two grand marble staircases leading down, and on the floor a stone figure of a kneeling priest.

Behind these at the extreme end was a fine altar with a great painting as a background. On the ceiling above was a beautiful painting of Christ, Mary and others. On either side of the church were two great rooms. Just inside the entrance of the first on either side were small altars. In the center was a great marble foundation and four golden angels support what looked like a gold model of the room. All around were grand figures and groups in marble and on the ceiling and the dome were paintings of kings and other great men. Around the walls of the second room were tablets to the memory of some Pope. Within a marble enclosure was what appeared to be a marble basin with a gold cover. On the front were two angels and in the center a small figure of Christ on a low pedestal. At the back against the wall was a fine marble group. Above were three beautiful windows and the ceiling was covered with grand paintings. The third room had an altar and behind it was a fine painting. On the walls were four great and four small paintings, and on either side were small sarcophagi with tablets beneath.

The fourth room was another dream of beauty. Behind the second altar was a monument, a great plate of marble on either side three columns and at the top a number of figures. The walls were covered with figures and groups, and the ceiling and great dome were covered with paintings. All along the walls above the columns I just mentioned, between the windows, are fifty fine paintings representing scenes from the Bible.

On finishing here I went along the same street, coming to the church of San Antoine. This was not large, but had a very beautiful interior. A gallery runs around the two sides and rear, supported by sixteen very beautiful marble columns. Supporting the roof of the gallery were the same number of smaller columns. Just above the first column, running all around, was a long Latin inscription in huge gold letters on a background of blue. Around the sides were ten plain altars. As a background to each was a splendid painting. In these paintings each figure was so distinct that you would not be surprised if it stepped down from the frame.

At the rear was a magnificent altar. On a great marble vase was a house-like structure, and within this stood the figure of a saint. All around this were arrow-like projections of gold. Behind was a great painting containing upwards of fifty figures. Above was an organ and on either side three fine paintings. On the ceiling were great paintings of saints and angels. Around the walls above the gallery were full length portraits of a number of priests. A little farther along I came to another great square. In the center, on triple bases of stone, was a great stone shaft covered with ancient inscriptions. Beyond this was the Church of St. Giovana, a plain looking structure with two small steeples over the entrance, but like many others, there was a great difference between the exterior and interior.

The whole interior was one magnificent dream. On either side of the main corridors were six double marble columns and in the niche of each was the figure of one of the apostles. Above this was a group and above this again was the painting of the apostles. Along either side wall were plain altars, each having a background of a magnificent painting.

Near the rear was a pit, and behind was a great mosque-like structure, supported on four fine marble columns. This reaches almost to the roof. Just above the tops of the columns were paintings, then along a stair and at the top were steeple-like structures. To the left of this was a great altar, and over this a canopy like a temple, sup-

ported by four great brass columns. On either side were statues and above was a magnificent painting representing the ascension of Christ. At the rear was a great altar. The wall behind and up to a part of the ceiling was beautifully finished in different colors. There was a great four-lined golden Latin inscription on a blue background. Then above were four fine windows and a number of figure paintings. To the right of the entrance were two very beautiful paintings.

On leaving and going around the square I came upon the front of the church. This was splendid, there being four sets of great columns supporting the roof. On top around the railing were fifteen great figures of princes of the church. After this I had some dinner, then struck down a side street and at last came out at the Colosseum and wandered around the grounds of the palace for quite a while. Started out on a long walk, going to a point where the river turns off and following this for some time. All along were ruin and decay. At last I came to what seemed to be a church. This was built of brick and stone, about half of the center front tower above the other part. On the face of this was a great double painting, the top part depicting Christ on the Cross and around were Mary, John and the soldiers. At the bottom were the Madonna and child. There were three standing figures on either side. Below was the Latin inscription. The name is Santa Rosalie A. Palermo.

A little farther along I came upon a branch postoffice and went to see if I could secure some one-centissima pieces, as they do not circulate. Happened to be lucky enough to run across a young fellow who had spent a number of years in America and could handle English all right, and obtained the coins I was after. I then wandered on until I came to the terminus of a street car track. Here was a great cattle yard. I then took the road that led along the side of the hill. All along were cave-like dwellings dug into the side of the hill. At one place they were making the coverings that protect wine jugs. Next I came across a woman trying to break up an old stump. I went right around the hill and found that

it was mostly taken up with a great winery. This has a number of tunnels running through and there are a great many caves where wine is stored.

To the right perched on a hill was the church of St. Andrew's. Within the first entrance was a court and a corridor running around. On the walls were inscriptions. The interior was small. There were nine fine altars with grand paintings as a background.

I then kept along until I brought up at the Via Forma Triano. Here I noticed two churches on opposite sides of the square—the San Maria de Loretta and Nome Maria. They were almost identical—a great dome with an addition for the main altar. In each were five splendid altars, four in alcoves around the dome and the main altar in an additional alcove. The interior of each was one dream of beauty, the Loretta, if anything, being the finer of the two. Each splendid altar had a background of magnificent paintings. All inside the dome was covered with fine paintings.

After this I went out and had supper. I then went as far as the Y. M. C. A. to say good-by and get some papers, then I hustled for the hotel as I had to finish a letter. Usually close by there was an old man with a basket of different kinds of cakes, and I expected to lay in a supply for the morrow, but this night he was not there, and I spent some time trying to locate a bakery. It was 7:30 before I got to the hotel. Here I wrote until 10:30 when I turned in.

NOVEMBER 23. After breakfast I went to the station and purchased a ticket for Naples and boarded a train at 8:30. For several miles we ran along close to the ruins of old walls. Between the first and second stops it was quite hilly and almost every foot of land was in vineyards, the vines being well cared for in most cases. We then appeared to be going up as on our left was a wide valley with mountains in the distance. Every little way the ruins of some old building was seen, while men and women were busily employed in the fields.

In the next section the country grew rougher and we

passed through vineyards continually, still very hilly and a few small patches of grain. At this place I saw a man riding a poor little donkey which was already loaded down with two great baskets. Signa Plana was the first town of any size passed. Just opposite the station was the ruin of a large building.

The next part of the country was not so rough and more land was under cultivation. It had been cloudy but the sun broke out at this point for a few minutes. Great hills were on every side in the distance, the valley widened and a few vineyards and orchards were passed. We then went slowly over a bridge undergoing repairs. A few miles farther on we came upon more vineyards and orchards.

In my compartment were five soldiers and myself. Near Capriana we passed a number of fine orchards and vineyards. Here we made a stop of twenty minutes waiting for another train. The first part of the last stretch was very rough, but the latter contained quite a number of orchards and vineyards. Mignano was a fair-sized place perched up on a hill. At this point we passed quite a number of what looked to be pine trees. The branches were kept trimmed off, giving them an umbrella-like appearance at the top. To the left of the top of the great hill were the ruins of an ancient castle.

We made a long stop at the next place to allow a train to pass. At last arrived in Naples at 4:30 and I started out at once. Walked along the main street until I came to an open market, and down along this some distance passed an old-fashioned dairy, this being an old man with four goats. He was milking one as I passed. Along a little farther was the new church of Santa Chiari. This had two altars that are unique in that they are great glass cases containing figures.

I went a little farther and had supper in a small eating house. They gave me a great plate of macaroni with tomato sauce. This was the small kind like strings, each string being about ten feet long. I tried to eat it in the Italian fashion but could not, so chopped it up a little. After eating I watched the others at the sword swallowing

act with the macaroni. After this I started to hunt up a lodging. Wandered around awhile, then tackled a man on the street and he took me to several places, but there was a hitch somewhere. At last I came upon a police station and one of the policemen took me to a place where I obtained worse accommodation than at Rome and it cost more. I am thoroughly disgusted and if I can get a train out of here tomorrow night, will pull my freight. I am mighty glad of one thing and that is that I did not strike this country first or my trip would have been a failure.

NOVEMBER 24. On getting up went at once to the station to find out about trains and then hunt up a place to eat. Had breakfast in a small stall, and of all the filthy holes I have seen this was it. If I didn't have a cast-iron stomach I could not have eaten here. Had a big plate of some kind of soup containing bread and what I took to be tripe thrown in.

I then located the direction of the bay and Mt. Vesuvius and started to see them. Before I came to the bay there was a street running along towards the mount, and for half a mile on every side was an open market. This was the limit for filth and dirt. Beyond this there seemed to be an entrance into the city as two soldiers were stationed here and were busily employed in searching the vehicles that came from the country. I take it there must be a tax on some articles.

I then continued on towards the mount, and I kept on proceeding like a boy looking for the end of the rainbow. I must have walked six miles before I took a tumble and turned back. It was then near noon, so got something to eat at a small stand.

I afterwards went over near the shore of the bay and sat down for some time to admire the view, then started back rubbering all the way, taking in the horrible condition in which most of the poor people live.

As I approached the open market I came upon a seat and sat down, wrote a little, and then took a good view of the mount. I could see vapor continually ascending.



Just to one side of where I was sitting were an old fort and barracks, the fort extending out over the sidewalk.

I next went down to the dock and stood for a while watching men carrying coal out of barges, afterwards wandered down among the ships and watched the interesting operation of loading cattle. A sling was placed around them and they were hoisted up over the side.

I next came upon a boat that had just gotten in early this morning from America, and baggage was piled over the dock. I had quite a talk with a couple of young fellows who came from Chicago. Some way or other this talk did me good. I had been suffering all day with a horrible attack of the blues and afterwards felt better.

I then went on to the station and after writing awhile had supper at the same place where I had obtained breakfast. A man, wife and a little girl about ten were sitting at the same table. The man obtained a great bowl and broke up four cents' worth of bread into this and then got four cents' worth of soup and dumped it on the whole. The three of them had supper of this.

After supper I went back to the station, did some writing and rubbering at the tremendous crowd. At 7 I went out in the street and happened to notice a sign that nearly made me faint. It was broad daylight when I got in here yesterday, but I had not noticed it. This was a hotel sign, and gave prices of rooms.

I had noticed a place this morning which looked like a cheap lodging house and started out at once to see what it was. On going in found a young fellow who could talk English, and to my joy learned the price of lodging was reasonable—something like in Paris or Berlin, this being less than one-fourth what I had paid in Rome. I had figured on going to Brindisi this evening, but this changed the whole business. I paid for a night's lodging, talked for awhile with the young fellow and walked up as far as the station where I wrote for awhile, and after a short stroll went home and to bed.

NOVEMBER 25. This morning felt like a boy turned loose from school as my time was my own, and didn't

have to do any sight-seeing. To add to my pleasure the sun was shining bright and warm. I went down to the open market and got breakfast here, then went to the bay for a little while. Next visited a church, Gesu Viccho. This was a squalid looking building with a great tower rising from the ground. There were seven sections. The top was a round gilded globe. The interior of the church was fine, there being a dozen very good altars. One in particular especially attracted my attention, it being a figure of Christ in a glass case. Covering the figure and half filling the case were silver hands, feet, hearts, etc.

Just beyond this place was a great square. Most of the open space was covered by a cement floor raised up about six inches from the ground. Around were cement posts about three feet high and the same distance apart. I presume that this must be used at times for market. At one side were three primitive blacksmith shops, and in each case these consisted of a small bellows made out of goat skin with the hair left on, a small fire on the ground and anvil, one end driven in the ground. The smiths were sitting crosslegged on the sidewalk, two of them being barefooted. I watched them work for a couple of hours.

I forgot to note that as I was walking around where I obtained breakfast I passed several horses, two goats and quite a number of cows. While I was eating I could see a cow with her calf at head being milked for the benefit of customers. Just think of this way of doing business in a city of more than 700,000 population! At one side of this square was a very little church. It had a small dome made picturesque by the different colors the slates were painted.

Just across from the blacksmiths' were a dozen great heaps of pieces of leather of all kinds. The people were continually overhauling these in order to get something they could use. Everything was brought to the smiths' to be made up.

One made a jew's-harp and played a few tunes while I was there. Most of those who came along to have work done spent more time than it was worth arguing over the price. The poverty of these people is appalling, some of

the priests being in the same condition. I saw quite a number in mighty seedy garb, some of them barefooted; once in a while the other extreme, passing in the shape of a very gorgeous dressed person.

Very few horses are used here, donkeys taking their place. On large vehicles there would be as many as three ponies or donkeys, one between the shafts, and others on either side. Most of the vehicles, large and small, are two wheeled. This of course, doesn't apply to cabs or buses.

I stayed at this place until 12, enjoyed the sights and the beautiful sunshine. I then saw the interior of the church that was close by. This was splendid, a grand effect being obtained by the use of different colored marble. The altars were magnificent. Two old women seemed to be in fearful agony either for their own sins or for those of some departed relatives. On coming out I went to the other side of the square, had something to eat, then sat down in the sunny square and finished reading some papers I had brought from Rome.

After this I took a walk to a better part of the town. Within a few blocks came out upon the main business street, passing a fine university building, then came to the Piazza del Borsa. In the center of this large square was a marble fountain and around was the Borsa and great office buildings, mostly occupied by steamship companies. Off to one side was an old castle. In the center of this square is a great monument to Victor Emmanuel.

A little farther along were two grand buildings—the National Theatre and the Humbert Gallery. The latter was a great combination of office buildings under one roof. Four glass roofed passages led to the center where there was a great glass dome. There is also a splendid main entrance. Just around the side of the theatre was a great Piazza, Ferdinand, a very large square with a great fountain in the center. The great attraction here was the Cathedral Ferdinand. On either side were wings about 100 feet in length. There were twenty-two pillars and columns supporting the roof of the portico. About a dozen steps lead up to the entrance to the church. Six pillars and columns support the low temple like a portico.

The corners and center were crowned by figures. About fifty feet from the front on the other side were equestrian statues on low monuments. The church proper seemed to consist of a great dome and two smaller ones built of squared smooth stone and glass. Only one part under a smaller dome was open. This was beautifully finished in white marble. There were several altars and a number of paintings.

Continuing along I came to an information office where I obtained information in regard to the boats sailing for Greece. I then went down to the road that follows the turn to the bay. At this point was a great brown statue of Humbert on a fine stone pedestal. As I went along this walk and saw the magnificent hotels, and think of the palatial stores and offices I passed, it seems a wonderful contrast to the filthy squalor and poverty of the part I passed through this morning.

As it was now getting late I turned back and strolled towards the station, noticing everything as I went along. It was 6 before I got back to my lodgings. I had supper in a small stall and then went home, staying in the sitting room until I went to bed at 9.

There was a man there who had spent twenty-five years in New York, going there with his people when a small boy, and we had a lengthy conversation.

NOVEMBER 26. The first thing I went down to the docks and watched them loading coal. The noise at this place was something fearful—everybody seemed to be talking at once. Several women were busy repairing mat sacks which were used, and all the time men and women were passing back and forth, selling different kinds of food and drink.

I stayed here until after 11 and then went forth along the docks and watched the gang unloading wheat until after 12, when I went to a stall and had dinner.

I then sat in the sun and finished reading a Detroit paper. Then had a struggle with myself as to whether I could stand it another week and if it had been a case of being able to pull out at any time it would not have

been so bad. But if I did not go to Brindisi I would have to stay another week, whether or no, as there was a boat only once a week. While I was still hesitating I took a long walk as far as the American Consulate, where I begged a number of newspapers. Coming back I spent considerable time along the docks and did not reach the station until 5. Stayed here observing the crowd until 6 when I had supper.

At this time I had concluded to stay another week, and will probably be sick and tired of the place before that time. Tonight there was a soldier at my lodging place who had been in America three years. I sat down on a sofa and made myself at home until 9, when I went to bed.

NOVEMBER 27. Started out for a walk in a different direction from any taken yet, finally coming out on a great square where was an immense yellow painted building. This must have had a frontage of 1,000 feet. It turned out to be the city hospital. I sat down here in company with a herd of goats and kids, and let the sun soak in while I read and noted the passersby.

Then going on a little further I came to an open country and stood for some time watching a young fellow clipping a donkey. While here an auto passed by and just beyond broke down.

After this I took a stroll up to the top of another street and went into a small stall for my dinner, but there appeared to be some difficulty about serving me so had to go on a little further to a larger place.

There appeared to be quite a social crowd here. The restaurant had the tables in a large open court-yard, and this was filled with chickens, dogs and cats. After eating I rested a few minutes while doing some writing. After this I continued up the road that led out of the city until I came to the top where it made a sharp turn to the left. At this point a splendid view of the city was obtained. Down below to the left, right and front, is the city.

Further out directly in front was the bay, to the left Vesuvius and at my back a great vineyard. Immediately below on terraces were a number of vineyards and orchards.

Going on a little further I came upon a stone seat and sat down and took notice of the passing throng for some time. Several funerals and a great number of pony and donkey carts passed by. There were also great herds of goats going towards the city. Several boys with bunches of grass tied to sticks tolled them along. As I was sitting here a number of people came along and asked me questions of some kind. I shook my head to all.

I forgot to note this morning that just after I left the house I came upon three men doing some kind of wood-work. I stood and watched them, and while there a man drove up accompanied by two other men. One man jumped out and picked out a big bundle of what looked like hoops, and the one whom I supposed was the proprietor started protesting, and at least for twenty minutes a person who was not used to their ways of doing business would think a million dollars was involved at the very least. The whole six workmen, besides a dozen others, were talking at once. I wrote something about a Frenchman using hands and feet. These Italians use the whole body when they are talking. At last a man in a rig paid the other six cents and they shook hands and the transaction was over. Rich and poor, refined and unrefined, are alike. Two persons cannot engage in conversation for a minute without almost tearing their throats apart.

I then went on a little further and took a good look at the grand view and then kept going slowly until I brought up at the station. I stayed here until 6 noticing the crowd, which continually floods these places.

After supper I went to my lodging, spending the time until 8 talking and finishing a letter, afterwards going to bed.

NOVEMBER 28. This is Thanksgiving Day in the States and it makes my mouth water when I think of turkey and other delicacies. However, I have promised myself a special feed this evening if I survive until then.

After breakfast wandered down through a new district, going through a street so narrow that a vehicle of any kind could not pass. Saw several different forms of

primitive manufacture. On going to the docks I sat down and read for some time, then took a stroll down along the water front. Had dinner at a small open stall and then went to the customs house where the passengers from New York were having their baggage examined. I stayed here until 5 talking to different people. Most of these Italians acted in a very brilliant manner as they had loaded themselves down with new goods of all kinds on which they had to pay heavy duty. Although clothing of all kinds is not cheap in this country, a person would be very foolish to bring it through from Chicago. As everything was pulled out of the trunks by the customs officers, and these were in most cases packed by women, I was greatly amused watching the men trying to repack them.

I have not hurt myself very much walking today as I stayed right in the customs house from 1 until 5. I then went to the station where I ran across a couple who were down at the docks and conversed with them until 6, when I had my special Thanksgiving feed—a regular banquet. I then took a walk, not getting back to my lodgings until 8, when I read and conversed awhile and then to bed.

When I begin to figure up there are many things I have to be thankful for. One is that I have traveled a good many thousand miles by land and sea and I have not been killed or drowned. I have not even lost a leg or arm, never contracted a fatal disease and with the exception of being seasick a couple of times, never had another sickness.

NOVEMBER 29. After breakfast again went down to the docks. This time went by a new route, passing through a long, narrow street where several kinds of primitive manufacturing were being carried on, the making of rush bottomed chairs being the most favored. At the docks I found a seat on some planks and facing the coal barges, and what was of more importance, where the sun would shine upon me. I stayed here until 12 when I got my dinner at a stall.

After this I went along the docks until I came to a

great boat and sat and watched this until it slowly pulled out on its long voyage to New York. A desperate feeling of sadness came over me as I saw the boat depart. This was the first time I have seen a sight that I have read of considerably, viz., boys diving for pieces of money. Several of them were busy at this job. There were also two boats containing blind musicians who were trying to earn an honest penny. In a boat just below where I was sitting four young fellows were playing cards for money. There is a tremendous amount of gambling going on in this city. It is evident that there is no law against this kind of thing as games are carried on in all places, the police being onlookers in many cases. The government carries on a gigantic gambling proposition in the shape of a lottery.

After this I wandered along the docks noticing different kinds of boats until 4:30 when I went to the main street and on to the station noting the crowds as I went along. At the station I ran into a soldier who had been in New York three years and we conversed until it was time to go to supper. After supper I took a short stroll and then went to my lodgings where I read until 9 when I turned in.

NOVEMBER 30. After breakfast went down to an electric depot to see about trains to Pompeii and then down to the barracks where I read and noticed the crowd till 12. Saw the loading of a batch of prisoners into a Black Maria for conveyance to the prison. Had dinner at a small stall and then strolled slowly to the United States Consul's office where I read papers till they closed at 2. Here I got information in regard to church and started out to locate it so that I would have no trouble finding it in the morning. After locating the church I went back to Cook's office for a few minutes to glean a little information, then headed back to the Piazza San Ferdinandus.

Next I went down to the dock, going along noting the boats. I stopped for awhile to listen to an argument over a few onions, and while here I was attracted by a noise in the street, and looking out I saw a woman struggling



in the hands of a couple of men. She was yelling at the top of her voice. I don't know what was the matter, but they finally got her quieted down, and placing her in a carriage drove away.

I next went to the station where I took notice of the crowd till supper time. I was amused by watching two different couples in conversation, they apparently not being able to talk without using their hands, feet and heads.

After supper I took quite a stroll, stood at a fruit stall for awhile and watched a bunch of young fellows apparently seeing who could eat the most. Then hearing a band I went to investigate and finally located the grand opening of a new wine room. While I was there a priest and his assistant came along, had a service and sprinkled the place with holy water. The picture of our Lord was hung up at the back of the room and candles were put above it and lighted. After watching this performance I went to my lodging and had quite a talk with the man from New York, read awhile and then turned in at 9.

DECEMBER 1: After breakfast I strolled in the direction of the church which was at the other end of the town, and strolled to such purpose that I just managed to reach it at 11. This was a very nice little church, and I am thankful to say I have not turned into a heathen entirely, as I afterward enjoyed the service. A grand old man delivered a splendid sermon. There were two ministers there from America, one prayed and the other spoke a few words after the service was concluded.

After this I started down for the station and stopped in at the first stall and had some dinner. At this place the chickens wandered up and down the room and gathered up the crumbs. After this I went along till I came to the dock Custom House, and as it was raining, went in and read and wrote till 5, when I had some supper and then went to the Sailors' Mission. There I ran up against a pleasant surprise. It appears that a tea is furnished to the sailors every Sunday evening, and nothing would do but that I should sit down and partake of this, and although I had already eaten, the bread and butter and tea were so good that I did full justice.

After this meeting I was taken in hand by an old blind lady and her daughter, and they seemed to appreciate some of my yarns so much that they insisted that I go out to their place the following evening and tell them some more, and you may be sure that I accepted the invitation. After this I went home and to bed.

DECEMBER 2. After breakfast went to the station where I had a few minutes' conversation with a man who had been in America. Then down to the bay, and out a couple of miles, coming to what looked like a suitable place, I took off my shoes and stockings and waded out in the water. On coming out I was nearly pestered out of my wits by a gang of young hoodlums.

I then went back toward town and sitting down watched women washing clothes. At 12:30 I left here and had some dinner in an open market square.

I next went on to the United States Consul's office. Here I read until 3:30. Then started out to walk to the residence of Mrs. Gurretore and I traveled so slowly that I did not reach there until 5. The walk was beautiful, most of the way along the bay.

A few minutes after arriving we had tea. I do not know whether I behaved properly or not, it having been so long since I had sat at a table in such company. It would be a wonder if I didn't break a few rules of etiquette.

After tea I talked to the lady of the house until 8, when five young sailors and a missionary came in and the conversation was general.

At 9:30 we all sat down to supper, and such a supper! I shall remember it all the way to Detroit. After bidding our hostess and the missionary good bye, the five young fellows and I boarded a street car and went down town together. On getting off the car I only had a short distance to go, but being a little afraid I would be locked out I was in a hurry. Of course I took the wrong turn and finally brought up at the top of a hill and then had to turn around and retrace my steps. It was almost 12 before I got to my lodging. Luckily for me they were still up.

DECEMBER 3. After breakfast went down to the electric station where I boarded a train for Pugliano. This is situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. The train ran along the bay front a short distance and then getting out to the suburbs it was mostly one great garden or orchard.

On arriving at Pugliano, after being soaked for a tip, I found the way to Cook's railway, which leads to the mountain. If I had taken the trouble to find out the cost of the ride before I left Naples, I would have saved considerable heart burning on account of a couple of different tips I was touched for. It would only cost \$4.50 to go up this couple of miles.

It made me so sore I would not have gone up afterward if they had provided an air-ship for me. I told one man I didn't want to buy the railroad or the mountain either.

I wandered around the town a little and then boarded a train for Pompeii. The road wound around the mountain, and a splendid view was obtained from the train. The whole appearance of the sides of the mount was like a prairie after a fire has burned the grass.

We passed numerous beds of lava. In some cases it was used for building walls. Arrived at Pompeii at 12. After paying the entrance fee of fifty cents I entered the ruins. This was certainly one of the sights of the world. It is a weird experience going through. There are three streets probably half a mile in length, then a great number of shorter ones leading off from these.

Looking over the ground from a height of any kind they would appear like a town built of stone would look after a fire had gone through it. Some buildings were in a fair state of preservation, while others were almost level to the ground. In most cases the houses were small, only the few palaces and temples being of any size. Some of the latter have been wonderfully preserved and are now roofed over to keep them in as good a state as possible. The walls were covered with paintings and the floors were of marble mosaic. In one palace in particular in the center was a court and fountain.

Remnants of the pipes that carried the water are still

to be seen. Quite a number of water pitchers are scattered about seemingly as good as when made. As a boy I read a story called "The Last Days of Pompeii," and while I went through tried to recall some of the story.

At this minute I am sitting on a broken column and have just finished writing the foregoing. After this I found what appeared to be an old temple. In one room running all around the room, standing on one stone and supporting another on their heads were small figures of men. A little further on I came out on the hill where a fine view was obtained of the bay, the village of New Pompeii, old Vesuvius and the surrounding country. To one side were the remnants of the temple. A few feet of a great number of brick columns still stand. After this I came upon a great open-air theater. A large number of the old stone seats are still in place.

I then left by a different way and walked up through the village to the station, stopping in and getting some cards and sending these to Detroit. Left at 3 for Naples and I kept my eyes glued to the mountain until we landed at the station.

I then walked up to the central station where I ran across a soldier with whom I talked a few days before, and engaged in conversation until 6. I went to supper, then to the lodging house and stayed there until 7 writing and talking.

Then went to the station where, as soon as I could get a ticket, I boarded a train, getting the best seat I could in a small compartment with just one window.

It was fairly comfortable, and as it filled to its capacity, and no one bothered the window, it kept fairly warm. At 8 we started. At 9 I heard English being spoken outside in the corridor, and going out to investigate found two engineers from a ship who had been down to Naples and Pompeii seeing the sights. I got into conversation with them and kept it up until 11 when they got off. I then went back to my seat and tried to get some sleep.

DECEMBER 4. During the night I managed to get a little sleep. At 5 the conductor came around and ex-

amined the tickets and on my showing him mine he turned it over several times and then tried to show me by signs that I was on the wrong train. Finally I caught on and along with a whole crowd of Italians was dumped off at a small station and spent a couple of hours till it got light enough to read the name of the station and locate it on the time-table. It was mighty lucky for me that the boat for Greece did not leave till late at night. On studying out the time-table I found that the train would be along at 9 o'clock, and we would be taken to our destination in a few hours.

When we were dumped off at the station the wind was blowing a hurricane, and it was raining quite hard. In the small waiting room there was no fireplace, but a fire was smoldering in a small charcoal burner. From 7 to train time the door was left open, and the air in the room was almost freezing.

The name of this place was San Basilio Pisticoi, and the country surrounding seemed to be one vast plain which appeared to be planted to wheat.

A man came in shortly before train time who had lived in Toronto and we had a short conversation in regard to America. Nearly all the time the Italians kept up a terrible rumpus.

Finally at 9:30 the train came along and landed us at Brindisi at 1. Shortly after starting we came to the border of the sea, and followed along the shore for some distance. Nearly the whole way a variety of cactus was planted near the track. Almost all kinds of country were passed in this ride—a great amount of grain land, and then a stretch of vineyards and orchards.

On our arrival at Brindisi it was raining and a strong cold wind blowing. When I thought of the long stretch ahead till 11:30 at night when the boat sailed I was mighty glad a mistake had been made. For if I had gotten in by the early train I would have had four hours more of misery. I started out to hunt up an eating house like those in Naples, but I found none, so I procured some stuff at a bakery and went back to the station and ate it there.

I then wandered around trying to pass the time till 4 when I obtained a ticket to Patras in Greece. I went along the dock till I came to where they were making briquettes from slack coal and sat here for a couple of hours and watched the process. I then went back to the main street, which led to the station and going by a picture show I decided to go in, as I knew I would be in a warm place for a little while any way. This must have been the first show of the day as it took some time to start, and I thought the young hoodlums who were all around me would tear the building down before the show started. It was a very good picture entertainment, and I wished it had lasted longer. If it had been like the American show where a person stayed as long as they pleased I would have stayed till it closed as it was fairly comfortable in there.

On coming out I procured some more food and went to the station, eating it there. I then went slowly down to the steamboat office to stay till the boat came, it being a little warmer there than outside. I sat down till I was nearly congealed when I got up and walked the floor. Shortly afterwards I got into conversation with a young Italian and we kept this up for a couple of hours. It was then 11 and the boat, which was scheduled to arrive at 9:30 had not shown up, in fact didn't get in till 1 in the morning.

DECEMBER 5. At 1 the boat finally appeared and I lost no time in getting aboard and locating a place to camp. Unlike the time when I crossed over from Trieste to Venice, there appeared to be a great crowd aboard. I finally got upon one of the hatchways, where there was the least draft, and fixed a place for myself between the feet of several others, using some books and a couple of handkerchiefs for a pillow, stretched my undercoat over my legs, and overcoat over my body and head, and got fairly warm after awhile. The boat didn't start until 5. It was very rough, the waves coming over the side, but as I did no walking until we got into Corfu at 3, I didn't get seasick. I ate both dinner and supper sitting up in

bed, making a loaf of bread and some cheese do duty for both. We anchored outside the city a mile from land, and I didn't go ashore on that account. A number of Greek ships were in the harbor, these being loaded with soldiers who were being taken to the seat of war. I ran across a young Greek from Chicago, and conversed with him till after 5, then went down below and after eating some supper I read for awhile and turned in at 7. Just below me was what appeared to be a Turkish family. Suddenly one of the family started making the queerest kind of noise. The poor fellow was an imbecile, about twenty years of age. The father used him shamefully before he would stop making the noise. I managed to get through the night without freezing to death.

DECEMBER 6. At 6:30 I got out and had something to eat and watched the boat approaching the land. We were then robbed to the tune of two francs in order to get ashore.

I stayed right by my Greek friend from Chicago and we strolled around the town awhile. Found out that on account of a washout there might not be a train for Athens today. We then walked as far as a small park and I sat down and did some writing while the Greek went to breakfast.

Just after he left me a company of soldiers passed, led by a band. One consolation is that if I have to hang around this place all day I will not freeze as the sun is bright and warm. The city is small, built along between the shore and the great mountains.

On my friend returning we went into a church near by. This contained a great number of paintings. After strolling a little farther we decided to go back to the station and see if we could find out anything more in regard to the train. It was lucky we did so, as they had just concluded to send out a train and there was a fearful rush for tickets.

The day was grand, warm and bright, and the view from the train magnificent, mountains on our right hand and the strait that separates the lower and upper parts of Greece on the left.

At times the track appeared to be hanging over the edge of a cliff, and again we would pass along quite a wide strip of country. This was bordered on every side by vineyards and orchards.

We had only gone a few miles when the reason why the traffic had been suspended was seen. There had been a cloudburst and the country was covered with water. For many miles we just crept along, the whole road having been washed away and just repaired temporarily.

At every stop the train was thronged by boys and girls selling fruits and cakes. In our compartment which held eight were two other young fellows who hailed from Seattle, and between them all I talked until my throat was sore.

Before leaving Detroit I hardly expected to be traveling across Greece in company with three young fellows from America. They expected to go to the front. I thoroughly enjoyed this journey, not having the usual bugaboo ahead of me of having to hunt for a lodging. Although the distance was only 200 miles we didn't arrive at Athens until after 10.

I had explained to Mr. Vavis, my Greek friend, just what I wanted and he had asked our other traveling companions, but didn't get any satisfaction, and on arriving at Athens concluded that it being so late we had better go with one of the men to a hotel, and then hunt up another place in the morning. On our way a man stopped us and after some conversation Mr. Vavis told me it was just what I wanted so I went with this other man, Mr. Vavis promising to call for me in the morning. I got to bed at 10:30.

DECEMBER 7. Rose at 8 and got ready for the street. As Mr. Vavis had not shown up I sat down and wrote awhile, then walked up and down, getting more and more impatient until I finally went out. Luckily, I just had money enough to pay for my room and I do not suppose they would have let me out if I had not had. I went down on the street and took down the address of the hotel. Finally at 11:30 I decided to wait no longer and



had just written a note to leave for Mr. Vavis when he showed up, accompanied by a cousin and his little boy. It seems he took it for granted I would not run off and had hunted up this cousin. We then boarded a car for Cook's office, where I had my money changed without having to stand a very heavy discount. We then took a long walk, passing a university, a couple of ruins, the Acropolis for one, and an old church. We then crossed a small stream that 2,000 years ago carried great fleets of vessels. Next went through a park to the great marble Stadium, where the first modern Olympic games were held. This was a great structure of white marble. It was built in the open air, having no roof over the tiers of seats. A little farther along we passed the palace of the Crown Prince, a beautiful modern building surrounded by magnificent grounds.

We then boarded another car and went back to our starting point near my hotel. Passed by several fine squares, besides the King's Palace, and Parliament buildings. These were all magnificent buildings.

On alighting from the car I bid my friend good-by. We had exchanged addresses and had agreed to hunt each other up if we were fortunate enough to land back in America. I then went on to an eating house, where I just got the kind of a dinner I wanted, afterward writing up my diary.

I then started out on a tramp. Within a couple of blocks I came upon the Historical Museum. This is located in very large grounds, which outside of the buildings, were covered with magnificent palms. The trunks of these were short but had a great circumference. On either side of the main entrance gate were two one-story buildings which have fine outside corridors. Along these niches were marble figures. The rooms of the two buildings were being used as soldiers' barracks. The main building was a splendid two-story structure, built of marble and stone. Within the court were a number of statues. The museum is now closed on account of the war. In the next block I came upon a very beautiful small park laid out in plats. Within these were grass, flowers, palms and

orange trees. At the back was a grand one-story building. Seven steps lead up to the plot of ground in front and then fourteen steps lead up to the entrance. Thirteen pillars on either side support the roof of the corridor. Eight fine marble pillars and columns support the roof of the portico. On top of these are four figures, two men and two women. Along the front and sides were orange trees.

On going in I found it was an Antiquarian Museum and was filled with all kinds of old junk. Shortly after entering I noticed two young fellows whose clothes spelled America, and on approaching them I discovered they had lived in St. Louis, Missouri, for four years.

We then went through the building together, they describing different articles to me. There were statues and articles of every kind used by the ancient inhabitants. On coming out I parted from my guides and then walked on a little farther until I came to a side street that led to a great hill. This I climbed and obtained a splendid view, it being probably 2,000 feet above the street.

Great hills all around the city. Down in between, across a small valley, was a higher hill on which was an observation station. On the opposite side of the city was the Acropolis. Beyond that, to the right, was Piræus and on the other side the harbor. The whole city was spread out below. Back of me, in a great square, a number of detachments of soldiers were drilling. It was quite cold. The wind felt like winter and the clouds looked like snow.

On coming down I strolled along until I came to where a company of soldiers were lined up waiting orders. I could not help thinking that the men of the country were being thinned out considerably when I noticed how old these men were. Business of all kinds is dead on account of the men being away or going to the front.

A little farther along I came to what looked like a post-office and went in and wrote a little. After this I strolled into St. Charles Square and along one of the main streets. The streets, hotels, restaurants, etc., are all crowded, mostly by soldiers. The main streets are paved with asphalt and kept in good condition. Arc lights hang

in the center and incandescent lights run right across the street suspended from a wire. There are quite a number of fine hotels and restaurants, office and store buildings. The windows of a number of places are decorated with pictures of battle scenes.

I then went to supper, after which I wrote a little, then took another stroll. I forgot to mention that when I was going through the museum some men who looked like Turks came in and on my asking a man from St. Louis I was informed they were Turkish officers, prisoners of war, who were allowed their liberty on parole, the Greek authorities allowing them a small sum for sustenance. I do not know what I expected the Greek people to be like, but whatever my idea, as I look around at the crowds of well-dressed people, if it was not for the language, I could easily believe they were the same crowd seen in like circumstances in Detroit.

At 8:30 I left for my hotel. Getting there, I ran into another bunch of soldiers from America and conversed with them until 10, when I turned in.

DECEMBER 8. After a late breakfast started for church. Passed the palace on the way, and as it was still early I stopped to inspect. The palace was on one side of a great square. On the other side some distance in front of the palace was a small park, there being six small plots covered mostly with orange trees. About thirty steps led up to a plot of grass in front of the palace. The building was three stories high, with a frontage of about 1,000 feet, and appeared to be built of small blocks of stone or cement. The color was a dirty yellow. Ten marble pillars supported the portico of the main entrance. There were very beautiful grounds to one side and behind.

After gazing on this a few minutes I went on to St. Paul's church and listened to a very high church service. The church had a very pretty interior and would seat about two hundred. After service I walked back to my restaurant to dinner.

It was quite cold and the orange and palm trees looked

out of place. After dinner I read for awhile and then wondered how I would keep from freezing. The beauty of it is I have the consolation of knowing it will probably be colder than this in the Holy Land.

I finally started out to take a long walk, and certainly did so, covering eight miles before I quit. I went right through the town out into the country, and then on into the city of Piræus, the port of Athens. Continued through the town till I came to the docks where I rubbered around a little and located the steamship office. Afterwards I came back by a different route, it being 6 by the time I returned to the restaurant. Along the road both going and coming I met and was passed by a great number of soldiers, autos and wagons, the latter being loaded down with munitions of war. There was also a number of carts and pack donkeys loaded down with produce.

If this cold snap continues tomorrow and next day I will see something of the place, as I will have to keep moving in order to keep from freezing.

After eating my supper I wrote awhile and then went to a big restaurant and sat there out of the cold till 8:30, when I went to the hotel. Conversed awhile with some soldiers and then went to bed.

DECEMBER 9. After breakfast went to a ticket office and obtained some information, then bought post cards and hunted up the postoffice where I busied myself till noon writing and sending off a number of cards. This war is bringing a tremendous amount of business to the postoffice. I had to almost fight my way to the stamp window. After this went to dinner, wrote awhile and started out again. The sun had come out and it was fairly warm. I continued along one of the main streets till I came to a building with steps leading to the entrance, where I sat down a few minutes and let the sun soak in, then went on to the Parliament buildings. These were small, common-looking buildings of stone, painted yellow. There was a small imposing entrance, marble steps and then four fine marble pillars supporting a marble portico. The grounds were fine, being mostly covered

with orange trees. I then went to Constitutional Square where the palace is located. A little farther on was a grand park. Just to one side were the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter. At the front of the great building were still standing twelve great marble columns supporting capitals. At the other end were two lonely columns. All around the outside walls were pieces of the ruins. About forty rods to the west crowning the top of a great hill that appeared to be solid rock were the ruins of the Acropolis. It would be a task for any one to describe the great ruin. Immediately in front near the gate were great piles of ruins. About half way up the hill were the ruins of a great amphitheater. Then right up at the base of the rock—the foundation for the building proper—was a great cave containing tombs. Within this were a couple of shrines, a short stairway leading to one. After looking at this I tried to scale the outside of the rock, but had to give it up. This was a very foolish trick on my part as the wall had decayed, pieces falling down continually. I then went around the lower part, coming to a great dungeon arched over and partly filled with water. Most of the brick arched roof was as solid as when built.

A little farther on was another great theater. This appeared to have been walled in. About half the steps were still in place. Just on the other side of this, facing the west, I found the entrance to the top. A track runs right up to the top and this is used for transportation purposes. Stone steps more or less broken lead up. Just to the right, as you gain the top, was what looked like a small chapel. On the south side were a few steps and I sat down on one of these and admired the splendid view. Opposite was another great hill on top of which were the ruins of Philopolis, there being just a few columns still standing.

After this I went down to a small museum which was filled with relics. In the center of the ground were the ruins of the Parthenon. Blocks of stone forming the foundation, part of the wall, and forty of the great columns were still standing. In one corner was the Propylees. A few of the columns and part of the walls were standing

in this case. A fine view of the city was obtained from all sides.

Part of the time while going through these ruins I was accompanied by three soldiers from Chicago. On going down I followed an old road. Part of the way on the left of it a great rock overhung.

A little farther on to the left, perched on the top of an almost inaccessible rock, was a church built of cement blocks. On the top was a great dome. All underneath the church the rock seemed to be undermined. The gate at the bottom was locked so I could not inspect.

A little farther along I came out on a great open space and on the other side was the well preserved Temple of Thesus. Twenty-four giant columns in seven parts ran around the outside, each standing on three great blocks of marble. The columns supported capitals, upholding the roof. The walls of the inner part were still standing, the building proper being about twenty feet wide by sixty long and twenty high. This was built 465 B. C.

I then passed through a few narrow streets where all kinds of manufacturing operations were in progress.

I next came to a grand church. This was built of cement blocks and painted yellow. Five steps led up to the entrance. Four fine marble pillars formed an arch over these. There was a great tower at either end and a great triple window in the center.

At the rear was a large dome. The interior was very fine. There was a number of grand pillars on either side, and there were paintings around the walls and several fine altars.

Next I went along until I came to Cook's office where I obtained some information, then to supper. Afterwards I went to my hotel where I conversed with some soldiers until 9, when I turned in.

DECEMBER 10. After breakfast walked up as far as the postoffice, where I wrote and sent off some cards. I then went on to the palace, passing this along a grand street shaded with trees and lined with beautiful buildings until I located the U. S. Consulate, where I obtained some information in regard to having mail forwarded.

A little further on I started to climb the highest hill in the vicinity of Athens. This was the top of a great rock on which was perched the church of St. George. After considerable climbing I passed the houses and came within the fence that encloses the hill proper.

All the way up were seats and I stopped once in awhile to admire the view. Looking up and around from here there was no soil in sight, but there was a slight growth of cactuses and scrubby pine which reached up to a great mass of rock that crowned the top.

The space at the top was just large enough to contain a small church, with an open space in front aggregating one hundred feet. The outer edge was surrounded by a rough wall three feet high. Opposite the door of the church, at the extreme edge, was a great tower with a bell hanging therein. The church was low and small, having two small and one large domes.

The interior was only about thirty feet square, but wonderfully rich and beautiful, the walls being made of marble. There were three grand altars and about a dozen paintings in splendid frames. In a great frame was a silver plaque of St. George and the Dragon.

A wonderful view was obtained from this point. Immediately in front and on the right and left was the city with its varied colored tiled roofs.

In the distance in front, behind and to the right were mountains, some of the highest peaks being covered with snow. To the left was the city of Piræus and the harbor, and away in the distance I could just discern more mountains. As in a number of places, I could not help thinking how lovely it would be in summer. At the present time it is quite cold, the thermometer being down to 40. I had my coat collar pulled up and my fingers were almost stiff, but I could not help thinking that it was worth all the hardships just to see the sights of this ancient city.

All the noises of the city blended into one continual roar sounded queer up at that height. I sat for some time looking at the view and then as it was almost noon went down another way and found the road to my restaurant.

As I was going along after dinner I passed a couple of soldier carts loaded down with loaves of bread. I also saw a couple of Albanians dressed in peculiar costumes. Funny looking round caps, a short, frilled skirt (in some cases white), tight-fitting trousers like leggings and very long, turned-up shoes, with a ball of fur or wool at the tip, completed the queer costume.

I then strolled on a little ways to a fine square and followed tram-line No. 7 until I came upon a group of grand buildings. The first proved to be the National Library. There was a beautifully elongated grass plot, hedge bordered and containing a number of large and small ponds. In front of the building there was a marble statue of some great man. On either side a marble stairway of forty steps, with balustrades of the same material led up to a common level. Five more steps led to the portico. Six massive white columns, each in seven sections, separated the portico. The building proper and the two wings were in the old temple form, one story, and were built of blocks of white marble.

Next to this was the University, in front of which was a beautiful little park, bordered by palms and orange trees. In the center of the park were a couple of fountains and at the rear two fine altars. At either front corner of the building were fine statues on pedestals, one of a priest and the other of a judge. The building had a frontage of one hundred feet. Two magnificent marble altars stood on the beautiful marble portico. On either side was a corridor, the bottom being closed up to a height of eight feet. Six small pillars on either side supported the roof. The building proper appeared to have been built of cement blocks or stone. The outside was a bright yellow, the interior and corridor red. At the top, running the whole length of the corridor, were ten wonderfully beautiful paintings representing ancient scenes. There were eighty-three life-sized figures in all. The interior of the building was very beautiful. It is now being used as a barracks.

Next to this was the Academy of Music, the most beautiful building in Athens. In front were two small plots



covered with palms. Fourteen steps led up to the driveway that ran on both sides. On either side of the approach were two statues. Three more steps led up to the grand approach and seven more led to the grand entrance. Ten wonderful, magnificent columns in five parts and slightly gilded at the top supported the beautiful temple shaped portico. Under the top of the roof were thirteen small figures; at either corner were winged lions; in the center a carved chair, and on both sides were angels. On either side and front between that of the wings were two gigantic statues of ancient Greeks on pedestals about fifty feet high. The building and its wings were of white marble beautifully gilded.

Finding out that the Library was open I went in and after looking around at last found a Chambers' Encyclopedia and proceeded to feast on this. Among other things I learned that Alexandria was founded in 332 B. C. Remained there until 5:30 when I went to the post-office where I made arrangements to have my mail forwarded to Port Said. I then went to supper, afterward to my hotel where I wrote until 9 o'clock, then I went to bed.

DECEMBER 11. After breakfast went to the post-office where I posted a letter and from there to the underground station where I took the train to Piræus. The night had been clear and cold and hoar frost covered the ground in all shady places. The morning was bright and warm and had the appearance of a fine day. On arriving at Piræus I went to the ticket office and purchased a ticket for Alexandria and was informed that the boat would leave at 10 o'clock. As it was then 9:30 I had to hustle. All I had to go by was the name of the ship. I found a man who could speak English and who sent me with another man who finally took me back to the office and then to the tender which was then close by. There I was informed the boat would not leave until after 12 o'clock.

As the ship was to come from Constantinople I ran a very good chance of catching the cholera. I was also told

the pleasant news that we would be quarantined on arriving at Alexandria. The tender started and it was nearly 12 before we were landed by small boats at the quarantine station, then had to wait until the boats from the ship could take us. I stuck right by the Greek who could talk English and helped him carry some of his luggage. On getting aboard we hunted up the best place we could find on the stern, there being no berths, and after getting settled my Greek friend got out his provisions and invited me to fall to, which after a little pressing I did. I was so hurried in catching the boat that I had not laid in a supply for dinner. After this I just basked in the sunshine and did a little writing.

The ship is a small, poor looking affair. If we have rough weather seasickness will certainly prevail. After awhile I went forward to watch them pull up the anchor and at 4 o'clock we started slowly on our journey. There is no danger of being lonesome as there is a great crowd aboard. About one-half are Turks. At 6 we had supper. I went down to the berth room where a young fellow from South Africa with whom I had been talking had located one for me. He also gave me a blanket and after some conversation I turned in.

DECEMBER 12. I rose at 7, just as the ship pulled into the harbor of Souda in the Island of Crete, just a small town. Anchored in the harbor was an English war vessels. We only stopped long enough to unload mail and then proceeded on our journey. Running eastward along the shore of the island about all that can be seen are great mountains, some of them covered with snow.

The sun was shining and it looked like another fine day. While admiring the view the crowd which had taken me into their company had breakfast. This consisted of a great chunk of soldier bread and a portion of Dutch cheese, the latter being very salty. The bread was brown and quite moist.

About 9 I went up to the fore part of the boat and talked with a couple of fellows until 11, taking in the beautiful view as we passed along, as we were still going

east, not more than three miles from the coast of Crete. At 12 I went back to my company and wrote for awhile. All along there was nothing to be seen but the hills and mountains, not a sign of life of any kind, but at last we spied a small town. We were still in sight of the island at dark. About 4 we were all mustered forward to deliver up our tickets. About the same time it began to rain. At 5 I started to read a book one of the passengers had loaned me. At 6 was invited to join four others at supper, one of the number being a Greek priest. I then read until night when I turned in.

DECEMBER 13. I rose at 8 and went on deck to hunt up my company, but there was no breakfast in sight. As it was nice and warm I stayed on deck an hour and then went down to my berth and read until I finished my book at 1. Then went up on deck, wrote up my diary and stayed there for awhile. The sun was shining nice and warm, but the boat rocked quite a bit and made me feel queer. I then went down below and spent the rest of the day reading a book and some papers brought from Naples. Went to bed at 9.

DECEMBER 14. Anchored in Alexandria harbor at 1:30. Had very little sleep after that as everybody was talking at once. Didn't know whether we would be able to leave in the morning or have to go to quarantine station.

At 7 I arose and took a look around. It looked like a fine harbor. I was feeling mighty tough as I had not eaten anything for a couple of days.

At 8 a couple of small boats took off the mail and afterward all the third class baggage was loaded into a barge. Next the third class passengers were loaded and towed to quarantine.

It was just 10 when we landed. I could find out nothing in regard to the length of time we would have to stay. There were quite a number of one-story brick buildings covered with corrugated iron, but we only had access to one divided by a partition into two parts.

The floor is made of tile. On either side is a raised

platform about two feet high on which there are twenty beds. In the center are a couple of tables.

They next unloaded the baggage and examined it, and then they lined us up and run us through a door one at a time, a doctor taking our temperature. This appeared to be just a formality.

After this I located a fellow who had some bread, and as I had some cheese we managed to make out a meal between us. After this we lined up and had to pass around again one at a time and pay out six piasters (thirty cents) for the trouble we were being put to, and then had another long wait.

I certainly feel that I am in a foreign country by this time, the people being all shades of color and wearing every kind of dress.

After a long wait the baggage was run out and then we had to hand in our names and go through another questioning, and I was given the alternative of either having to stay in quarantine for five days or go on to Port Said, and although I wanted to see something of the city I preferred to go to Port Said. Another fellow and I were sent under the care of a guide at our own expense to the station and just had time to catch the train at 4. We saw something of the city on our way as there was a drive of about four miles. It was an interesting sight to see the many kinds of people and different kinds of buildings.

The train was better than anything I have ridden in since leaving England. This was also the fastest ride. It only took six and one-half hours. It certainly seemed queer to be riding in a fast train across Egypt.

As long as the daylight lasted a splendid view was spread out of a beautiful fertile country. A great number of camels and dromedaries were used as beasts of burden. The fields were covered with vegetables, banana, orange and fig groves, while the lofty date palms were everywhere.

As it was bright moonlight I had a fair opportunity to see something of the country all the way along. There was a number of fairly good sized towns, but as we got further from the Nile the land became barren; finally nothing but sand could be seen.

The young fellow who was with me was an English-speaking Greek and knew of a hotel in Port Said. Upon arrival there we hunted this up and it being full, we had to go to another one which I located. It was 11:30 when I got to bed.

In the car with us most of the way were people of all colors. There were a few women, but being Mohammedans they had their faces covered. The men for the most part wore skirts and turbans. Those who wore European clothes had the red fez on their head.

DECEMBER 15. I arose at 7 and went to a restaurant with my friend and had some European coffee in very small cups; then sat at a table for a long time writing up my diary and watching the people come and go. At 9 I started out and within a short distance reached the entrance to the canal and docks and went along this until I came to a steamship office where I procured a ticket for Jaffa.

I disliked to travel on Sunday but would have to wait ten days for another boat and I can't do this. Two great piers run out into the ocean, one a half a mile and the other a mile. These are a mile apart and they form a breakwater for the harbor. Just a short distance from where one leads from the land, looking toward the other pier, is a great statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps, the builder of the canal.

As I walked along my pleasure in the view was somewhat marred by being bothered by bootblacks and peddlers. After obtaining my ticket I walked a few blocks around the Arab square. This is completely filled with shops, bazaars and stands of all kinds. Of course it is not necessary to say that everything was wide open on Sunday. From this I wandered back to the dock and went out on the pier to de Lesseps' statue. The wind was blowing quite strong and on the way I saw a hat blow into the sea. It looked for a time as if it would be lost but a boat went out to it from a ship and it was secured. To the south side of the pier were three Arabs fishing in the surf. They had small nets which they threw out and then

slowly pulled in, minnows being all that were caught. I went further along to a number of boat houses. Port Said is a modern city, built at the time of the opening of the canal, and on this account the streets are wide and the buildings are mostly of the French style.

It was quite warm and I had to shed my overcoat. After this I took a walk along the beach between rows of small boat houses and stopped for awhile on a veranda of one to gaze out upon the sea. Having been with a crowd for several days I felt quite lonesome.

At 12 I went to the center of the town and had dinner at a restaurant, kept by what I took to be Greeks, then wandered along the main street. On this were laid two tracks about two feet wide on which small street cars propelled by mules were used.

It rained quite heavily last night and the streets were very dirty. The sun was quite hot and I walked on the shady side of the street. What a picturesque sight to see so many shades of colors—both of the people and their costumes. On coming back I stopped in a small park that divided the two sides of the street near the canal. In a little while I did some writing; then went through a small park to a great building facing the harbor which proved to be the office of the Suez Canal Company. This is a noble building, two stories high and about one hundred feet square with a gallery running around the whole building. At each corner and in the center were great domes, the center one the largest, which being of a blue color, looked for all the world like great globes. After admiring this building I hunted up a boatman whom I had seen earlier and went out to the ship. As it only took him ten minutes I figured I was doing something handsome when I paid him a franc (20 cents), but he told me that was for the boat and that he wanted another franc. Of course I knew he was lying but I had to shell out. The next time I will not step into a boat until I know exactly what it will cost. It certainly spoils the pleasure of visiting these countries when they steal from you every turn you make.

On looking over the boat I did not see anyone but Turks. After a few moments I went upon the bow and had this

part all to myself until the ship sailed. When I came aboard the sun was shining and it was quite warm, but afterwards it clouded up and got windy and colder. It now looks as if we would have a rough passage. Just before 4 I left my lonely vigil and went down and watched the crowd hustling people into boats and bringing them out. These had come from Cairo by train which was late. A little later a big boat loaded with mail came alongside. After this I interested myself in watching a number of especially devout Mohammedans go through their evening devotions. The boat started at 5 and I watched her going out through the mouth of the canal. I now thought it was time to eat and find out about settling myself in order for the night. At first it looked like a poor proposition.

The only part of the boat at all suitable was crowded, but on getting up to the bow I saw a couple of men going into a hole and on investigating I found a fine warm place. This was partly filled with sacks of coal. I made myself comfortable but was unable to sleep for some reason or other. There was a pretty heavy sea on but the boat did not rock as much as I thought it would.

DECEMBER 16. I rose at 6, as we were near land; anchored at 7 and were immediately surrounded by boats, and I never heard such a racket in my life. When they started to load I thought they would pull us to pieces. One American lady was nearly scared to death.

It was a fearful sight between the ship and shore. Some were frightened and would not get off, preferring to go on to the next place. It was certainly a hair-raising trip, but it didn't bother me a bit, as I knew I was in for another scrap when I landed. A tourist book I had seen had described this place, and had stated that prices for landing were high on account of the danger.

On landing, the first thing I found out was that my passport was not right. This meant a dollar. Then the boatman wanted another dollar, but I would not stand for it, and handed him sixty cents, and although he stayed with me half an hour I would not give him any more.

Finally after waiting this length of time I was told to come back in an hour and my passport would be fixed up. I then started out to locate the station, and after several false starts managed to find it.

There had been a very heavy rain, and of all the narrow, dirty, crooked streets, this place beat them all. It was even worse than Naples. The streets were jammed with people of every race and color, mixed with wagons, carriages, horses, donkeys and camels.

After locating the station I returned to the dock, got my passport and made another start. After awhile I came out on a wide street, passed a number of workshops, and going to a small shop where orange boxes were being made, sat down on a log of wood in front and did some writing and watched the procession. Everyone that came along had to stare at me a little of course. Just a little further along was a large box factory. I watched a number of camels kneeling while they were being loaded with great bundles of boxes. It was bright and warm, and most of the people were barefooted, or had their bare feet stuck in slippers or sandals.

After this I went to the Jerusalem gate and along the road for nearly a mile. This road was lined on both sides with orange groves.

On going back I went down to the shore and stopped awhile to watch boat builders at work, then continued along the shore until I came to the place where I landed, and then on to the station, buying something to eat on the way. After eating I did some writing, and then paraded up and down the station yard until the train started at 12.

Just after leaving the station we passed a stretch near the sea. Several orange groves had been destroyed and were covered with sand, and then we ran into a great grove of oranges, and then grain land and pasture, and then more orange and olive groves, with a few figs and palms. A religious argument was going on between some Mohammedans, Jews and Russian Greeks. Just behind me were two French girls.

The first stop was Lydda, the next Ramleh. The latter is quite a town and some distance from the station. The



House of Nicodemus is located here. The orchards are fenced with giant cactus and the donkeys keep them trimmed. There are no farm buildings, the people living in small villages. At Sijed, the next stop, there appeared to be nothing but a station. We had been gradually going up. At this place there are no groves, nothing but grain land. Along here is the grave of Samson. The next place was Der Aban. The last stage was nothing but desolation, mountains covered with stone. We also went slowly, as it was getting steeper. Bitter is the last station. Going to this place the track ran along a ravine between great rocky mountains, the mountains of Judea.

This was a grand and picturesque stretch. The last town was built on the side of a great hill. All the way up are terraced gardens. From there to Jerusalem are more terraced gardens. Just before reaching the station, just to the left, is the summer residence of the Greek patriarch; on the right, the ruins of the Templars. The station was almost a mile from the city gate. This is reached by a winding, rocky road, up hill and down. It was 5 when we arrived, just getting dusk, and having heard of the narrow crooked streets of the city I hustled along to get located as soon as possible. On arriving at the Jaffa gate all my fears fled as there were twenty different hotels within a few blocks, and I gave a mighty sigh of relief and gladness when I sighted a Y. M. C. A. sign. I first obtained something to eat and then wandered around for probably an hour. Looked at two different hotels that looked as if they might not be expensive and then went to the Y. to see what I could find out. On entering a small room I found a small table loaded down with magazines, as well as a number of shelves containing books. A Turk was the only occupant of the room. I had just gotten nicely interested in a magazine when a young Turk came in and introduced himself and said that he was a member of the Y. He also stated that the secretary was away at present. On my asking him about lodgings he took me to a sanitarium, run by Germans, where I obtained lodgings, the rate not being too exorbitant. I then went back to the Y. and read for awhile, going to bed at 9.

DECEMBER 17. Arose at 8 and had not finished dressing when my Turk friend showed up. He had told me the night before that he was a guide and had offered his services, but I had given him to understand as plainly as possible that I had a limited amount of money and never employed guides. I told him this again this morning and I suppose I will be pestered all the time I am here. In a book I ran across in Italy it mentioned something about allowing the mind to go back to all the Sunday school lessons one had learned. It is hard to do this when a person is continually pestered by some one.

After getting rid of my Turk friend I went down to the Jaffa gate and then through two long streets to a great bazaar. The street was only a few feet wide and was filled with small shops and stands on every side. I got some cakes at one stand and then went on to the end of the street when I came out near the southern wall. I climbed up on the wall and drank in the wonderful view. The great waterless valley of the Kedron was below and barren hills on every side, and while standing here innumerable camels and donkeys passed, a great many of them loaded down with sides and quarters of meat. No meat for me while here.

Following along the inside of the wall I passed a school and came out upon a square surrounding an old temple. This was a great walled enclosure containing two splendid mosques—Omar and El Aksa. The first was built by the Caliph Omar in A. D. 637 on the ruins of the temple. From the walls where I was sitting I could see the great domes of each mosque and in the distance the Mount of Olives. I stayed here for some time writing and admiring this view. I was interrupted several times by workmen near by. I expected to find it quite cool here, but it is not at present.

After this I went back a little and then along a street lined with meat stalls. After seeing this I felt as if I did not care to eat meat again as long as I lived. Just at the end was Zion gate. Just outside of this were cemeteries, the great Armenian Convent and the magnificent Armenian Church with a great tower and dome. The

church was closed and I spent a few minutes watching Jewish maidens filling great skin water bottles in the courtyard, no doubt the same kind of bottles that had been used for thousands of years. After being handed a drink by one of the maidens I continued a little farther until I got lower down in the great valley. On the hill across to the north and west were modern suburbs and there were a few olive orchards and gardens. This hill was not as desolate in appearance as most of the surrounding country.

After this I went back to the Jaffa gate and had dinner in a small stall run by a Turk. I am sure I am the first American that ever ate in this place. For company I had Jews, Arabs and Turks. One Arab had finished dinner and was engaged at his noonday devotions. I made out a very good dinner on a slab of scone-like bread, a big dish of beans and a couple of glasses of water. After resting a little I went out and watched the crowd in front. Generally there are about twenty-five carriages, in all stages of dilapidation, strung along here. These mostly go to Bethlehem and smaller villages, as well as to the Mount of Olives. The whole outfit—drivers, horses and vehicles—were the most poverty stricken looking proposition I ever laid eyes on, and they were all pushing and shoving and hollering together trying to secure customers.

I then took a long walk along the Jaffa road to the north wall and followed this to the Damascus gate. Stopped here for a few minutes to watch a great crowd surging in and out and to size up the people who were selling produce. I continued along to the end of the wall and then along a road to the side until I came opposite St. Stephen's gate. Near this point the road turns east and crosses the Kedron valley. Near a small bridge to the left is Mary pond. Near the bridge is a rock which is supposed to mark the spot where St. Stephen was stoned. Just across to the right of the sepulchre is the church of St. Mary's. This is on one side of an enclosed garden. Around the wall are fine relief pictures of "All the Way to Calvary." The church was closed. To the left is the Garden of Gethsemane. This is a small barren enclosed

place containing a few olive trees. Next I came upon a Russian church, not large but crowned by grand golden domes. I then retraced my steps to the garden and followed a footpath to the top of the Mount of Olives and there I found a wretched village. On the way up was the ruin of an old mosque. On this spot Christ is supposed to have stood when in sight of the splendid city and burst into tears deploring its fate. On gaining the top I went into a small chapel. On the floor in the center was pointed out the imprint of the foot of Jesus, and it was near here he was supposed to have ascended into heaven.

A little farther on I came upon a great wall enclosing a number of buildings belonging to the Russian Church. Among these was a small church and alongside a great tower 200 feet high. A winding stairway reached to the top and a wonderful view was gained from this point. To the east mountains, the River Jordan and the Dead Sea, to the north and east more mountains and to the west the city proper. I commanded a splendid view of the temple square and the two mosques it contains. This square contains an area of about 1,500 feet and is paved with stone flags. The splendid Omar mosque built on the site of the temple is the main building. This is supposed to have been the spot where Abraham offered up Isaac. The mosque is a splendid looking building. It rises in the form of a mighty octagon from a platform ten feet high to which a flight of marble stairs surrounding the entire building forms the ascent. Each of the eight sides is sixty feet long and overlaid in the lower part with marble. Above the roof a mighty cupola is seen soaring beyond the drum into which the windows are broken. The other mosque is not so interesting and is plain in appearance. After feasting my eyes on this view for nearly an hour I went down and started for home, going back through St. Stephen's gate.

I went right through the city until I came out at the Jaffa gate. After supper went to the Y. M. C. A. and after reading awhile had the pleasure of listening to a lecture on the mosquito. Most of the auditors were Moslems. An English minister opened with prayer and a Moslem closed with same service. After this I went to bed.

DECEMBER 18. Arose at 8, went down through the bazaar and had breakfast, sitting on a broken wall. I then went on to the west wall of Temple Square and passed out of the small gate on the south side of the city. Just below, running down a steep hill to the bottom of the valley, were a number of vegetable gardens. I admired the view awhile and then continued down toward the east, coming out near a bridge which crosses the Brook Kedron. Near here is the tomb of Absalom, a square block cut from the rock, being a drum and cone. It was about fifty feet high. Behind this is the sunken tomb of Jehosaphat. A little farther along the road leads to Bethany. Next this is the pyramid of Zachariah, a monument hewn from the rock. Above this road are Jewish gravestones. I spent considerable time wandering among these, climbing to a higher road. At this point I must have spent an hour watching a Jew plowing. He used an old-time, primitive, wooden, one-handled plow, a small pony being the motive power. Where he was plowing it seemed to be one mass of small stones. A number of girls were breaking up some of these with picks. After this I started back for dinner. Went through St. Stephen's gate, and just inside it turned to the left, where there was an opening looking toward the Temple square. Inside was a great common and the Omar Mosque was in plain sight. As there was no one stationed here I supposed it was all right to go through. Luckily for me, I went along close to the wall, not approaching near the mosque, but when I was within a couple of hundred feet of the central gate a crowd of Turkish boys happened to see me and they came for me like mad dogs, throwing stones as they ran, and it is a miracle I was not killed, as before I got to the gate, and the soldiers could head them off, they must have thrown a hundred stones. Several struck me, but only two did any damage, one striking the side of my foot and the other (a large one) getting me in the small of the back. I managed to limp to the restaurant, but after I had dinner I could hardly stand, so went to the Y. M. C. A. and spent the rest of the time reading and writing till I went to bed at 9.

DECEMBER 19. After breakfast went down to Jaffa gate to take a carriage for Bethlehem. There was not much of a rush apparently, so sat down on a bale of rags to wait.

It looks as if one more beautiful day was ahead of me. On putting my foot to the ground I found it was quite lame. As I was waiting a splendid equipage came into town. This contained two grand German officers. What I had taken for bales of rags turned out to contain pieces of merchandise and I watched the process of unloading these and putting into bags to be conveyed to the bazaar on the backs of men.

Finally at 10 I got started for Bethlehem. Passing by the Eye hospital the road continued along through a desolate country. On an elevation about a mile to the right was the palace of the Armenian patriarch.

On the left was the fountain of the three kings where the wise men saw the star. The road continued to rise to the highest point of the mountains, and near the top was an old convent.

A splendid view was obtained from this point. To the left in the distance was seen the Dead Sea, and beyond the mountains of Moab. Gradually descending we passed near the tomb of Herod I. Then a little further along the tomb of Rachael was passed on the right. This is a cupola-like structure.

A little further along was David's well. We then turned into a side road and started to climb and shortly were in the city.

We went quite a distance along a narrow street and then were dumped out. I walked along this street until I came to an open square, where is situated St. Mary's Cathedral, built over the place where Christ was born.

The church was almost square in shape, surmounted by small domes. The interior was divided by four rows, each composed of eleven reddish monoliths, into five naves of which the central was the broadest.

Directly underneath the large chancel the Holy Birth Grotto is situated. This is gained by a narrow stairway. The grotto is thirty-six feet long, twelve wide and nine

high. The walls and floor were overlaid with marble. On a niche on the east side were fifteen lamps which are perpetually lighted. Six belong to the Greeks, five to Armenians, and four to Latins.

On the marble floor a star was seen surrounded by a Latin inscription, which interpreted means, "This is the spot where Christ was born." On the opposite side, three steps lower down, we found the Chapel of the Manger where a marble manger with brown walls and white floor was to be seen.

In the passage to the left of the chapel a round hole in the altar was seen. This was the well used by the Holy family. The church was built by Constantine in 330.

After spending some time here I went out and along a wall in the passage for some distance until I found an opening, and seating myself on the wall admired the splendid view. I was prepared to find beautiful fields and grass plots here, but such was not the case.

The land was more cultivated than at Jerusalem, but was almost as rocky, and it is all toil trying to cultivate it. From where I was sitting, directly in front and to the right and left, there was a steep decline into a narrow valley, and then just as steep an ascent up three hills.

These are covered with terraced gardens. Beyond are desolate, stony hills, and in the distance beyond the Dead Sea, which cannot be seen, are the desolate Moabite mountains.

After feasting on this view awhile, it now being nearly 1, I went back through the church to the square where I could see down into the valley and across the opposite side.

At this place a number of men were doing some digging, others carrying sand and rock in small sacks and two trying to break a large rock in two with a wedge.

I sat down on a rock and admired the view, observing the work and noting the passers-by. Just a little further on was the Armenian church. This is a new church, built of small blocks of stone, and having a very pretty stone steeple.

There was also a small dome. Going back almost to the point where we entered the town I came upon the

school, hospital and church of the Sisters of Mercy. A low building surrounded the court and at the rear was a small church built of blocks of light stone. On top was a statue of Christ.

Two successive stairways lead to the entrance. On the first landing is a statue of the Virgin. The interior is very beautiful. On either sides are niches for four altars. In each case two small, pink marble pillars uphold an arch.

The main altar was in an alcove in front and was a dream of beauty. It was made of white and pink marble with gold trimming. On top, upheld by four small pillars, was a canopy over the cross.

In a niche in the wall was a statue of the Virgin. There were four other altars composed of figures. Small pictures of "All the Way to Calvary" were on the walls. There were also a number of beautiful painted windows.

On coming out I walked around the grounds and orchard and then went down the road towards Jerusalem. I stood for some time admiring the view until a rig came along headed for the city, when I climbed in and went back.

It took only one-half hour to travel the six miles. I never rode with such a reckless driver. It was a gallop up hill and down. Part of the time in making quick turns the rig was traveling on one wheel.

On landing at Jerusalem I went into a store and spent a little time picking out a bunch of cards, as I expect to send quite a number from this place.

As I was going out I was accosted by a gentleman, who turned out to be an American from Milwaukee, and finding out he was alone, and just a common, ordinary person, I took him up to the Y. and we talked until 7.

We then parted after agreeing that I should call for him in the morning. I then had supper, went to my room and wrote until 9, when I turned in.

DECEMBER 20. After breakfast, hunted up Mr. Cullmann, my American friend, and we started out. I took him down through the underground streets and along by the bazaars to the west wall of the Temple square, then



out from the small gate on the south side of the city. We stopped awhile and admired this grand view and then continued around toward the east side. We crossed the Jehosaphat valley, coming out near Absalom's and Zachariah's tombs. After viewing these we went on to the Gethsemane garden and St. Mary's church and then up toward a beautiful Greek church, but did not turn at the right place and so continued on to the top of the Mount of Olives, through a little village to the gate of the Russian grounds. I stayed outside and did some writing while Mr. Cullmann went in and looked around. When he returned we went on about a half a mile north to the highest peak of the Mount. This was Vira Galilae, which means the "Vineyard of the Hunter." Here two fragments of columns marked the spot where the two white robed men stood at the ascension of Christ and addressed the gazing disciples. Most of the mount is walled in and contains several buildings, a grand church being among the number.

We then turned back and going down the Mount entered St. Stephen's gate. Just inside the entrance was the first station of "All the Way to Calvary." The second station was under a staircase that leads to the Turkish barracks. The third was the celebrated Ecco Homo arch, from the top of which Pilate was said to have cried out, "See! What a man." Here an arch dating from Roman times stands, the street forming the middle portion of the triumphant arch. The third station was marked by a broken column near the church of the Armenians. On this spot Christ was said to have fallen under the weight of the cross.

The fourth station was at the end of this street and is where Mary met the Saviour. We now turned westward. Here we came to the corner house of the rich man and the fifth station. This is where Simeon of Cyrene took the cross. The sixth station was 200 feet further on at the reputed dwelling and tomb of St. Veronica, who here handed a handkerchief to the Saviour, which showed his picture after he had used it. The seventh was reached after passing an archway at the so-called Judgment gate, from which Jesus is said to have been taken out of the city.

The eighth was near the Coptic Church. The ninth was a little farther along and the other stations inside of the Sepulchre Church. We did not enter the church but went on to Jaffa gate, where we parted, each going to dinner. I afterwards went to the Y., reading and writing until 1:30, when Mr. Cullmann showed up. We then went through the Jaffa gate and bazaar to the Sepulchre Church. The main entrance was in the south and adjoined a rather inferior entrance court, paved with stone flags, the court at all times being filled with beggars. This court, which contained chapels on both sides, had on the left a partially walled-up belfry. Just inside the vestibule where a sentinel is stationed, was the so-called anointing stone, where Christ's body was supposed to have been anointed for burial. Above this in large costly lamps the candlesticks burn the tapers of the Latins, Greeks, Roumanians and Copts. Just to the left was a rotunda of the Holy Sepulchre, which was originally built in 330. In the center of the rotunda the Holy Sepulchre is situated. The actual sepulchre chapel was built in its present form in 1800. In front of the entrance, to which several steps lead up, there stand two large candlesticks. The interior consists of two apartments. The so-called angels' chapel is decorated with gold and silver and its walls are covered with marble.

This is said to be the same stone rolled away by the angels. In the chapel fifteen lamps were burning—six Latin, four Greek, four Armenian and one Copt. A low aperture, through which an entrance is gained by stooping, opens into another chamber. This is six feet long and five feet wide and can hold only a few people at a time. In the recess to the right of the entrance to the church is a marble gravestone on which mass is said daily. To the right of the rotunda is a chapel belonging to the Greeks. The walls of this are beautifully decorated in gold. Beyond this is a small chapel and here is where Christ is supposed to have appeared to Mary Magdalene. Two marble rings in the floor mark the supposed place. After ascending a few steps we came upon a Cappantur Chapel. In another part under the altar a stone is shown where the

grave is supposed to have stood. Some distance away, a stone, surrounded by a high railing, marks the spot where Mary was supposed to have knelt while Christ was on the cross. Just outside the square of the church is the beautiful Church of the Redeemer, a fine building of white stone, surmounted by a grand tower. The interior is very rich in marble, pictures, statues and fine windows. After finishing here we started out to locate the wailing wall of the Jews and after considerable trouble found it. This is a part of the west temple wall. Here the Jews gathered to lament the destruction of the temple.

When we came here about twenty were busily at work howling at the top of their lungs. After this we found our way to the south wall and coming to a low place, climbed up and admired the view, then we went toward the west until we came out at the south gate, passing the convent and a grand church, then walked down toward Jaffa, stood awhile to watch the bustle and then to the Y. where we stopped until 7. Separating, I had supper and went to my room where I wrote until 9, when I turned in.

DECEMBER 21. I rose at 7, wrote until nearly 9, then hunted up Mr. Cullmann and we went down through the city to Stephen gate and along the road that winds around the foot of the Mt. Olives to Bethany, which is at the present time just a collection of huts.

Near the highest point of the village is where Lazarus' house stood and near by is his grave. The spot where the house of Mary and Martha lived is also pointed out. After viewing this place we continued down along a winding road to the Apostle's Spring where Jesus with His disciples used to stop on His way to and from Jerusalem.

It was very warm when we arrived and a Moslem was busy washing his feet. After he finished we had a drink and then went back by the footpath, this leading straight up to Bethany and was a good deal shorter road but very rough and stony. On arriving at the top we were both covered with perspiration. Not caring to sit down for fear of catching cold, we continued back to the city. It was 12:30 before we arrived at Jaffa gate, after a fine walk of ten miles.

After dinner I went to the Y. and wrote and read until 2:30 when Mr. Cullmann called and we started out again. This time we went down through the city to Damascus gate and thence north along the road leading to Nazareth, passing a collection of convents and hospitals, buildings of the Germans and French, and continued on out beyond the city. We were looking for the tombs of the kings but we could not find them. Finally, coming back, we stopped at the English Church and were directed. The entrance to the tombs was through a wall, then we went down along a flight of steps and at the bottom turned to the left into a large court. At one side was an opening into a tomb with a great stone on one side. On going in we found several rooms and stairways leading to rooms below. This was something like the Catacombs at Rome only on a smaller scale. On going out we went back through the town, just getting to Jaffa gate at 5. Here I bought some provisions and went to my room where I wrote until 9, when I turned in.

DECEMBER 22. After breakfast I wrote until 9 then I took a walk, bringing up at the American Mission Church. Here I heard a splendid Christmas sermon preached by Mr. Thomson from Toronto. On the other side of the small room were seated boys and girls from the Mission School. After church the minister showed me through the main part and also the parsonage. I then went to a restaurant and had dinner. Next went to my room where I wrote for some time, then was interrupted by a visit from Mr. Hensan, my Turkish friend, who stayed until 2, when I had to go to Mr. Cullmann's hotel. On going to his room I seated myself and waited until he finished some writing, when we went for a walk, going up through the grandest part of the city, and then along past the consulates and grand residences to the end of the suburbs. After staying awhile to admire the view we turned back to Jaffa gate and went along the inside of the wall, then leaving the city by a small gate on the south side of the city into the west wall of the Temple Square. Went down across Kedron brook and valley, passing the tombs of

Absalom and Zachariah to the Garden and then climbed the rough path to the top of the Mount of Olives. After taking a good look at the city we turned back, entered the town at Stephen's gate, when we parted. After I had supper I went to my room and read and wrote until 9, when I turned in.

DECEMBER 23. After breakfast I met Mr. Cullmann and we strolled through the bazaars and many narrow streets until 12. After dinner I went to the Y. and read until 3, when we again took a long walk out from the north suburb. Coming back we went into a great Russian Church and listened to the services. Then down to the Jaffa gate, where we stayed awhile watching the endless stream of traffic. Then I had supper and went to my room and wrote until 9, when I turned in.

DECEMBER 24. After breakfast Mr. Cullmann and I strolled around and talked until 12. After dinner I went to the Y. as usual and read until 2, when Mr. Cullmann came along and we had the last stroll past the bazaars out to Zion Hill and passed cemeteries and then down hill and up among tombs of the Turkish Cemetery and then on to Jericho road, then back around the walls to Solomon's Quarries, which run underneath the wall just east of Damascus gate. The door being locked we just looked in but could see nothing but a great opening. We then went through Damascus gate and up through the bazaar to Jaffa gate, when I bought some provisions for supper and breakfast, then I went to my room where after eating I finished the letter to Detroit, going to bed at 9.

DECEMBER 25. I arose at 5, finished the letter to Detroit, had breakfast and then saying good-by to my host, started for the station but stopped at the postoffice to post the letters and cards. I arrived at the station before 7, wrote a little when Mr. Cullmann came along and we bought our tickets and boarded a train and at 8 we said good-by to Jerusalem. The sun was shining very brightly but there was quite a wind and it was cold, but

I did not enjoy the trip as I was worrying about the chances of going aboard ship at Jaffa. On arriving at Jaffa we were pounced on by a dragoman "guide" who offered to take us aboard ship for two francs (40 cents) apiece. It did not take me a moment to agree to this, and shouldering Mr. Cullmann's suit case he started for the landing, stopping at a French postoffice for Mr. Cullmann to post some letters, then on a little further past the landing to the ticket office.

On the way we were held back because the street was choked with camels. After getting our tickets we went back to the landing and were bundled into a boat and taken more than a half mile to the ship. Half of this distance the trip was fearful. I expected any moment to see the boat swamp, but we finally landed at the ship, drenched with water.

There we had the usual argument with the dragoman who wanted more than he had bargained for. I was satisfied that he had earned the little extra and gave him the additional tip. As it was just noon we ate some lunch purchased on the way and then went into the smoking room, talked and wrote until 3, then went to take a walk around, watching the crowd until the boat started at 6.

At 7 Mr. Cullmann went down to supper and I finished up provisions I had brought on board.

At 8 Mr. Cullmann came up and we talked till after 12 when we said good-night and I made a bed for myself out of a few pieces of canvas.

DECEMBER 26. I was routed out at 7 o'clock and watched the ship brought in to the harbor where we anchored at 8. It then developed that our boat had taken on coal from an infected port and that we were to be quarantined, from this time until 12 o'clock. There were all kinds of rumors in regard to what they were going to do. Mr. Cullmann was running around like a chicken with its head cut off. He intended going on to Alexandria and expected to catch a boat for Greece. I was not bothered much because a day more or less would make no difference. At 12 the first and second class passengers

were loaded into one barge and the third class into the other and we were towed a couple of miles down the canal to the quarantine station, being told that we would be held until tomorrow afternoon.

On landing we stayed on the pier for a time then went through a long passage, through a house where the fumigating process was located, to a long low building divided into small rooms, all opening on a porch. I had located a couple of Indians who could speak English, and with two Arabs and Afghans we took possession of a room. There were about fifty of us all together. All were Asiatic and Africans but myself. After putting my baggage in my room I sized up our home. The canal was on one side, another building on the other and nothing but sand in sight. It was bright and warm and no wind. This is a blessing, as the sand would have smothered us if it had been windy. I had eaten nothing since the night before and was mighty hungry and beginning to wonder if anything in the eating line was coming to hand. We had all been mulcted a good sum before leaving the boat and I understood this was to pay for food. It was not until 5 o'clock that any showed up, and at that time one of the guards came along with a huge basket of bread and we had to pay a famine price for this. I obtained a couple of loaves. It did not take me long to make a meal of the smaller one. I had been hungry in America, but I never yet had to make a meal of a loaf of bread.

After this I wandered around a little and then sat down on the sunny side of the building until 6 o'clock. I then went into the room and prepared for bed. There we had no beds—just a piece of matting on the stone floor. I took off my coat and used it for a pillow and my overcoat for a coverlet. Shortly one of the attendants came in and looked around and afterward came back with a mattress, a pillow and a couple of blankets and made signs to me to get up. He spread them down and went on his way, after I had thanked him. I do not know the reason for this unless some one of the first class passengers happened to notice me and wanted to see that I was made comfortable. I was the only one of our crowd who had a bed of this kind.

DECEMBER 27. Arose at 8 and after performing my ablutions at the hydrant I ate the balance of my bread and then wrote up my diary. About this time all the men had to line up and show their tongues and have their pulses felt. After this I strolled up and down or sat in the sun till noon, when I obtained another small loaf of bread for dinner. Afterwards strolled and conversed with one of my Indian friends who had acted as a professor in the English College at Jaffa. I gave him a Detroit paper which I had in my pocket, then I wrote till 3, when we were told to get ready and pile on a barge. At 4 we said good-by to our temporary home and shortly afterwards were landed at the Custom House. I fooled around for some time helping the other fellows and then went to the Hotel Athens, where I had stayed before, and paid for a night's lodging, then had something to eat. After this I located the postoffice and on inquiry was disappointed to find no mail. I then wanted to locate the station so that I would have no trouble in the morning as I intended to leave early for Cairo.

Going to the Seaman's Mission I was told the station was only a couple of blocks away. I stopped and had quite a talk with a young fellow in the mission, getting information about Cairo and boats to Bombay. I then located the station, obtained information wanted and started back for my hotel.

It was now quite dark and the streets were poorly lighted, and without any warning I was struck down, and when I awoke I was robbed of all my money—about \$80.00. This was in English gold and French silver. They didn't take my watch or American Banker's checks. It was lucky for me I had my bed paid for. As I had seen no one I had no idea who could have done it, and as I wanted to go to Cairo in the morning I was afraid to make any complaint to the authorities for fear of being held as a witness, so just swallowed the lump in my throat and said good-by to the money.

On reaching my hotel I at once sat down and wrote to my bankers to have them send a hundred dollars to Manila. I was lucky in not being killed.



I then went around till I finally got one of my checks cashed, and then as I was tired and my poor head was pounding I went to bed.

DECEMBER 28. After breakfast went to the station where I wrote till the train started at 8. It was cloudy and quite chilly this morning. The track followed along the Suez Canal and there was little else in sight than sandy desolation.

We stopped at a number of stations, but Ismailia was the only town of any size. We reached here at 10. It was still cloudy and cold. How glad I am it was not like this when we were at the quarantine station.

Abouthamid was the next fair sized town. For some distance before reaching this place we passed considerable cultivated land. Zagaziz is quite a city and a great crowd were gathered here. The next place was Minet el Gamh. The crowd at this place was very large and the noise was fearful. A number of men and women were crying on parting with loved ones.

Baha is the next place—quite a city. This is a junction. From here roads run to Suez, Cairo, Alexandria and Port Said. We stopped here for some time and the train filled to the limit. After this every foot of available land was cultivated. At intervals were waterwheels, camels and cattle being the motive power for turning these and raising the water from canals.

Arrived at Cairo at 1. On leaving station I thought I would be torn to pieces, but managed to get through the crowd, but one man was bound to follow and then another came along. I was headed for the "Soldiers' Home," and on arriving I found a fine large building.

As the superintendent was not in I sat down and wrote till 4 when getting tired of waiting I went out and hunted up a lodging, then took a long walk on one of the main streets to a fine park. On attempting to enter I found there was some kind of an affair in progress. I then came back to the home where I read and watched the soldiers till 8, getting my supper in the meantime in the restaurant of the home. The room in which I was sitting

was a fine large place, having a number of lounges, settees, etc. There was also a number of tables covered with papers and magazines, as well as a case filled with books. Besides these there was a fine piano. I had almost forgotten, there were also quite a number of games. I sat here till 9, when I went to bed.

DECEMBER 29. After breakfast took a long walk to St. Andrew's Church where we listened to a very good sermon. Afterwards had dinner close by at a stall, and then took a long walk to the Nile along the banks for quite a distance.

A number of houseboats were moored to the bank. I then strolled back to the "Soldiers' Home," where I wrote until supper time. Then after another long walk on the main street I came back to the home where I conversed with a couple of soldiers until 8 when there was a meeting. After this I went home and to bed.

DECEMBER 30. After breakfast walked several blocks to where a car started for the pyramids, boarded the car at 9, and took an hour to make the trip.

We went right through the city, crossed the two branches of the Nile through the suburbs then out into the country, and what a grand ride it was!

I had been prepared to find Cairo a miserably dirty place with nothing but narrow streets, and instead was agreeably surprised to find the main portion a great modern city having fine streets and modern business blocks.

The signs on buildings and street corners are both in English and Arabic. If it was not for the Arabic signs and Oriental dress it would be hard to believe that this was not an American city.

After passing the suburbs we came out into the country, the car track running along a small canal. The land was covered with men, women and children busily employed. Most of them were irrigating by hand, dipping water out of the canal and pouring it into troughs.

On arrival at the end of the track a great outfit of donkeys, camels and guides were about. On entering the

ground I was surrounded on all sides by people wanting to show me something or other.

Not far from the entrance were three great pyramids. At the foot of the largest one I counted 220 great rocks, and made out 130 layers to the top. I could not help thinking what a tremendous task it was getting all these great stones in place, and they must have been hauled for a considerable distance as there is no quarry within fifty miles.

In the course of ages, it may be in thousands of years, they will disappear, as the stones are gradually crumbling away. All around was sand except in a few cases where there was a layer of volcanic rock.

Besides the three large ones there are five smaller pyramids. The great attraction was the sphinx. This is in a low place and appears to be cut from a solid rock, and the long ridge-like part behind is in a rough state and the figure looks much like its many pictures, the face being considerably disfigured.

At this point I had a short talk with one of the guides who wanted information in regard to America. After spending a couple of hours wandering around I went back to the car station, and returned to the city in a different direction, passing among others a grand museum.

It was 1 when I finally left the car and obtained something to eat. I took a long walk, bringing up at the Soldiers' Home. There I spent the time until 4 conversing with a soldier who had just come from India. He gave me valuable information in regard to places I expected to visit, and I partly repaid him by informing him in regard to Jerusalem. I then hunted up the Y. and the secretary not being in I didn't stay.

A couple of blocks farther on was St. Joseph's, a grand Catholic church built of cement and crowned with a great dome. The three entrance doors were encircled with marble and over each is a scriptural painting.

The interior was beautiful. There were great rows of marble columns on either side, also seven marble altars, and to the left of the main altar, in an alcove, was a grotto representing the interior of the stable where Christ was born. This is simply magnificent.

After this I went on a little farther coming to a great square where was situated the palace of the Khedive.

This was a new building just completed, two stories high, built of beautiful sandstone. Counting the one wing it must have a frontage of 1,000 feet, and there were five splendid entrances.

In the center of the open square a foot ball game was in progress and I stayed watching this until dark, and then started back and inspected a couple of typical narrow streets.

Going too far I got lost, wandering through a great market, and then after walking a mile or so along one of these narrow streets until finally seeing I would never get out this way, I turned and retraced my steps to the market, and from there made the right turn and finally got back to the Soldiers' Home.

Here I had supper and afterward talked to my soldier friend from India until 9, when I went to bed.

DECEMBER 31. Wrote some cards and then went a short distance to the postoffice where I mailed them. After this I bought a great ring of Egyptian cake and ate this as I walked along one of the narrow streets leading toward the Citadel. This street is wider than some, but is lined with Turkish bazaars. The greater part of the way the upper stories extend out over the sidewalk.

Just before coming to a great square were two huge Mosques. In each case they were built of muddy-colored cement blocks. On top was a great dome and two high towers.

On a great hill across from the square is the Citadel and the finest Mosque in the city. This is a very large building built of mud-colored stone, faced with marble. A great tower rises from the center, and tall towers from the corners. To the left of the entrance are twenty marble pillars supporting a portico. The entrance leads into a great enclosed court. This has a small Mosque in the center, and a row of marble pillars run around the outside. Before entering I had to encase my feet in a pair of felt slippers. The interior of the Mosque proper is

a dream of beauty, the floor being covered with costly carpets. The walls are made of alabaster. In the center was the great dome and there were also four half domes surrounding it. Up near the top were a number of beautiful windows. The great pulpit was overlaid with gold. Several magnificent chandeliers hung from the ceiling. At one corner was the tomb of Mahomet Ali. This was a beautiful structure, apparently overlaid with gold.

On coming out I went around to the other side and from here a wonderful view of the city and surrounding country is obtained. A fence of stone and iron enclose the yard.

In the wall of the church, near where I was standing, is supposed to be the well of Joseph. Immediately in front of me, near the center of the city, is the oldest Mosque in Cairo. This appears to be in a depression, and is surrounded by a high wall. To the left in the distance are the pyramids. All around are great hills.

After walking along this coping for some time, admiring the view, I went down to the street, passing the different buildings that comprised the Citadel on the way out. I then kept on till I came to a restaurant near the Soldiers' Home, where I had dinner, then to the Home where I read for awhile, afterwards going to the Y. M. C. A. where I shook hands with the secretary and conversed for some time, then went to the reading room and read a magazine. I then came back to the railway station. I got there just before the ticket window opened for the selling of tickets, and it was desperate the way they fought and scrapped, paying no attention to each other. When I was actually at the window several were reaching over my shoulder, from every direction. Finally I obtained a ticket and went aboard the train just before it started out at 6.

I had procured some oranges and cakes and proceeded to make a supper of them. The running of this train was quite different from the one on which I came to Cairo, that being a local and stopping everywhere. This stopped only at the large cities. At one of the stations I was amused at seeing men falling on each other's necks and hugging and kissing when saying good-by.

At 11 we arrived at Port Said and I lost no time in hunting up my former stopping place and going to bed.

JANUARY 1. Went to the market and bought some oranges and cakes and ate some on the veranda of one of the bathing houses at the beach, meanwhile watching a crowd of Arabs drawing in a net. I watched this performance till nearly noon. Twelve men composed the crew and the outfit was a large boat and net about one thousand feet long and twenty feet wide, a long rope attached to either end. The modus operandi was for part of the crew to take the boat straight out from shore a short distance and then to go parallel to the shore till the net was all out, then run into the beach and a crew at either rope would gradually pull in the net which was loaded all the way along with crabs. In the very center would probably be 200 pounds of small fish, looking like sardines. I watched three hauls of this kind. The crew were all Arabs, barefooted, barelegged and mighty scantily clothed.

I then went to the postoffice on my daily quest for mail and then to a restaurant, where I got my dinner. I stopped for a few minutes to listen to the music and watched the antics of the crowd at a small hotel. They were celebrating the New Year and a number of bunches of firecrackers were let off.

After dinner I went to a small park close by where I rested and wrote a little. After this I took a long walk along the docks to the mouth of the canal and along this till I came opposite seven ships, which were discharging coal. Just to the left of this group was a sailing vessel lying up against the side of the bank, partly under water. I sat down here awhile and watched the operations of coal unloading. After this I went down town and made inquiries in regard to ships leaving for Bombay. There was no regular passenger boat before next Sunday. I then went to the Seamen's Mission and came upon a young Englishman who had just landed from England. He had a horrible dose of the blues and I tried to jolly him up a little. In the meantime the people who run the

mission were having tea, and we were invited in. Ordinarily I would have refused but this being New Year's day I made an exception. I talked after tea to this young fellow till 7, when I had supper, afterwards going down to the dock and watching a great Australian liner till she pulled out at 9, then went home and to bed.

JANUARY 2. A very heavy wind was blowing most of the night. I went down to the docks and saw two boats anchored headed for the east. Then had breakfast and spent the time until 10 o'clock hunting up information about the boats. I sat down on the pier opposite one of these boats and did some writing, afterward going to the postoffice where I wrote until noon. After dinner continued writing until 4 o'clock and after this took a long walk through the Arabian part of the town, then to the mission where I stayed reading until 6 o'clock. After supper I took another walk and returned to the mission at 8. On entering I found a couple of young Englishmen who were up against it. They had come out here expecting to obtain employment as engineers with the railway company and did not succeed. They had spent all their money and applied to the Consul for passage back to England. While I was talking to them the young fellow whose attack of the blues I had tried to cure the night before came in and we conversed until 10, when I went to bed.

JANUARY 3. Bought some oranges and cakes and went to one of the bath houses as usual to partake of the same and finishing I ran upon the "blue" friend who was sitting in front of one of the other bath houses and we conversed together for awhile and then walked over town, I wanting to see a party in regard to boats, and afterward I went down to the pier where I watched the people and three ships which were anchored close by. While here a great German man-of-war steamed in to the harbor.

At 12 I went to dinner and afterward to the mission where I read and talked till 6. After a short stroll had supper and started back to the mission, where I read until 10 o'clock, when I went to bed.

JANUARY 4. As usual made a breakfast of oranges and cakes. I then watched the fishermen bring in one haul with a great net. Next went to the postoffice and from there to the docks. There was only one boat at anchor which was going to Colombo. I sat down opposite and watched the passengers. In a few minutes an English boat came in and anchored not far away. I stayed here until noon, then found out the boat was not going my way. Afterward took a stroll to the mission where I stayed and read until 5 when I went down to the Austrian Lloyd to find out about their boat for Bombay. I ran across the Indian and the man from Afghanistan who had been my companions in quarantine. They were going to Colombo. After talking awhile I strolled around the station. Went back to the mission where I sat writing and talking until 9, when I turned in.

JANUARY 5. After breakfast went to the mission and read until 9, when I accompanied Mr. Locke, the missionary, and his son by boat to the upper harbor where a number of ships were anchored. He went up there with the purpose of inviting the crews to the meeting that would be held that evening. We had a long pull of one-half mile to the first ship. It was a lovely morning, the sun shining bright and warm, and the water was like glass. At the first ship the boy and I talked and at the next two I wrote while both father and son went aboard. A couple more were visited, this finishing that side of the harbor. We then pulled for the other end of the canal. Here I met with a bitter disappointment. The boat which I had been assured would not leave before the following Tuesday had pulled out Friday night for Bombay. We visited three other ships, but none of them were going in my direction. Coming back began to feel blue as I saw nothing but having to book passage by the Austrian Lloyd boat

After dinner I went down to the docks only to learn that the Austrian Lloyd boat had left in the morning. Some way or another I felt that for some reason I was stopped from going with this ship. This was a severe disappoint-



ment as it looked now as if I might have to wait for a week. I sat on the docks most of the evening. After an early supper I went to the mission where I talked until 8, when the crew came from the ships and we had a service consisting of song and prayer and then an address by Mr. Locke, finishing with a song and another prayer. After this I went home to bed.

JANUARY 6. Bought some oranges and cakes and made a breakfast of these, then went to the postoffice where I wrote and sent off a couple of cards to Rome and Athens postoffices asking to have mail forwarded to Singapore. I then went down to the dock and after watching a boat loaded with soldiers I happened to notice another ship and on inquiring found it was going to Bombay. I immediately went to the ticket office and procured a ticket. I then went to the mission and had quite a talk with Mr. Locke and he gave me a bunch of reading matter. After saying good-by I went to the postoffice and finished up my letter to Detroit and then went aboard the ship.

This appears to be a small boat for ocean traffic. The sum I paid for the ticket did not include the berth and it looks as if I would have to hang up on a nail. As I was to have meals I went to the cook and got some dinner, such as it was. My dinner consisted of macaroni soup, boiled beef and potatoes, and a portion of bread. I was also entitled to wine but as I do not drink anything of this kind, I had to be satisfied with water. I then did some writing. At 2 P. M. we started. Just before this several great boxes were swung onto deck and two men came aboard with them. These boxes turned out to contain powerful searchlights and dynamos that ran them. I watched the passing scenery along the canal until dark. Just before this a line was sent to the left hand shore from either end of the boat and we pulled in as close as we dare and stopped there while three other boats coming from Suez passed by. In the meanwhile it had become dark and our searchlight was put in operation.

At 6 I had supper consisting of a large helping of some

kind of fish, a plate of beans and a portion of bread. I will mention now that I was entitled to wine both for dinner and supper. After this I walked up and down until 8, when I went up on the small fore deck and lay down on a long seat.

I found a piece of canvas and this I spread down and for a pillow I used some magazines. I then spread my coat over my legs and drew my overcoat over my head but it being quite a cold night I was not very comfortable.

JANUARY 7. Turned out a little before 7. We had just come through the canal and were anchored a couple of miles from the Suez. I watched the crowd loading the searchlight paraphernalia on a large boat and receiving a load of ice from another. After this we started for the Red Sea. I then had breakfast consisting of a large cup of very strong coffee and the usual portion of bread. I then wandered around, looking at this and that until 9, then went up on deck and wrote for some time. I made sure this morning what I supposed last night, that is, I am the only passenger aboard. It seems this is an extra cargo boat, in fact all the spare room on the lower deck is loaded down with coal. On account of there being no passengers I had the run of the ship and at the time of writing this I was sitting on the first class deck. I sat here until 11 and then went down on the fore-deck and watched a crowd shoveling coal into sacks and conveying it to the hold. After dinner I sat on the fore-deck until it got too chilly and then went down to the main deck and had a nap.

At 4:30 I went to the fore-deck and watched the coal workers until 6. After supper I stood in the passage near the kitchen and watched the boys going in and out with the meals of the officers. At 7 I turned in.

There was a steer on board which I supposed would be turned into fresh meat before the end of the voyage. I had noticed that hay was kept in a small room and on investigating made my bed here. This was at least warmer and out of the weather. By 8 I had fixed up a place and settled down for the night.

JANUARY 8. Was routed out by the boatswain before 7. He seemed to be displeased at my choice of a berth. After breakfast as it was warm I sat on the fore hatch and read and wrote until 11, when I noticed a sail just in sight.

This I watched until noon, when it hove in sight and then gradually disappeared. Just after this disappeared another came in sight, following us and apparently going faster.

On coming out after dinner I counted three, the one following the other, and two going the other way. The wind still continues strong and the sea is running high.

I have not seen anything of that red appearance yet. At 2 I lay down on the fore-deck and had a siesta until 4, then got up and promenaded the deck. At this time a number of boats were in sight homeward bound.

This day is the ninety-eighth anniversary of the battle of New Orleans. After this we had supper and as the boatswain had locked up my room I determined to hunt up the first officer and try and gain permission to use the same. Found him on the quarter deck and on stating my business, he immediately came down with me to investigate. On my pointing out the room he called to the boatswain and told him to unlock the door and let me occupy it until the end of the voyage.

This gave me a fairly comfortable place to sleep. After this the wind having ceased and being a beautiful warm starlight night, I sat down on the fore deck and gazed at the stars until 9, when I turned in.

JANUARY 9. Arose at 7, admired the beauty of the morning a few minutes and then went to breakfast. Afterward promenaded the deck until 11:30, when after a wash, I had dinner.

The cook discovered yesterday that I was fond of soup and I found a huge can awaiting me. This contained about half soup, the balance being beans and rice.

For the first time I refused the ration of meat, making a grand meal of the soup and my portion of bread. There is one thing I can truthfully say, that whatever they have

furnished me in the eating line has been well cooked. The bread especially is fresh baked and extra fine.

After dinner I promenaded the deck for awhile. The sun was now very hot and I chose the shady side of the ship. I did not envy the crew who were still busy carrying coal from the fore deck as the sun beat in upon them mercilessly. A slight breeze came from the other end of the ship.

At 2 I laid down in a shady place and slept until 4. Then going to the fore deck I stayed there until nearly 5 enjoying the gentle breeze that was coming from the starboard bow, and watching a large steamer in the offing.

I then went back to the fore deck where I watched the log awhile. After supper I went back and seated myself on the after hatch and gazed at the stars and conversed a little with the chef and a sailor.

It was a beautiful night and I stayed there until 10 when I turned in.

JANUARY 10. Arose at 6:30. The sun was up and was already quite hot. A vessel was in sight on either side.

I watched these until 8 when I had breakfast. Afterward I went to the fore hatch where I sat down for awhile and watched the ships.

I then went up on the first class deck and wrote and figured and watched the water until 11:30, when I went down below and had dinner consisting of about a quart of macaroni soup, a dish of meat and sauerkraut and my usual portion of bread.

Afterward I immediately went up on deck, as it was quite hot, and read until 2. I then came down and tried to take a siesta in my usual place, but it was too hot.

At 3 I went up on the first deck again and read and watched the sea until 6. After supper I went back on the after deck and lying down on the seat watched the stars and sea until 9 when I turned in. I was lying there in my shirt sleeves and even at that it was warm, although there was a gentle breeze.

The sea was like glass and was also phosphorescent. We

had kept in sight of a vessel all day and the last thing I noticed when I turned in were her lights.

All the officers and the men and boys whose work is clean are now dressed in white canvas clothes.

JANUARY 11. I arose at 7. After performing my ablutions I watched the ship which I kept in sight all day yesterday. It had gradually drawn near. After the usual breakfast I went back to the fore deck.

At this time a number of rocks were just coming into sight. I gazed at these awhile and then went up to my old seat on the first class deck. It was already very hot, although the heat was tempered a little by a slight breeze.

It is now that I appreciate being the only passenger, as the first class deck is the only place that is comfortable. I have shed coat, shirt, shoes and hat, wearing as little as possible.

We are now directly opposite the rocks which are only about a mile away. I can count ten. A couple are small islands, three others are hardly noticeable above the water, and the others are about one hundred feet square.

On the top of the farthest one there appears to be a small lighthouse. The ship is now between us and the largest rock, not more than a quarter of a mile away. It appears to be a cargo vessel very heavily loaded. I spent the time until noon reading and watching the water scape.

We have gradually drawn ahead of the other ship. Most of the time I was on the lower fore deck.

The steer is tied here just at the entrance to the second class state rooms, and the poor animal appears to be nearly dead with the heat. One of the engineers amused himself by tantalizing the poor creature with a piece of bread.

Just before noon the captain put in his appearance and stood a few minutes talking with the chief engineer.

After dinner I went on the fore deck and at that time a large ship was in sight. While watching this I discovered land, and this gradually outlined itself, there being six small rocks and an island containing upwards of one hundred acres, the latter having a number of peaks.

At 3 we passed between two of the rocks and the island.

We got the best view of the rocks, having been on the opposite side of the sun. We were not more than forty rods from the nearest rock on the top of which was a small lighthouse. The rock appeared to be of a volcanic or coral nature, honeycombed like a sponge.

I could not help thinking what a lonesome time the lightkeeper must have. No beach was in sight, and it would be impossible to approach the rock in stormy weather.

As we passed the end of the island a number of smaller islands were seen in the distance. It was after 4 before we passed these. The other ship is still ahead, but we are gradually overhauling it.

At 5 another group of small islands is passed. The crew are now busily at work cleaning down decks. Tomorrow (Sunday) we expect to land at Aden.

We are slowly creeping up on the other ship. This seems to be a counterpart of our own boat, if anything being a trifle smaller.

At 6 I went to the fore deck and found we were overhauling another boat, apparently a cargo ship, as it was very slow. We passed it almost the same as if it had been standing still.

The different ships all exchange signals by means of lights, using a Morse code.

At 6 I went in to supper. The other ship appears to have put on a spurt as we are still neck and neck. The breeze has freshened up into a fairly strong wind, and is dead ahead.

At 7 we passed another ship. At 8 we came abreast of an island which has been seen for a long time. At this time I go to my cabin in the fore deck as I have some laundry work to do. In the day time the crew are using the tubs, etc.

By this time the wind has increased to a gale, and the water coming in over the fore deck like a deluge I am nearly drowned in trying to get through.

At 9 I turned in. As my room is near the front, about

once a minute the water dashes clear over it, their being a fairly strong breeze.

JANUARY 12. Arose at 7 after fitful slumbers. The wind has now tempered to a stiff breeze.

On taking a look around the horizon a number of small and large islands are in sight on the starboard bow.

After breakfast I went up the first class deck and wrote until 9. We then passed the larger island, which is irregular, and mostly rocks, probably a couple of miles in length, and just ahead a few miles buildings are in sight. This must be Aden, as the crew are getting tackle of different kinds ready and the flag has been hoisted.

The city appears to be built on an island which is sure a dreary, desolate looking piece of territory. The great headland juts out into the sea and we go to the left of this.

The island appears to be of volcanic nature, apparently being a mass of broken rocks. The harbor is an open roadstead. There were three English ships at anchor—one passenger and two cargo. Both of the latter are unloading.

As we are coming in a small tug comes along and takes a line and as we come to anchorage swings us around with our bow pointing from the land.

At 11 o'clock finally anchored. The city is built along the sides of the rocks and runs up into a small pocket which comes down nearly to the water's edge.

From the deck I can make out signs on two buildings—Hotel de la Europe and Hotel Berlin. In looking at the town I can't help thinking what a horrible place it is in which to live.

We had hardly stopped before being surrounded by a number of boats manned by Arabs, who were in all stages of nakedness. A few white men and other officials came aboard. I purchased a couple of post cards as souvenirs.

By 12 two great barges had been brought alongside. One had a load of cargo for Bombay and the other was to receive 4,000 sacks of sugar billed for this place. Continually until 7:30 the loading and unloading of cargo went on,

three hatches being opened and four donkey engines at work.

There must have been at least one hundred natives engaged in handling the cargo, and taking them altogether they were certainly an interesting study in color effects, running from light brown to black. Their dress was of every imaginable color and description, and in most cases mighty scanty—a breech clout or a short petticoat. Some smartened their appearance by various articles of cast-off raiments of the whites. One who had charge of a small crew wore a high peaked part of what had once been a lady's hat.

They were all happy and carried on their work with song. The noise nearly deafened one. I would judge that six of these men do as much work as one American long-shoreman. The checkers and overseers looked like Indians and were beautifully arrayed in fine white suits, and on their heads wore pith helmets.

Until 3 it was very hot. I could not find a cool place anywhere. Afterwards a breeze sprang up and it was not so bad.

At this place I lost the honor of being the only passenger as about a dozen Indians came aboard. All but two traveled deck, the others and an Indian gentleman and his little boy traveled second class. Several merchants came aboard with ostrich feathers, tobacco, etc.

At 8 we weighed anchor and started on our long trip of 1,650 miles to Bombay. We are now farther south and will be traveling nearly east and a little north.

After sitting on first deck until 9 I turned in.

I just remember that it is 25 years ago today since the worst blizzard on record swept over the United States.

JANUARY 13. On arising I spent a few minutes looking around the horizon. There was nothing in sight but a small sailing vessel. After breakfast I went up to my old seat on the first class deck, where I wrote and watched the water scape. At 11:30 another small sailing vessel was overtaken. Excluding a few advertisements I have now completely devoured all reading matter obtained at Port



Said. Just before noon the steward handed me a customs manifest to make out. This was very easy as I have very little luggage and nothing to pay duty on. After dinner I went to the fore deck, watching the coal crew at work until 2. A coolie from Aden is helping. According to his story he went to sleep on the ship before we started and is now on his way to Bombay against his will, and the chief officer put him to work with the coal gang.

The wind is blowing quite strong and it is cool out of the sun. At 2 I lay down for a siesta. I stayed in my room dozing at intervals until 6, when I got up and had supper, consisting of a large plate of macaroni and meat with the usual portion of bread. I cannot speak too highly of this bread, and in all my experience of different makes and bakes I only remember three who could make as good.

After supper I watched a group of Indians for awhile. Some were cooking, others eating and still others praying. These were Mohammedans.

After this I lay down on the after hatch and gazed at the stars until 9. The beauty of a trip like this, where to all intents and purposes I am practically alone, as far as being able to converse is concerned, is that I am enabled to review my trip and see where I have made mistakes and resolve to do better in the future. I am also to look into the future and figure schemes both of pleasure and profit for myself and others. I have at last positively decided that if I reach Detroit safely to publish my diary and have thought out the context of a letter I expect to send from Bombay to a Detroit friend. At 9 o'clock I went to my room and turned in.

JANUARY 14. During the night the wind increased to a gale but as it was astern, did not bother me much. Rose at 7. The first thing I did was to feed the poor steer, which was just outside of my door, some hay. I then took a look around and was just able to discern, from the star-board bow, the smoke of a steamer, headed for Aden. After a short promenade I went to breakfast and then did some laundry work. This is another advantage of being a lone passenger for so long. I could make myself at home

and take advantage of the facilities for bathing and doing laundry work. After this I sat down on the fore hatch and wrote and watched the waves and coal workers. I have forgotten to note that I had already pushed my time ahead four times since leaving Port Said. At 12 I went to dinner and, on the way, I spied the Indian who came aboard at Aden.

I went up to him and passed the time of day and asked if he had any English reading matter that I could borrow. He told me he had and while he was hunting something, I went after the magazines I had and handed them to him in exchange for a huge copy of the *Life of Napoleon*. As I had already been called for dinner I put the book away and proceeded to my private dining room, where I was served with an excellent dinner consisting of a huge can of rice soup and a large plate of meat and potatoes and the usual portion of bread. After dinner I started in on my book and read until 5. I then wrote awhile and gazed at the water scape, where the sailing vessel was seen from the starboard bow bound for Aden. There was a nice breeze that tempered the heat but the sea had only a perceptible ripple upon it. I then watched the coal gang until 6 when I had supper, afterward going to the after deck, promenaded for awhile and then lying on the hatch studied astronomy until I turned in at 9. During the day I had lost my downy couch, the last of the hay being fed to the steer, and I had a stone floor to lie on, but I did not mind this.

JANUARY 15. Arose at 7, took a look around the horizon and drank in a little of the grand air before going to breakfast. Afterward wrote and figured until noon. The crew finished the coal job early this morning and have been busy since washing up. After dinner promenaded a little and then started in reading the *Life of Napoleon*. This is an immense volume and will take all my spare time to finish it if I make it. I read until supper time and then after promenading went to my room and read until 9, when I turned in.

The poor steer was killed and made into beef this after-

noon. It seems like a shame to kill and eat these poor creatures. I know from my own experience that people could get along without the use of meat.

JANUARY 16. Had a small-sized gale during the night which rocked the ship a little. Arose at 7 and went to breakfast. Afterward went to the fore deck and took a long look around in quest of a sail but there was nothing in sight. After promenading took a seat on the fore hatch and did some writing and figuring. Small fleecy clouds at times obscured the sun. The wind increased in violence. At 9 I started in on my book once more. A part of the crew on duty are busily engaged in cleaning the decks and a couple of others are hard at work in the laundry line. I kept on reading until noon when I had dinner consisting of a large can of rice soup, a plate of peas and usual portion of bread. After dinner I read my book with slight intermission for exercise until 6, when I had supper and after another promenade went to my room where I read until 10, when I turned in.

At this time the wind had increased to a gale and the sea was rising high. The whole fore deck was drenched by the water coming aboard.

JANUARY 17. After having a good clean-up I had breakfast and then exercised for awhile. Afterward went up to my seat on the first class deck and sat there reading until I went to dinner at 12. Afterward I promenaded awhile and then went back to the first class deck where I read until 6. Rested at intervals to gaze out at the limitless expanse of ocean. No sign of a sail of any kind.

If anything would make a person think of the greatness of God and weakness of man it would be when making a trip like this. After supper a constitutional and then at my book again till 10, when I finished the main part of it. This has been a wonderfully interesting chronicle and I owe my Indian friend many thanks. I went to bed at 10.

JANUARY 18. I arose at 7 after a fairly good night's rest, although the water was thundering over the deck all

night. The sun is shining brightly and the sea is very fierce looking. After breakfast I exercised a little, although it was very hard walking, the vessel rocking so much. After this I wrote a little and then went at my book once more. It contains not only the life of Napoleon but also a history of the second empire and a history of the Bonapartes. At 11 I quit and promenaded the deck until noon when I had dinner and then promenaded for awhile; after this I talked and sat on the after hatch near where the Indians were located and watched the wild waves until 6. Three venerable old patriarchs were going through their evening devotions. First a rug was spread down, then the devotee sat on one end of the rug for a few minutes evidently wrestling in prayer, then he prostrated himself, the whole face being buried in the rug, and prayed again for a few minutes. Next he prostrated himself once more, the whole lasting one-half hour. After supper I went to my room and wrote for a time, then back to the after hatch. At this time I was taken with a peculiar kind of seizure, the like of which I had never had before. I felt as if the muscles in the lower part of my body would contract and break apart, the mere act of breathing would sever something. I stayed on the after hatch, not being able to get relief and not being able to figure out the cause of the trouble. In the meanwhile as I stayed here the same old men before retiring went through their devotions once more. At 9 went to my room with the prospects of a bad night ahead of me. Water was coming in the door, and it was necessary to lay down boards to keep out of the water.

JANUARY 19. I arose at 7 after putting in a bad night, as I could not lie in any position and obtain relief, although the pain this morning is localized and does not bother so much. After a look around I went to breakfast, and then went to my room, where I wrote for a time; and then to the after deck and sat on the hatch and watched the sea and Indians until dinner. I filled up on a great pan of rice soup, and a portion of bread. I inquired for my Indian friend of the second class, only to be told that

he was seasick. After dinner went back on the after deck and stayed there most of the afternoon. At 4 I went up on the after deck, and watched them take a sounding. At 5 I got into conversation with a young Hungarian, "a steward," and did not leave him until 6. I finished up with correcting a letter for him. As I was finishing, the second class passenger made an appearance. I then went to my room, got his books and returned them. After supper I went to my room and did some writing, and then out on the after deck until 8, when I went to the bathroom and had a good wash and did some laundry work. Turned in at 10.

JANUARY 20. On awakening at 2:30, I noticed we were just coming into a harbor. I rose at 7. We were then slowly making our way to the dock. After breakfast I watched the performance of bringing the ship in. It certainly was a busy scene. All around, the vessels seemed to extend for miles in every direction and these were surrounded by barges. As we tied up a number of "touts" for hotels, etc., came aboard. One of these attached himself to me and it was not until I was some distance away from the ship that I finally shook him.

On going out on the main street the first place I saw was the Seamen's Institute. I went in and spent some time looking over papers, then I had a conversation with the superintendent, who directed me to the Salvation Army hotel. I started to walk, but after wandering off the right road I made further inquiries and was advised to take a street car. A young Indian gentleman whom I accosted was going part way, and told the conductor where to put me off.

It was a long ride and I was very glad I boarded a car. We passed some splendid buildings, notably the City Hall, a great Mosque and a fort. I alighted in a great square and only a short distance down a side street came upon the Salvation Army hotel, and here I hunted up the captain and arranged for a bed. I then went back to the square, and a short distance along a fine street, the Esplanade Road, to a small park. It was now 11 o'clock

and the sun was very hot, so I went in here and stayed until 4, buying some lunch of a peddler who came along. On the other side of the park were some grand buildings, and on the other side of this the bay. All this time I just sat and watched the hundreds of different people coming and going. Trying to keep track of the costumes would be like doing the same thing in reference to women's HATS in an American city. The color of the people ran from white through all shades to black. Some were dressed in full regulation costume—white suit, slippers and pith helmet. There were others who had a piece of cloth wrapped around the legs. This fell down near the ankles and was drawn up between the thighs. They wore no socks, and were either barefoot or had on sandals. Some wore a shirt and a long white and black coat, coming down below the shirt; others just wore a shirt, while some did not even have on a shirt. The headdress was either a pith helmet, a small cap, a turban or a queer shining black helmet. Some had their faces marked with paint, and some had a small round spot on the forehead. Some had a large ring or rings run through the top of the ear. Very small children went naked, others had on a breech clout. All the women I saw belonged to the poorer classes and wore a leg wrapping something like the men's, and a kind of swathing that covered the head and body.

At 3:30 I went over and investigated the fine buildings, finding out that they were a church and several other buildings making up the University of Bombay. Fronting this was a splendid boulevard, running along parallel with the bay. A little further along was another fine building—the Law Courts. The Esplanade Road was a fine wide street lined with great stores, offices, banks, etc., the army and navy store being one of the finest of these.

I then wandered back to the Salvation Army. In the vicinity of the great square two buildings were in the course of erection, and I took my station in a shady spot and watched the different operations. Everything was done by hand and in the slowest manner. A great number of women were employed carrying every kind of material on their heads. I then went along to the bay. Bombay is

built on an island and at this point was not more than a half a mile wide. I found a seat directly in front of a German restaurant, where the "ton" were having supper, and an orchestra was discoursing sweet music. Just next to this was one of the largest and finest hotels in the city, the Taj Mahal. I stayed here enjoying the air, which was a little cooler, until 10, and then went home and went to bed.

I forgot to mention that all hauling was done on two-wheeled wagons, drawn by native buffalo cattle. The main streets are very wide, and the street car service is splendid, and there are plenty of autos and bicycles on the streets.

JANUARY 21. After breakfast I started down the Esplanade Road to the Crawford Market. It was further than I thought. Must have been two miles. About half way I came upon a great square and two splendid buildings, the Victoria station and the Supreme Court building. The station proper is built of small cement blocks and has a number of galleries as well as a few small towers and a large one; besides this there is a great trainshed. I went in the station and observed the crowd for sometime.

This country approaches nearer to America in its great extent than any I have traveled over. It is almost a thousand miles to Delhi, the first place I intend to go to. The railway engines are the English style, but most of the cars have doors at the end and some of their special expresses are vestibuled throughout.

The Supreme Court building looks almost like the station, is very large, has a great tower and part way up is a golden figure of Justice. A little farther along in tree besprinkled grounds are a number of buildings—a school for boys, high school, library and art school. Just beyond this is the market. This comprises a great building for fruit, vegetables, groceries, pastry, etc., then a great number of outer sheds. In the center of the enclosure is a fountain surrounded by palm trees. Outside of the regular produce found in the market there were thousands of birds and a great number of dogs, monkeys and

parrots. Near the sidewalk were small shops. I wanted some handkerchiefs and picked out a common looking one that would sell for a nickel in Detroit and they asked twenty-five cents for this.

I then took a long walk down one narrow street and back another. This was in the native quarter and the buildings and shops were mostly built of wood. On either side of both side streets were small stores, mostly of the notion order. There were no sidewalks and the streets are literally packed with people and vehicles. In this walk of three miles I did not see a single white person. I obtained something to eat. As I was passing along on my way back to the market I made a thorough inspection of the whole place and when I left I made a purchase of some fruit. I then went back to the station, then on to the art school.

On the shady side of the building a number of pupils were painting from a living model. I watched this for a time. Near by were a number of small, barefoot boys playing foot ball. A little farther on was a kind of extended arch containing seats and as the sun was in such a position as to shine on both sides of the street, and it was fearfully hot, I sat here more than two hours reading and taking notice of the procession of people and vehicles.

At 2 I made another start and with the protection of my umbrella managed to get to the other station without a sunstroke. After looking around awhile I located a fountain, and although the water was warm, I nearly foundered myself drinking—I was that thirsty. I then sat down in a place where there was a draft and watched the crowd until 4, going on to lodgings where I read until 7, afterwards going to the water front, having supper on the way. Finding a seat I listened to the music and watched the promenaders. These were mostly Europeans. I then took a walk along the front admiring the great buildings of the wealthy. Continuing on I came to some vacant blocks covered with thousands of bales of cotton. I wandered around until 9, when I went home and to bed.

Most of the streets are not lighted as they should be after dark. Only gas jets are used.



JANUARY 22. At 6 the captain came in and awakened three sailors who were sleeping in the same room. All the horrible language I had to listen to! They were certainly experts at the job.

At 7 I arose and after a wash walked down to the park by the university. The weather was now right, if only the sun would not rise any higher. This part was filled with crows which kept up a continual noise. While I was here a black nurse, or ayah, passed with a little boy about four years old. She took a seat further along and proceeded to fill and light a huge clay pipe and enjoy a smoke. At this time, hearing a band toward the seaside, I investigated and was in time to see a company of soldiers passing by.

In front of the university is a fine driveway, and on the other side of this a golf course about twenty rods wide. There is a row of palms on either side, beyond the golf links is another road and then a double track railway, enclosed by a low wall. Between that and the breakwater is a track covered with hay. This track is used by the horsemen. Most people get up early in this place in order to take advantage of the coolness of the morning. I noticed a number of golf enthusiasts as I crossed the ground. I followed the track away from the city until I came to a gate which I went through. At this point there was quite a large tennis ground. I went down to the beach and walked along towards the city about a half a mile to another gate. All along were people and several horsemen exercising. On arriving at the gate I sat down on a stone forming part of the breakwater and watched the crowd. While I was there a continuous procession of well-dressed Indians came down and all went through the same ceremony. They would go down to the water, wash their hands and dry them on a handkerchief. They would then take a piece of tape about six feet long and wind it around the waist, tie it and then go through a number of bowings and scrapings, first facing the east and then the west. As I was about to leave here a sergeant accompanied by several natives, with a couple of yoke of oxen attached to what looked much like a gun carriage, came down. They had a hard time getting the oxen to go down

the hill. They drove as close to the water as possible and then unhitched the oxen and led and drove them into the sea, where they were given a bath. In the meantime, a couple of others threw water on the cart wheels.

I left here and went to the suburban station and made inquiries about the trains. As the third class rate was very light I determined to visit several cities not included in my first itinerary. Just outside the station was a grand building which I first took for a mosque but which turned out to be the headquarters of the railway company. It was of tremendous size with several wings, built of small blocks of dark green stone with white trimmings. There were white mosque-like domes situated on the different corners, and then in the very center was a great tower with a steeple at the top. I sat down in the small park here and observed the crowd. A continual stream of autos was passing along on a fine speedway. Every few minutes trains were coming and going and letting off crowds of passengers.

While I think of it I must describe the dress of the policemen and trainmen. The policemen wear a queer turban-like cap, blue cotton blouse and knee trousers; are bare-legged and have sandals on the feet. The train conductors wear a tight-fitting khaki uniform, shoes and a small cap. The motormen seem to dress as they please and are all barefooted. I noticed a number of grey-bearded patriarchs among them. Not far from where I was sitting an old man had a candy stand. I patronized him to the extent of an anna, two cents. All his leisure time, while I was there, he put in reciting aloud from the Koran. At 1 I went to the park by the university, bought some food at a stand, sat down on the grass while I ate it, stayed there watching the crowd until 2, when I walked down toward the station. On reaching the station I struck off into a native street, which I continued along for quite a distance. Going back I went into a reading room across from the station and stayed there reading and noting the crowd until 5. There was both English and Indian reading matter. The place was crowded and I was the only Caucasian there. I then went up as far as the park where

I had supper, then to the army hotel. I said good-by to the captain and walked to the Colaba station. There I watched the crowd until 8, when I bought a ticket and got on the train. The third class cars are like the English—doors all along the side. I was lucky enough to get into a small compartment in which there was just one lone Indian, who could speak a little English and who kept others from coming in by saying "European." The windows were boarded up—no glass. This was all right as it was not necessary to see out at night and it kept the cold out and in the daytime the travelers need all the air they can get.

At 9 the train started and shortly I fixed myself to sleep. As the Indian had a whole bundle of bed clothes he handed me a light blanket. This I put down on the seat, used my coat for a pillow, my overcoat for a cover and I had a comfortable bed.

JANUARY 23. As we made only a few stops I slept very well. At 6 the train pulled into a place called Godhia. As it was quite light I was prepared to see what the country looked like and I kept my eyes glued to the landscape for four hundred miles, until it got too dark to see. From Godhia to Rutlan, 116 miles, we only stopped once and that at Dohes, a small place. The whole distance the country was roughly covered for the most part with scrub and jungle and only here and there was a small patch under cultivation. When I saw such a poor country I could not help wondering where the 300,000,000 population were.

Rutlan was a fair sized place and from there on the country was better, more land being under cultivation. We passed one especially fine stretch of about twenty-five miles. This very much resembled North Dakota prairies, only the fields were smaller. Wheat, oats, barley and flax were planted. There were no houses along the way, most of the people living in villages. These were generally built on a hill and were very poor affairs. The houses for the most part were built of mud with thatched roofs and many were so low that a person would not be able to stand upright inside.

None of the smaller children were clothed and the parents very lightly. In all these four hundred miles I saw only four horses and five camels, but there were plenty of cattle and goats, even in those parts that seemed to be absolutely devoid of any kind of vegetation.

JANUARY 24. We made the long trip from Bombay to Delhi in 29 hours, arriving at Delhi at 2 o'clock Friday morning. My Indian fellow passenger stayed on until Thursday at 2 p. m. After that three sets of people got in but the place was never crowded. I obtained eatables from peddlers. These came on the platform at all stations loaded with baskets of provisions of every kind. I had a sample of a dozen different kinds of confections and found them very good.

I shall have to describe one of my sets of companions. These consisted of three soldiers, two young fellows and a man about 45. The latter was heavily built and wore a great black beard, on his head a turban, and besides a khaki jacket, white linen knee trousers and sandals and carried a sabre.

On arriving at Delhi and not caring to hunt a hotel, I went into the waiting room and played a game of freeze-out till 7 and then went out and blundered around for a time and came upon the main business street of the city. As I walked along this, unlike in Bombay, for the first time I felt like a stranger in a strange land.

The buildings were of every imaginable kind, form and size, and in all stages of dilapidation. The streets were fairly wide with a car track on either side and a raised walk down the center. I continued along until I came to the entrance of a fine large park, called the Queen's Gardens. Inside the gate was a fine red stone building, the Town Hall. In front was a splendid sitting statue of the Queen. Just a few yards from here is where the bomb was thrown that blew up the Viceroy's carriage. I bought some food at a stand near here and went into the park and ate it and then spent more than an hour trying to find St. Stephen's College, having been given the name of the principal by a friend I met in Port Said.

While wandering around I came to one of the old gates and went out into the suburbs. On coming back I went along this wall for some distance. There is a very little now standing, it having been broken during the mutiny.

I finally located the college but the gentleman I was looking for was not there. This college is a fine large building in spacious grounds. Just opposite, surrounded by a fine stone fence and in the midst of a small park, is a church. This was built of stone, painted white and blue. On three sides were portico entrances upheld by fine columns. In the center was a massive dome and on top of this a ball and cross. The interior walls were covered with tablets to the memory of those who were killed during the mutiny. Outside to the right of the entrance were the ball and cross that were on there at the time of the mutiny. They are almost one mass of holes.

After going through the church I spent the time until 1:30 writing out my diary and enjoying the peace of the little park in which the church is situated. After this I went out and inquired the way to the fort and great mosque and after a short walk came to the fort. The latter is enclosed by massive walls of redstone and is surrounded by a moat. The main battlement looks like a mosque, having a number of domes and minarets. On the other side of the fort were the gardens and the palace and mosque of the ancient rulers. The entrance was through a small building. In front was a great portico upheld by a number of huge pillars. In the very center was a kind of throne done in inlaid work. Going from this I came into a beautiful garden covered with a number of very old trees. In the center was a fine fountain of marble; at the far side was a great pavilion, there being four rows of splendid masses of marble running lengthways supporting arches in every direction.

All down the center was a shallow trench, six feet wide. At one end was an open space and the walls of this were decorated with blue figures of gods. Beyond this was another pavilion which was a magnificent dream. This was 50 by 100 feet by 25 feet high, built entirely of white marble. The roof was supported by arches upheld by thirty-

four great square columns. The entire inner part ceiling and all was covered with gold decorations. On either corner was a small dome. At one corner was a grand mosque built of redstone. It is entirely covered with morning-glory vines. On top were seventeen slender domes and three large ones, all topped with slender gold work. On finishing here I went on to the great Juma Masjaid mosque built in 1658 which took fourteen years to build and all this time at least 5,000 men were employed. This mosque is one of the finest in the world. The outer part is 800 by 400 feet and there are three great entrances. Thirty-five steps about one hundred feet long lead up to each. All the outer part, except the rear end and the small entrance, is open work. A double set of pillars support the arches.

The three entrances are higher and look like battlements. On top of each are twenty-one small domes. Almost all the enclosed space had openings that were covered with large flags. Europeans are allowed to enter by the front entrance and climb to the top where in a balcony the whole interior can be seen. I made this trip and when I gained the balcony I looked down on a lively scene. Thousands of men, women and children were going and coming and performing their devotions on the flags below. In the center was a large receptacle filled with water. At the rear the whole end was filled up with a small chapel. On top were four gigantic white domes besides two tall towers with two small domes at the corners.

I got something to eat at a stand close by before going in, and I stayed here about an hour. Before I left one of the priests mounted the pulpit by a ladder and started to read from the Koran. On coming down I handed the guide a two-anna piece and was told it cost one rupee (thirty-three cents). After this I went down the main native street, passed a fine church, quite a nice building, bought some cards at a stand and went to the Queen's Park Gardens.

In a great open space at one corner a number of cricket games were going on. These being well worth looking at, I sat down and wrote a few cards and watched the games. Charidni Chawk is the name of the main street, where the

bomb outrage took place. When the cricket games were finished, I went to the station and found out about a train and then to a reading room near by and read several small papers published by Mohammedans. In one of these I noticed the following advertisement: "A Mohammedan B. A., LL. B., drawing a handsome salary, desirous of marrying a girl, wishes to correspond with her guardian with a view to matrimony, the girl to be: First, of respectable family from both sides, paternal and maternal; second, handsome; third, healthy; and fourth, from fourteen to twenty-two years old. Communications strictly confidential."

At 7 I had supper. After this I strolled the length of the main street. It was a sight I will not soon forget. There must have been thousands of small bazaars, lit up in every kind of manner. They used everything from a kind of tallow dip to electric lights. The streets are not lighted at all. I saw a number of people carrying lanterns. I shall not soon forget the wonderful display of color that the streets presented.

I then followed the street car track around till I came to the station. It was only 8, but I wanted to get my ticket so that I could get through the gate to the waiting room. On my asking at the window for a third class ticket for Lucknow I was told I would have to go around to the end of the building. On going there I saw a tremendous crowd fighting and pushing to get to the window and as I had plenty of time I concluded to wait. At 9 the crowd had thinned out, and I was able to purchase a ticket, and at 9:45 I got to the train. I was not so fortunate as to get a small compartment but had to take a seat in the main part of the car and it looked as if I would have my old experience in the freezing line. The car not only had no windows, but the whole upper part was lighted by shutters. These would be all right in the day time when it was hot, but a poor thing at night. At 10 we started. It was cold right from the beginning to the end. I would have frozen to death before morning, but luckily at 12 we changed cars and these were heated.

JANUARY 25. On the next train, I found a better grade of cars. These had windows and were not full of airholes. There was just room for me to crowd in and that was all. It was a mighty good thing I got into this car, as even at that I came near freezing. I could not help thinking of my peculiar position, being the only white person among this bunch of Indians. I have got used to people staring at me, or the many pairs of eyes that were focused all the time, would have been embarrassing. All things must end and so with this trip.

We arrived at 9. After spending a little time trying to figure out the time of the trains, I left the station. Just outside I found a stand and obtained something to eat, and then started for the main part of the city. The station must have been a couple of miles away from the main part of the town. I was greatly disappointed in the place, having an idea for some reason that it was a city of 400,000, but it appears like a great town. It has not even a street car. I wanted to locate an address given me by a man in Cairo. I kept going through the squalid native part until I finally ran upon a Church Mission High School. This was a fine building. I thought I would find some one here who could give me information, but they were all busy. Just beyond this I came upon a Methodist church. I saw a young fellow here, who directed me to my address, and I found out that I had more than two miles to go. I traveled along what appeared like a country road, first passing a number of villas, schools, etc., next a Hindoo Methodist Church. This was a good-sized building. I then came upon two fine hotels, "Civil and Military" and "Imperial." The first was built of red brick with white stone trimming and the other was of cement blocks, painted white, yellow and green. Both were long, low, rambling buildings, having porches, upheld by pillars, running all the way around. Just beyond these was a beautiful small mosque. It was only about thirty feet square, enclosed by a stone fence, three arched openings on top and three great domes, besides four slender ones at the other corner and a number of still smaller ones around the coping. The outside was covered with carving and mosaic work.



The sun was getting pretty hot and a little farther along I sat down in the shade and did some writing. It was 1 o'clock before I finally located the place I was looking for. The doors were all open and the room in the center looked very inviting, this containing a couple of tables covered with magazines. On knocking a couple of times, without any response, I walked in and made myself at home, reading until 2, before the head of the house appeared. After a few minutes' conversation I started back to town. It was just fine at this time and a gentle breeze tempered the heat. On coming back to the hotels I sat down opposite one and rested while I watched the passers-by. While sitting here a large elephant carrying seven persons passed. After this I turned off another road and shortly found myself in the aristocratic part of the town. I passed innumerable fine residences and palatial hotels, and then came upon an avenue lined with great stores, offices and buildings. Continuing along this I passed two splendid churches, one a Catholic and the other an English, then more beautiful residences. Coming to a little park, I sat down and watched the people for awhile. A little farther on, in a great grass covered field, above on elevations, were two mosques. These were built of the same material and of the same shape, but one was about twice the size of the other, in each case being a square, the center part surmounted by a great dome and a smaller one on each corner and four outside wings with small domes at the corners. On the other side, in the center of a beautiful grass plot, was a monument to Queen Victoria. The foundation was of cement blocks, eight feet wide, with steps leading up from every side. A low fence of marble ran around it with a small dome on the corners, then in the center on the marble platform, four feet high on a low pedestal, was a sitting statue of the Queen. This was covered by a canopy, upheld by four pillars; on top one great dome and four smaller ones, all of marble. Just beyond this park was another mosque. This was built of cement blocks, painted yellow with white ornamental trimmings. It must have had twenty wings in all and was approximately 500 by 200 feet.

In the center were two massive towers and three great domes. At either end were a number of smaller mosques of the same description, only this had one great dome. All around were beautiful parks and grounds.

After this, as it was getting late, I tried to find my way to the station. This was not an easy job as I had gone around and around and there were no street car tracks to guide me, but I at last made out, getting there just at dark. I had supper at a stand, then went into the station. As my train would not leave until 10 I had a long wait ahead of me.

I forgot to say anything about the country I passed through after daylight this morning. This was mostly flat and most of the land was under cultivation. In some places small patches were being irrigated. This was an interesting proceeding. The water was hauled out of cisterns in a great leathern skin by oxen or man power. In some places I saw men, women and children all hauling on the rope at once.

I wandered up and down the platform passing away the time until 10, when I boarded the train. There was an apartment supposed to hold twenty-two, and I had this all to myself. I cleaned my pockets of books, etc., piled these down, spread my handkerchief over them for a pillow, spread my coat down for a mattress and used my overcoat for covering and kept fairly warm.

JANUARY 26. Slept fairly well and awakened at 7. At 8:30 we arrived at Moghul Sarai where I had to wait until 11. We made a couple of stops after I got up. The last, Kasho, seemed to be quite a city. At this place the train crossed the Ganges, which must have been one-half mile wide at this point. What little country I saw was mostly under cultivation. On leaving the station I bought something to eat and then wandered around a little. There was only one street, which contained probably one hundred different small stands, etc. I went back of this through a couple of courts and examined a few of the hovels where the people lived. I could see no furniture of any kind in any of them. Going back I went up a little further where a large

brick building was in course of construction. There were four masons at work and boys not more than twelve were carrying mortar and girls about fourteen the bricks. All were barefoot and the girls had on fine leg anklets and several armlets and wristlets. Their dress consisted of one piece of thin red cotton draped around them. One Detroit bricklayer could lay more bricks than the four I saw working while I was there. A great pipe was filled and each in turn took a few whiffs. Going to the other end of the place I saw them making mortar which was nothing more than mud. The entire bunch of girls were carrying bricks in baskets to fill in between the foundation.

I then came around to the street and watched the busy scene. Among many other things was a goat with a couple of small kids, and there were a number of naked babies playing in the dust. I bought some fruit at one of the stands—a kind of plum and a pomegranate. After eating these I wandered up and down the station platform until my train came in at 12.

I obtained a whole compartment to myself. For some distance the land was mostly planted to grain, but after that was diversified and in small patches. Then I began to see where the many millions of Indians lived as it appeared like one continual village. The compartment I was in had seats along one side and a double seat along the center. I sat in one of the center seats with my feet upon one of the side seats and took comfort while I viewed the landscape. All the small patches were irrigated by means of cisterns and a long bamboo pole was balanced on a limb of a tree and a rope tied to one end.

The best houses of the Indians were made with tile roof. The homes deteriorated to small coverings of palm leaves just big enough to crawl into. About one-half of the land was taken up with orchards of some kind. There was fruit on the trees, but I could not make out what it was. In a great many cases it was red colored and great quantities were piled under the trees. At one stop I was going to curl up on the shelf and make myself as cosy as possible for the night, when a porter came and told me they were going to cut off a car and I would have to go up ahead.

I went up and down a few minutes, when one of the guards asked me what class I belonged to, and on my telling him, he consulted another guard and they said they would have to put me in an European compartment of a class higher, to which I had no objections as I had a good cushioned upper berth for the night, but I cannot help thinking of the different way in which the poor Indians were treated. They were piled in like cattle and I had to pay no more for the ticket than they did, and I heard afterwards that even if I paid less fare, the company had to reserve separate accommodation for me. After making the change I bought some fruit which was wrapped in leaves. I noticed this kind of wrapping paper in Delhi. Large leaves are pinned together with twigs. Being warm and cozy I slept most of the night. A couple of Englishmen were my companions most of the time, one a theatrical agent and the other a railroader.

JANUARY 27. Was routed out at 5 as we were nearing our destination and at 5:30 we pulled into the station at Howrah. This is across the Ganges river from Calcutta.

On alighting from the train I gathered information in regard to trains to other points, and noted the crowd until 7 when I started to find myself. I crossed the bridge over the Ganges river, which was right by the station. It seems for some reason they had been unable to build an ordinary bridge on account of the swiftness of the current. This bridge was built on pontoons and was about half a mile wide at this point. Lining the river on either side were docks.

Calcutta is not, like most people think, situated on the sea, but is about eighty miles up the River Ganges. Such is the depth of this stream that the great ocean-going vessels come up here. On crossing the bridge I kept along a street called Harrison for a couple of miles until I came to a branch of the Y. M. C. A. Along the whole distance the street was lined with bazaars and shops.

I had breakfast at one of these places. At the Y. I was directed to the Salvation Army hotel. Had to take a car along two fairly decent roads until I alighted at the cor-

ner of Esplanade and Changhree roads, the latter being the finest street in the city. Here are located most of the great hotels, stores and office buildings. The buildings were on one side of the street, a great park on the other. A few minutes' walk brought me to the main Y. I went up to the reading room awhile and then located the Salvation Army hotel, which was only a couple of blocks away, on a side street. On getting there I had to wait awhile for the captain, but when he came I made arrangements for lodgings. I then went back to the main street until I came to a great department store, Whiteaway & Laidlaw's, and went in and inspected it. This is the largest place of its kind in the city and will compare favorably with American department stores.

After this I went down to the main corner as I thought I had passed Cook's office, but it turned out to be something else. I then went over to the corner of the park and rubbered at the different scenes. This corner is called Dhurmuntollah. Across at the opposite corner from where I was sitting was a fair-sized mosque built of cement blocks, painted yellow. Down the center were two rows of great domes, ten in all. Around the sides were ten slender towers and at each corner larger ones. After sitting here awhile I had dinner at a stand, then not feeling much like sightseeing, as I had been five nights on the train, I went to the Y. and stayed there feasting on reading matter until 7. Then I went out and had supper and wandered around different bazaars until 9. I never get tired looking at the goods, people and costumes. I noticed a great number of men going bareheaded. These all appeared to be bright, intelligent-looking people and most of them well dressed, although wearing the native costume.

On going to my lodging I got into conversation with the captain and another gentleman, and it was 10 before I got to bed.

JANUARY 28. Rose at 8 after a poor night as I did not have covering enough and was cold. After a bath, which I sorely needed, I went down the street, bought some food in a small market, and went across to the park where

I sat down and made my breakfast, afterwards stopping awhile and watching the passing throng. I then took a car for the dock and passed some splendid buildings and parks, which I shall have to investigate later on.

After waiting some time I went aboard a small steamer which after a half hour's run landed us at College Ghat, right opposite the British College. Although this river is called Hoogly in reality it is one of the main mouths of the Ganges. The stream was almost choked with boats of every kind. On landing I walked up to some lumber piles, sat down and did some writing. I then went on to the great sight of this place—the big Banyan tree. This has nearly six hundred roots, large and small, reaching down from limbs, and has extended until it now covers a space of more than fifteen hundred feet in circumference. This is the most wonderful sight in the shape of a tree I have ever seen. I sat down under it and wrote some cards. I then wandered around until a little after 3, when I found myself at the exit of the park. I was almost stricken dumb by the luxurious growth of the great trees, the grand flower beds, small lakes, etc. I just caught a boat going back to the city and it was 4 when I landed. When I reached the wharf immediately in front I came up to the Grand Council building. This was two stories high, 500 by 200 feet, built of cement blocks and white marble, all white. There were innumerable wings and a great number of huge columns supported the portico. A little farther along was the Imperial Library, another fine building. This was built entirely of cement and painted white. Thirty great columns supported the portico. The next was the magnificent postoffice. On a building alongside was a tablet bearing the following inscription: "The marble pavement below this spot was placed here by Lord Curzon in 1901 to mark the site of the prison in old Fort William, known as the Black Hole, in which 146 British were confined on the night of the 20th of June, 1756, and from which only 26 were taken alive." This was fourteen feet ten inches by 18 feet. The postoffice was built of sandstone and marble painted white. It had two floors and was about 400 by 200 feet. The roof of the portico was

upheld by twenty great columns, as well as two great squares. On the top of the main part was a great dome. On one side of the street was a fine monument in honor of those who perished in the Black Hole. In front of the postoffice was a great square, about two-thirds of which was taken up by an artificial lake. Steps led down from all sides. All around the square were grand buildings. I obtained some stamps in the postoffice and sent away a few cards.

I must not forget to describe a fine old church at one corner of this square. It was built of stone, was not large and had a stone steeple and portico, but the entrance was upheld by four great pillars, all white. The square is called Dalhousie. Continuing along one side of the extension of this square is known as Government Place. Buildings line this place and on the west side a little farther along are the grounds of the Palace Government building. This is a great park and extends along for half a mile, and then there is another great park that lies across from the main street. I do not know how far this extends. I went to the market and had supper, then to the large park. As in Bombay this was full of crows. They are as plentiful as sparrows in America. After eating I went to the Y. and read papers until 9. There are a number of papers published here, and it seems queer to see half-naked boys peddling these night and morning. At 9 o'clock I went to bed.

JANUARY 29. On getting up I went to the market and bought some fine raisins, shelled walnuts and small cakes and went to my seat in the park where I made a sumptuous breakfast.

While I was there a great drove of cows passed by. They were all very poor and scrubby looking. After this I took a long walk on the main street, the park being on one side, and splendid buildings of all kinds on the other.

I at last came to St. Paul's Cathedral. This was situated in the park. It was quite large and built of red sandstone, and at the rear was crowned by a high steeple. On gaining the interior it was easy to see that this was

a rich man's church, as the seats were all large cane-bottomed chairs.

There were several fine stained glass windows. In the rear were a number of statues and tombs, and the walls were covered with tablets in honor of soldiers.

A little way on I noticed eight men carrying a great box. Everything that is possible of carriage in this manner is carried by men.

It is wonderful to see how these people can balance anything. As it was now getting hot I went back to the Y. where I wrote until 1. Afterwards went to the market where I had dinner at a stall, and then went to the Indian Museum. This was a very large building about 200 feet square, enclosing a small court. Most of the main floor was given over to a collection of stones, minerals and bones and relics of different animals. One wing called the Victoria Memorial was splendid. It was filled with hundreds of paintings and engravings, portraits and scenes of India. One gigantic painting thirty feet square represented a scene in the visit of the Prince of Wales to India in 1876. Another almost as large represented the Durbar of 1903.

A couple of other rooms were filled with statues and relics of Buddha. On the second floor, besides a very good collection of stuffed birds and animals pertaining to India, there was a splendid display of agriculture and manufactured products.

There was an attendant at each door and on passing these each would give a military salute. This was only for the whites. On finishing I took a seat in the lobby and did some writing. I then went to the Y. and wrote until 6. After supper I went back and read until 9, when I went to bed.

JANUARY 30. On getting up went to the market as usual, procured some food and went to my seat in the park, where I had breakfast. I then took a walk, passed the Thorburn Church, but could not summon courage enough to go in. Continued along on one of the native streets for a considerable distance, then going back to the church I went in and called on the minister.



After a few minutes' talk he sent me a couple of blocks farther on to a Mr. Lee, who with his wife runs a large mission known as the Lee Memorial Mission. It is called this in memory of six of their children who were lost in a flood some fifteen years ago.

Here I met a grand old gentleman, who made me feel right at home, and the breakfast gong ringing a few minutes afterwards, he insisted on my going to the table.

Besides his wife there were four other ladies from America—one from Michigan. After breakfast Mr. Lee and I had quite a conversation, and as I spoke of being engaged in writing a letter he took me up to the roof and after showing me some of the main points of the city insisted on my going into a room and finishing the letter.

I was not through when I was called down to lunch. On each occasion we were waited on by a barefooted man servant. After this I went back and finished my letter and then addressed and stamped some packages given me by Mr. Lee.

I then went down and had another talk with him, and afterwards went to the Y. where I read until 6. After supper I went back to the Y. and stayed there reading until 9, when I went home to bed.

JANUARY 31. The excitement of meeting and conversing with my missionary friends kept me awake most of the night. On rising I went to the market and procured some fruit which I had for breakfast. Afterwards stood for some time watching the operation of shoeing a couple of oxen. A light shoe is nailed to one side of each foot.

I then walked about half a mile down through a great park to one of the gates of Fort William, and spent an hour or so going around inside. It was almost like a city. Inspected the English Church, which is a fair sized building, and, like all the other churches I have entered here, it had its walls covered with tablets in memory of soldiers.

I passed out at what is known as Water gate. Looking toward the river and a short distance beyond was a fine boulevard. At this point on a fine mounted pedestal

was a monument (equestrian) of Lord Napier, and near this was a white pavilion. The roof was supported by four rows, thirty-four great columns. I sat down on the shady side and then for a while watched the life on the river. I then went along a driveway until I came to Eden Gardens, at one corner of the great park. At a bandstand here a band was discoursing sweet music, and I stayed until they finished, afterwards going to the Y. where I read until 12:30, when I went home and "dolled up" a little. Then went down through the market to a branch postoffice and got some stamps, then on to the East Bengal office where I obtained information in regard to trains, and from there went to Mr. Lee's, where I just had time to say "hello" to him when the luncheon bell rang.

There were the same number at the table as yesterday and we sat there about an hour and conversed. Going down to Mr. Lee's office he and I talked, between interruptions, until 4 when I walked down to Cook's office, and then down to the river and back by Eden Gardens where a dog show was in progress.

I climbed up on the fence and watched this performance for some time, then crossing the park stopped to watch cricket and tennis games. I then went to the market and had supper, afterwards going to the Y. where I read until 9, when I turned in.

FEBRUARY 1. On arising I went to the market as usual for breakfast, dividing a part of my food with two crows, which appeared to be very tame.

I then took a stroll along Bentick street for nearly a mile. This street was almost entirely occupied by small boot and shoe stores run by Chinese. None of these wear a queue and they were dressed like Europeans.

I stopped in front of a number of these places and watched them at work and then came back to the main corner of the park and waited for a ticket office to open.

While sitting here a moving van passed. This consisted of eighteen coolies, carrying, in ones and twos, different articles of furniture.

At 9 I boarded a car for Kali Ghat, the old temple that

Calcutta is named for. This was a long ride through the main street. We soon passed the business blocks, then the street narrowed and all degrees of poverty-stricken shacks were passed.

On alighting from the car I walked a half mile through another tortuous street to the temple, which comprised a number of poor, squalid mud-buildings.

I had to take a guide here, and in a little over an hour saw enough horrible sights to last me the rest of my life. First, there were the principal gods—Creator, Preserver and Destroyer. There were also a number of others. The sight of any of these would give a person the nightmare. Besides these there was the horrible condition of some of the priests.

I was shown a place where the goats and cattle were sacrificed. I had to smile at one place. In a room was a big old tree and every branch and limb was literally loaded with small pieces of stone and brick, tied to the limbs with human hair. These were all placed here by childless women. When the guide told me of this he said: "You probably think this is a joke." That is when I smiled.

The last sight was the bathing in the Ganges. At one time the river flowed by here, but has since changed its course, and now the old bed is filled by the tide each day.

Just below the temple in the pool there must have been 1,000 people in bathing. Any one can imagine the horrible condition of the water, especially when one remembers it is stagnant.

Scattered along the way there must have been a hundred beggars in every condition of filth and disease and self-inflicted mutilation. I was glad to get away from this horrible scene.

Boarding the car I went back toward the city. On passing the Y. I got off and read until noon. Although Mr. Lee wanted me to lunch every day I didn't care to go.

After dinner I wrote up my diary. I then went back to the Y. and spent my time until supper reading, afterward strolled along the main street and observed the passing throng until 9, when I went home and to bed.

FEBRUARY 2. After breakfast I walked down through some of the native streets, timing myself to get to the Thornburn Church at 8 for the service. This is a fine large church and will hold 1,500 people. Heard a very good sermon. After the service strolled slowly to the Y. where I read until 1, and after getting something to eat spent the time until 5 reading and writing.

Then went out and had supper and strolled back to the church, the service beginning at 6. Unlike the morning the church was now well filled. After the service was over I went back to the Y. and stayed until 9, then went to my lodging.

On going there I found a service in progress and went in and took part. At 10 I went to bed.

FEBRUARY 3. After breakfast I went to the Y. and finished a letter to Detroit. I then walked as far as the postoffice where I bought some stamps, then back to a ticket office where I procured a ticket for Madras, then to the corner of the park at the main street where I did some reading. After this I strolled slowly to Mr. Lee's, conversed with him a few minutes when we were called to luncheon, Mrs. Lee being the only one of the family there. It seems that they were in deep trouble at this time. One of the teachers who had been with them for several years had lost her mental balance and was giving them a lot of trouble, she being violent to-day.

After luncheon I went down to the office and read until 3, when Mr. Lee came down. He then told me something of his work. A native preacher came in while I was there. I promised to interest the Detroit people I knew in his mission. At 5 I said good-bye to Mrs. Lee. As Mr. Lee was going down town we walked together a short distance and finally we had to say good-bye.

I shall never forget this place. It has been an oasis in the desert. On parting with Mr. Lee I went to the market and then laid in a supply of provisions and then back to my lodgings. Had a short talk with the superintendent and then got together my baggage and took a car for the station.

At this point I will try to describe the great market here. In contradistinction to the one in Bombay this is in the European quarter and is a magnificent building of vast proportions. It must be one thousand feet in length and five hundred in width, and is modern in every particular and very clean; besides every variety of vegetable, fruit, meat, etc., there are groceries, milk, butter and then hundreds of stalls in the bazaar line.

I reached the station with an hour to spare. Spent a few minutes writing, then was able to get on the train, in a small compartment containing one Eurasian. In a few minutes a great tall Englishman came along. I spent the time until the train pulled out watching the crowd. It started promptly at 8.

I then conversed with my companions until 10 when I crawled up on one of the shelves and went to bed. This is a small compartment, having two seats along the sides and two in the center. They were each about six feet long and above each side seat is a rack the same length and width as the seats. It was in one of these racks that I composed myself for the night.

FEBRUARY 4. Slept very well and at 6 came down from my perch and began to take an interest in the scenery. The train was then stopping at a place called Kundra Rod, 300 miles from Calcutta, and from there on until it got too dark to see I watched the ever changing scenery. The whole distance was a contrast to the country seen on the way to the Delhi. For the most part it was flat and every available foot was under cultivation.

We crossed quite a number of streams and in some places there were fairly high hills. These appeared to have been set down by hand. Wells there were by the thousands, used for irrigating purposes. In some places, one, two and as high as three men helped lift the water. They did this by walking up and down on a long pole that acted as a fulcrum to elevate a great tub. The day was fearfully hot. From 9 until 4 it was just a case of grin and bear it. All along the people and different animals were taking advantage of every bit of water. I

envied them as I sat up in the car and cooked. There were no large cities. Wattarn was the largest. At this place, although we did not change trains, we change from a Bengal and Nagpur to a Madras and Southern Mahattrra. The engine hooked on the other end of the train and we went back a few miles. It was better this way, as we faced the engine, from now on. From this place, which is 550 miles from Calcutta and 500 from Madras, we seemed to be traveling through a beautiful valley with hills on either side, and I kept my eyes glued to the scene until too dark to see any longer. In the early morning the Eurasian left and during the day I had several talks with the Englishman.

There was no trouble to procure food, as at each stop there were a great number crying wares of every kind. At 7 in the evening a police officer came into our compartment. I being tired out, I lay down and had a nap, using my overcoat for a pillow. At 10 I fixed up my bed and turned in.

FEBRUARY 5. I slept fairly well as it was warm all night. Climbed out at 6 and then viewed the scenery once more. As I arose the train was stopping at a place called Bitrajunta and had 130 miles to go. This stretch seemed to be lower, there seemed to be plenty of water and quite a number of small lakes. Every foot of available land was covered with growing grain or grass. In some cases people were busy cutting this grass, using a hand sickle for the purpose. At one place the grain was being threshed by driving oxen over it. I noticed a few donkeys and two mules at work. At intervals I conversed with the police officer. At the first stop we made after I got up I saw a couple of women passengers taking a shower bath at the hydrant, looking like drowned rats when they finished. They were in the next compartment to us, and after the train started they took off their garments, wrung them out and then let them fly from the car window until they dried. In this part of India the country people live in villages. The houses were mostly built of mud with thatched roofs. In some places these were

round and peaked thatched roofs came down almost to the ground, looking not unlike our own Indian wigwams. At all these villages swarms of children in all stages of nakedness and semi-nakedness were to be seen. At 10 we pulled into the station just outside of Madras and here all had to get out and obtain a kind of passport. This necessitated visiting the health officer every day for seven days if one stays that long in the place. This is on account of Calcutta being a plague city.

At 11 we arrived in Madras. I boarded the street car and rode a couple of miles to the head of the street called Broadway, and then walked a few blocks to the Salvation Army headquarters. Here I was directed to the Y. M. C. A. A young American was in charge and I was successful in obtaining lodging. All the way from the station the street was lined with bazaars and small shops. The Y. is a fine building. After dinner I went into the reading room and stayed until 4, it being too hot to venture out before this time. Just across from the Y. in grounds that contain about 100 acres are two magnificent institutions, the high law courts and a law college. The latter has a couple of wings. All together I think the building must be 200 feet square and is built of red brick. There are three floors. The galleries are closed with the exception of arched windowlike openings. On top are two great towers almost like domes. The high court is such a huge affair that it is hard to describe. There is one great main building and six wings built like the college and on top there must be one hundred mosque domes, large and small. The grounds are covered with fine trees and flowers, a part being used for cricket and tennis. Across the street from the end of the last building is a Christian church and college, a fine collection of buildings with a frontage of 800 feet. These are built of cement painted red and yellow.

Across from the college on the back street is St. Giles Catholic church. Beside this is a high school and convent. The church, a low structure, was built in 1642, of brick and rough cast.

A low tower stands out from the building. Then

around the walls are a number of memorial tablets. There are two small altars, one of the Immaculate Conception, and the main altar, over which hangs a fine painting of the crucifixion.

On either side are fine stained glass windows. Adjoining this in the courtyard is the Armenian church, built in 1772. This is a small, round, rough cast building with a large dome. It was not open.

After this I went back past the Y. to another street leading to the station. On the right was a great bazaar, and on the left the sports ground.

At one place under some trees were a number of men and women making all kinds of baskets out of split bamboo. I watched them awhile, then went on the grounds where a couple of Brahmins were playing tennis. These were splendid players and it was a treat watching them.

I noticed a number of people here whose heads were shaved, and also noticed a number who have a figure something like a horseshoe painted on their foreheads.

After leaving here I went down the street, and then down a side street for a considerable distance, then back on the next street. On both these streets all the buildings, although only one story high, seemed fairly decent for a native quarter.

Most of the houses have a kind of gallery in front and in many cases a cow or two were stabled here. Getting back to the car track and going along a little further I came to the great Buddha Temple.

Nearly a whole block was surrounded by a wall. Images of cows and Buddha are all around, and from the outside I could see two great pagoda towers covered with figures of Buddha. I watched the people going in and out for a time and then went back to the Y., buying some food and eating it on the way.

What little I have seen of this place it appears more like a big town than a great city of 500,000 population. There are very few autos. The few carriages are hauled by men.

On going back to the Y. they were just closing up the reading room so I went into the billiard room and wrote, conversed and watched the game.



I then went to my room and did some laundry work. As I mentioned before, everyone carries his bed in this country, but I fared all right as I had a cot on which was a mattress and a light blanket. I conversed for a short time with a young fellow from Colombo who had been occupying this room, but was making a change, and I obtained some information in regard to that place. At 10 o'clock I turned in.

FEBRUARY 6. I arose at 6 and had breakfast, for the first time since reaching India, in a native stall; got a cup of tea and a couple of buns. I then went down Broadway to the health office to report. After this I came back to the Y., then started out along the avenue known as Beach Band road. This is like a country road, having trees on either side. I passed a field where a great crowd of soldiers were camping. There must have been a hundred big tents. I turned off this road on about 200 yards and I came to the Wallah Jah gate to St. George Fort. There is a wall, a moat and a drawbridge. I went in and spent nearly an hour wandering around, both on the ground and upon the ramparts. The Bay of Bengal is on the east side. I viewed this water for the first time. Coming out I sat down in the shade a few minutes and wrote in my diary. After this I cut across another road to the Central station, where I arrived in the city. I then went along across the river. Just on the other side is the Moore Market, a fine impressive building of brick, but nothing like the size of the one in Calcutta. Next to this is a magnificent building, the Municipal Hall, not quite finished. This is about 300 by 100 feet, three stories, built of brick, with the outside facing of terra cotta. The entire outside is one mass of small columns, arches and fancy work. On top, in the very center is a fine dome. A little further along is a fine Art School, one room of which is open to the public. There is quite a fine exhibit of silver and gold ornaments, carpets, hangings and pottery ceramics, etc. The next item of interest is St. Andrew's Church, situated in large fine grounds. This was built in 1820 and is now almost

black from the effects of the weather. It appears to consist of a great number of fluted columns. The main entrance is a great portico supported by eight round fluted columns and on top are three steeples. The roof of the church proper is dome shaped. The interior and main parts are covered with memorial tablets. Above and around are small painted windows and back of the altar is a fine large window with figures of St. Peter and St. Andrew.

Just across the way is the South Indian Station, where I will take the train for the South. I went across to a shed where a nice breeze blew and rested for some time. I then went in the station and bought a ticket for Tuticorin, the end of the railway, where I will have to board the ship for Colombo. After looking around a little I went aboard the car and rode past the Central station by a different road and then by the Y. to the Beach road and along this about a mile, passed on one side a number of fine buildings, notably the postoffice and telegraph office and several banks, customs, etc. I alighted and went on one of the piers and watched the busy harbor, then back to the car line, boarding the car and getting off at Broadway just past the Y., and went into a bazaar and bought some postcards, then went down Broadway to the branch postoffice, where I wrote a postcard to Detroit. I had dinner at the same place where I obtained breakfast this morning, afterwards going to the Y. It was 1 o'clock and very hot. I went into the reading room, wrote and read until 5, when I got my things together and went down street to wait a few minutes for a car. After reaching the station I bought some food and then went on the platform where I sat down and wrote until the train pulled out at 6:30. I got into a compartment containing two long seats and a ledge above. In a couple of minutes an Eurasian lady came in and proceeded to fill up all the seats. She only had two small trunks, two boxes, two lamps, two satchels, a bundle of bedding, etc. Then a man came in and the place was full to overflowing. The lady gave one of the coolies that handled her baggage a piece of money to pay them all

and he must have divided it wrong, for a couple came back several times arguing and gesturing. At the first stop the man left and another woman came aboard. She had several packages, etc., and among them was a huge hat box which was too large to get into the compartment. At this place the two women went into the dining car. When they came back one suggested that I go up on the upper berth, which I proceeded to do. About 11:30 one of the ladies got off and I hustled around and handed out some of her things.

FEBRUARY 7. Turned out at 6 after a fair amount of sleep. The train was then stopping at Tanjore, 220 miles from Madras. The next thirty miles to another town we passed a splendid looking piece of country, there appearing to be plenty of water and the land was all planted to rice. At the last town I bought some food and had breakfast. The next twenty-five miles the country was the same, and from there to a place called Dindigui it was more rolling and quite a number of hills were in sight. From there to Madura, thirty-eight miles, it was drier. We passed quite a bit of waste land. This was covered with cactus, and then right on through to Tuticorin, there was a splendid country covered with rice and cotton. At a small place there was a great temple with several small pagodas, and back of the town a great rock just like a boulder, but the mass of it must have been 1,000 feet cube. At 8:30 the English lady came to life and finally opened a conversation with me and we were at it hot and heavy until noon. I discovered she had been in India fifteen months and had traveled everywhere. I could not help thinking, what most people would have thought, of a woman traveling around a country like India. She told me that at first she had traveled first and second class, then had tried intermediate and finally figured that third class was good enough. She was intending to visit some missionary friends and expected to be met by them, but when we came to her destination there was no one in sight, so she went on to another town, but there was no one there. I certainly had to admire the

bold front she put on. There she was dumped off in a small town, probably not a white person within twenty miles, but she seemed to take it all good naturedly.

On arriving at Tuticorin we had to pass the doctor and a number of us had to go to the quarantine station, where we stripped and had our clothes fumigated. I then went aboard a launch, which presently started for the ship Bharta, more than three miles out. There was a high wind and most of the passengers were drenched and the boat rolled so badly that several of the natives were seasick. On coming aboard I located a place on deck and put down my luggage.

At 6:30 the ship started and at 8 three of us were given a good supper—a large plate of meat, potatoes and vegetables, plate of rice and curry and some pudding. As I did not expect anything this was a treat. The sailors then rigged a tarpaulin on one of the hatches, making a tent. This kept out the wind and at 9 I crawled in here and fixed up a bed.

FEBRUARY 8. I arose at 6 when the sailors were washing down the decks. After having a good wash I was given a cup of tea and some bread and butter. I did not sleep very well as I was worried. At Tuticorin they had insisted on my taking a return ticket as they said I might not be allowed to land. The boat drew into the harbor and anchored at 7. In the meanwhile I had passed the doctor, answering all his questions, and thought I was all right, but when I tried to go aboard the launch I was held back and then found out what the trouble was. No one, unless in possession of a ticket for some other point, or who had fifty dollars in his possession, is allowed to land. Well, it was easy for me to show this amount and I went aboard the launch.

On landing a young fellow kindly directed me to the Y. By 9 I had found the secretary, who told me he could put me up, and I sat in the reading room and conversed with a young man till 10 when I started out.

I went from the Y. along Chatham street, which is one grand business street. A number of fine buildings,

stores, banks, etc., line this street. On the end is a great clock tower like a lighthouse.

Queen street, another fine thoroughfare, crosses here. I turned out and then stopped and saw a soldier playing with a monkey. Then went on to the Austrian Lloyd office and found out I could leave Monday. I am glad I did not stop another day at Madras as I might not have found out about this boat and it might have been two weeks before I could get another.

After this I strolled around Queen street, passed some more grand buildings, notably two great banks and post-office and government buildings. The latter is a long low building with splendid grounds filled with flowers and foliage.

I next went to the dock where I landed, then along another business street to Cook's office. Here I changed some money, then went to the Y. and out Chatham street nearly a mile to the market. This is right in the center of the native district. There were two fair-sized buildings but not as large or fine as those of Calcutta. One building was given over to meats of all kinds and a few vegetables and fruits. There were lots of different kinds that I never saw before. I sampled a pineapple and a new kind of an orange but bought nothing. I then went to a stand and had some dinner and then back to the Y. M. C. A. It was now 1 o'clock and fearfully hot. I wrote on my Detroit letter until 4, then went out and watched a cricket game and then to the rear of the grounds on to Main street. Along this are the better class of native shops. A couple of blocks away in a side street is a Hindoo temple, having a long frontage. Over the grand entrance, which is in the center, is a massive tower, one mass of horrible figures. On either side are similar small towers. A couple of blocks farther on in a side street is a Mohammedan mosque, a building of red and white brick. On either side, about half way up, are four great red pillars. There are two fine entrances leading into the building, on the top of the building there are four great domes and eight smaller ones.

I then went into another street and went back toward

the main part of the city along by the docks and came to a shady place. I sat down and did a little writing and I then went down to the main part and watched the people.

A boat going to Australia was now in the harbor and quite a number of passengers were on shore. I then came back near the Y. to a small station and here I ate at a small stand. I am glad I shall not be here long as prices are out of sight. I have to pay a rupee (32 cents) for a bed, just twice as much as in India. The price of food is high in proportion. After watching the crowd at the station for a time I went back to the Y. where I read until 9 and then went to bed.

FEBRUARY 9. Arose at 7. After cleaning up as well as I could I went down to breakfast and afterwards read until 9, when I went to Main street and along this to the Pettie Wesleyan Mission, a walk of nearly a mile. On the way I was continuously shaking my head at rickshaw men and dealers who wanted to sell something. The streets were sprinkled with petroleum to keep down the dust.

I found a small church which would hold about 250, and including twenty sailors there must have been 150 in the congregation, all but the sailors and myself being native Eurasians. The minister was an old man. We had a very good service and at the end an infant was baptized.

On coming out I went back to the Y. It was now very hot and my umbrella came in handy. At the Y. I read and wrote until 11, when we had breakfast. On entering the reading room a young fellow with a monkey clinging to his arm was there. From 12 to 2 I was busy writing a letter to Detroit. I then tried to make myself comfortable till 5 o'clock when I took a walk down to Queen street, and then down a continuance of this, called Galle Face road. This runs for a mile along the beach and has a fine promenade of cement right alongside a carriage road and further over is a road for motor cars. On the first road were one and two horse carriages, rickshaws and bullock carts, and in these and on the promenade were the

elite of the city. All along were benches and I wandered along the whole distance observing the crowd.

At 6:30 I watched the sun set into the sea. At the end of this promenade is the Galle Face hotel, the grandest in Ceylon. This is three stories. There is a main building and two wings and it has a frontage of about a thousand feet and a depth of one hundred.

Off near the corner of the park were thirty cocoanut palms nearly one hundred years old. I stopped here long enough to hear a native band play a tune. Just before they finished the tops of the trees burst out into many-colored lights, electric bulbs being strung around the tops.

It was 7:30 when I returned and just in time for dinner. I entered into conversation with a young fellow and then a couple more broke in. It was 9 when I got up from the table. I had twinges of conscience as I had intended going to church. I then wrote until 9:30, when I went to bed.

This was another hot day. The original natives in this country allow their hair to grow long and put it up in a knot at the back of the neck, and wear a comb something like a sidecomb on the top of the head.

The Y. is a fine, roomy, rambling building situated in a great field that must contain one hundred acres. In front there are two gigantic trees, one a balle and the other a banyan.

FEBRUARY 10. Arose at 6 and after having something to eat went down to the docks to see if my boat had come. On not finding it I got on a tram and went to the end of the line, the car going out Main and Dam streets and Grant Pass road and the Kily Vida river.

I went through a small market here and then went to the bank of the river, where I watched bananas being unloaded from sampans. These were flat boats covered with palm leaves. I then went across the river and on either side was a tropical forest, mostly cocoanut palm with a few banana trees scattered about.

I went down to one side and watched a number of natives busily engaged getting trees into shape for boat

building purposes. On an elevated platform were a couple of logs, which two different crews of three each were cutting lengthwise with crosscut saws.

Each one of these natives was naked except for a breech clout. These men spend a day performing work that would be done in one of our sawmills in less than a minute.

After this I went back to the car line and then to the city. Went to the dock office to get news of the boat from Singapore to Manila and then to the British India office where I got my refund on the return ticket I had bought at Tuticorin. Then went down to another office where I received the "cheering" news that the boat I expected would not be in before Wednesday. This is disgusting, as I fully expected to get away tonight, this town being too expensive to suit me.

I then went down to the docks and wrote and watched the crowds until 11, when I went to the Y., where I read and conversed until 4.

Then took a long walk across an arm of the river to Slave Island, along New road, passed barracks and some fine residences, then along a narrow native street, next along another fine avenue to Union Place.

Here I located the Salvation Army offices, but none of the officers were there. I then proceeded along this street for about a mile, passing many fine hotels and residences, also the Y. W. C. A. building, which was built in bungalow style.

Coming back, when passing through a native street, I had supper and after getting back to the New road I went across a sports field and across a railroad track to the bank of the river. Here I sat down and rested for some time.

At this point there must have been hundreds of turtles submerged up to their heads, which were above water. To one side was a primitive ferry—a boat pulled across by a rope.

I then went down to Galle Face road and sat down on one of the benches and watched the sea and people until 8. Then I went to the Y., running into a Mr. Tracy from Hartford, Conn., and we conversed until 9, when I went to bed.



During our talk he advised me, if I could do so, to take a trip to Kandy, the ancient capital of Ceylon.

FEBRUARY 11. Rose at 6 and took a long walk, getting some breakfast on the way. Finally finished up at the main landing dock, where I watched the crowd until 9, when I went again to the ticket office and waited there until 9:30, but found out nothing. I was assured it would be several days before the boat would show up. I then determined to locate the Salvation Army and see if I could not get a cheaper stopping place. I happened to find the right man at headquarters who said he could put me up, but it was a long way out. I told him that did not matter, I would get to his place at night. I then went back to the Y. where I stayed until 4, when I went once more to the ticket office and now had definite news—the boat would not be in before Saturday morning. I then got on a tram and went out to the Salvation Army Home, going to the end of the line, which must have been four miles, and then walking another mile. The car ride was through the native quarters, passing the main railway station, a couple of barracks and then by a splendid lot of bungalows. On leaving the tram I found myself in the country.

The Salvation Army Home is within large grounds. Over these are scattered cocoanut, palm and banana trees. They also have quite a garden and keep cows and chickens. There was a main building of a dozen rooms and a number of smaller outhouses. A cot was put up for me in a room which was about 16x24 and twenty feet to the roof. About two-thirds of the floor was covered with cocoanuts. There was also a number of trunks left by tourists. There was another occupant of the room whose name was Whyly. He was a Scotchman and had knocked around over the country and all of the world. He had traveled over the United States from the Pacific to the Atlantic. At present he was temporarily embarrassed and was waiting for a ship to Australia. He had just come out of the hospital a week before. After a little conversation we had dinner, consisting of a goodly portion of fish, potatoes,

sliced tomatoes, campers' bread and a dessert of apple pudding. Afterwards a couple of native boys brought in a cot, spread matting, a blanket over it and gave me a sheet and a pillow. The major was all the time apologizing for everything being so rough; but the place looked fine and homelike to me. Whyly and I talked until nearly 9. I then strolled up and down in front of the house and after awhile went to bed.

FEBRUARY 12. A very heavy thunder storm during the night. Arose at 6:30 and after a wash read and talked till 8, when we had tea, consisting of a whole cup of tea, a plate each of bread and butter and some bananas. After this I wrote in my diary, read and conversed with Whyly till 12, when we had breakfast. A bowl of soup, a plate of rice and currie, sliced cucumbers, bread and pawpaw fruit. After resting awhile I did some laundry work, and then read till tea at 3. After this strolled and read till 7 when we had dinner. Afterward going out and rubbering at the natives, who looked after the farm and domestic work. They were all busily employed, cooking, bathing or looking after the domestic animals. At 9 I turned in.

FEBRUARY 13. Arose at 6 and having noticed a small outhouse suitable for the purpose, I obtained a pail of water and had a fine shower bath. I wish I could have had this place along with me all the time. After this I walked around until we had breakfast at 7. I then conversed with Whyly until 9, when I did some laundry work, then strolled around the grounds until 10, when I went in and read and wrote until 12, when we had breakfast, consisting of rice and curry, bananas, bread and butter. I then kept on reading until 3 when we had tea. Whyly and I then conversed until 4, when I put on my shoes and hat and took a walk of about four miles, first passing a crew of natives digging a sewer, next a vaccination station and contagious hospital; after this, the observatory and asylum. The latter is surrounded by a high wall which must be a quarter of a mile square. I next passed a number of golf links and bungalows. It was an enjoyable walk. The

sky was clouded over and what resembled a cool breeze was blowing. On returning it was just starting to rain and it afterwards came down in chunks, making a horrible din on the tile roof. At 7 we had dinner. I then read and talked to Whyly until 10, when we turned in.

FEBRUARY 14. Rose at 6. Had another good bath and then conversed with Whyly until 8, when we had tea. After this I strolled up and down for an hour, and then read and talked until 12, when we had breakfast. Then conversed with Whyly until 3, when we had tiffin. I then got ready and went down town. Got a check cashed at Cook's office and then went to the boat office, finding out that my ship would leave tomorrow at 10. I bought my ticket and went back to the home, it being nearly 6. Found that during my absence another boarder had shown up—a German fresh from Germany, who is a kind of freak, being a pronounced vegetarian.

I settled up with the major, then talked to Whyly until just before 7, when the boy fetched in the German's dinner. A fresh cocoanut was broken into and the water served for his drink and besides this there were scraped cocoanut, tomatoes and rice. At 7:30 Whyly and I had our last meal together. Afterwards I finished my Detroit letter and then talked with Whyly until I went to bed at 10.

FEBRUARY 15. Arose at 6 and said good-bye to Whyly. Walked to the tram, getting off at the Y. There I gathered up my belongings and went to the landing where I took a boat to the ship. I must not forget to say that the major at the home is a splendid man and used me white in every way. Shortly after getting aboard I had breakfast which consisted of a bowl of coffee and a portion of bread. I was given a large loaf and was told that that was my portion for the day.

After this I rambled around a little, then sat under the awning and watched a couple of crews unloading. It was fearfully hot. We were supposed to sail at 10 but did not get off until 12. This boat's name is the Austria and

is 7,600 tons burden, more than three times the size of the little Gastine. It also has a wireless apparatus.

I am the only European traveling deck, and there must be fifty Asiatics and one Chinaman. At 1 I had dinner consisting of a large plate of beans, a plate of soup, a plate of potatoes and some bread. This was handed out to me through a window of the galley and I ate it on the hatches. After this I watched the sea until 3, when I went upon the after deck and finding a platform, built back of the wheel house, I decided it would be a good place to camp and forthwith I brought my things and proceeded to enjoy a nap until I was awakened at 5 by thunder and thereafter the rain came down in chunks. The awnings began to leak which kept me hustling around to dodge the drops. It continued showery and was raining hard when I went down at 7 to see if supper was ready.

We were going around the island and were still in sight of land. Supper consisted of a huge slice of meat, maccaroni and bread. After this I talked a while with two young fellows who were above the common herd, then strolled up and down until 9 when I went and fixed my bed. I had it all made and by this time the sky was clear. I almost forgot to mention that before leaving the Salvation Army I gave Whyly a little money to buy tobacco for himself.

FEBRUARY 16. Was awakened about 1 by the rain which was coming down in chunks. I stuck it out awhile, but finally was driven below and sought shelter in the corridor by the galley, where I sat down and did some writing.

On the cessation of the shower I went back to my roost. The platform where I had been lying consisted of a number of short pieces of plank. These I turned over, obtaining a dry surface.

I then slept fairly well until 6 when the attention of flies woke me up. I watched the waterscape until 7 when I got up and went below and had breakfast.

Then a long talk with three superior Cingalese. It seems that they are not satisfied with the food and I tried

to reconcile them to this. Told them, among other things, the company charged us only about eighteen cents a day and we were getting mighty good value for our money.

I then promenaded the deck and went back to my lonely quarters where I read until 12, when I went down to dinner. After another promenade I came back to my perch and had a siesta.

I then read and wrote until 6 when I went below and conversed with the three until supper at 7. This consisted of a large portion of hamburg steak, lettuce salad and bread.

After this I strolled along the deck until 9, when I went up to my perch and settled down for the night. It was not so hot today as the sun was obscured part of the time.

In the evening there was quite a display of electricity which looked like another storm.

FEBRUARY 17. Arose at 6 as the crew were about to wash down the decks. Didn't rain in the night, although it was cloudy this morning.

Going below said "hello" to the three and then had breakfast—coffee and bread as usual. I then showed the three my collection of coins and conversed awhile, then went back to my perch where I read and watched the silent waves until 12. Then I went below and had dinner, consisting of macaroni and a mixture of potatoes and turnips and a hard boiled egg. The latter was contributed by the leader of my three friends.

After this I wrote up my diary. After promenading awhile I went back to my perch and took a siesta until 3, then read and watched the sea until 6, when I went down below and strolled along the deck until supper time.

I then lay back on the hatch for a few minutes and then strolled up and down the deck until 8, when I went to my perch. The cabin passengers must be either sick or shy, as nothing is seen of them.

The stewardess came down and was talking to the kitchen staff. It was amusing to me to watch her using her whole body in this performance. There was a strong wind and the sun was obscured part of the day.

FEBRUARY 18. Rose at 7, and went down on deck and had a good wash and then had breakfast. Afterwards talked to my three friends and wrote for awhile. Then strolled along the deck for an hour and watched a card game until 11:30 when I went to my perch where I wrote and figured until 12:30, and then went down to dinner.

Afterwards coming back to my perch I found the three also there. I showed them my collection of postcards. While doing this we met a boat. This could not have been more than a hundred yards away, and it was the very smallest I have seen out in the middle of the sea. It was no bigger than a good-sized tug. After this I lay down and had a siesta until 5 when the sun, getting low, started to shine under my covering. I then moved out on the hatch, lying there until 6; then back to my perch as the sun had gone behind a cloud-bank. After this I went down and after waiting a few minutes had supper of a plate of rice, meat and bread. I came very near being cheated out of my portion of bread as a small boy had appropriated it, but after considerable gesticulating I was doled out another. After this I lay back on the hatch and rested a bit, and promenaded for awhile. After doing some more figuring went back to my perch and at 9 turned in.

FEBRUARY 19. After breakfast I strolled toward the fore part of the boat. Noticing something of a disturbance, discovered that the cotton in one of the holds was on fire. This hold was being flooded, while the crew were busy taking the cotton out of the hold ahead. I asked no questions, but carefully came away and went back to my perch. I have no idea how far we are from land, but as we have wireless apparatus on board I presume calls for assistance have gone forth. I did some writing and figuring, talked to the three until 10 when I went down to investigate the fire. Found the crew had about one hundred bales of cotton on deck. The hold where the fire is raging is just ahead of the engine room. Water is being poured down the ventilators. As I asked no questions I

do not know what headway is being made. After watching the crew for a few minutes I went back to my perch and talked to the three and learned something of the condition of the working man in Ceylon and India. I was informed that thirty cents for a mason and fifteen cents for his helper would be good daily wages, and an ordinary coolie would have to hustle to pick up ten cents a day. After finishing I went to the foredeck and investigated the fire, but nothing was to be seen, of course. Water was still being forced down and the top of the hatch was flooded all the time. I presume the worst danger is that the heat may blow open the hatch. In that case it would be a hard job to save the ship, as it is blowing a strong breeze. After this I went back to my perch and talked to the leader of the three until about 1. I lay down for a siesta shortly afterward. I was roused up by a shout from the three, and just in time to see a small boat. This was just about the same size as the one seen yesterday. She was heavily laden, her deck being just a few feet out of water. At 3 I discovered a large boat apparently coming from the southwest, headed across our course as we were going almost straight east. This must be a cargo boat as we are going faster. At 4 I went down again to investigate the fire and found most of the officers and crew gathered about the hatch. In a few minutes the captain gave the word and at once the tarpaulin was thrown back and part of the covering of planks at either end taken off. This was an anxious time as the wind was blowing very strong from the fore, and the cabin superstructure was immediately behind this hold. As the hatch was open a great volume of smoke burst forth, but nothing deterred, six men—the captain, two officers and three sailors plunged in with hose in their hands and in a few minutes the smoke subsided, and it was possible to see what damage was done. Now all danger was over and the next business was to save as much of the cargo as possible. I was barefooted at this time and stopped long enough to put on my shoes. The natives not being allowed on the foredeck clustered around me to know if the danger was over.

On going back I watched operations until 6, bearing a

hand once in awhile. Most of the top cargo consisted of different sizes of rope. This, along with a few boxes of beeswax and about fifty bales of cotton, were thrown overboard, and then both sides of the deck were covered with merchandise billed for Penang, our first stop.

The fire originated in the cotton, which must have been damp when loaded. The captain and men were dressed in spotless white uniforms which were mighty queer looking when they came out.

During all this time the first class passengers, which consisted of two Americans and their wives, were on the upper deck, just back of the burning hold. Once when changing the hose from one part to another they all had a taste of the contents, but no one minded as the water was not cold. At 6 I went to supper, then went back to the hold, but all was quiet. At 7 I went up to my perch and read the log. I forgot to state I had done this at different times during the day and found out we had been making about 11 miles per hour. I then talked to the three awhile and turned in at 8. I now realized we had escaped a great danger.

FEBRUARY 20. At 1:30 a cry from my three companions drew my attention to a great rock on their side of the vessel. Shortly after I noticed a disappearing light from my side that must have been a lighthouse.

I arose at 6 and at 7 read the log, which showed 135 miles in twelve hours, almost eleven miles per hour. I wish I had kept track from the first. Most of these logs have double dials showing both the units and hundreds, but this one shows only units. I then went down and had breakfast, afterward wrote up my diary. I should have noted that the natives, excepting my three friends, are all Tamils and will not eat or handle anything outside of their caste. After the cooking is done for each meal, a few of their people take possession of the kitchen and cook for the crowd. After finishing writing I went up to the foredeck finding the burnt hold as I last saw it in the evening. I then strolled about for an hour, then to my perch where I conversed with the three until 12, when I



went down to dinner, which consisted of two plates of rice and a bowl of bean soup and bread. I then promenaded for an hour and afterward went to my perch where I slept and read until 4. At this time a boat hove in sight, gradually overtaking us. This proved to be the *Africa*, belonging to the same line as ours, which left thirty-six hours later than we did. Although not much more than one-half the size of this boat it travels a good deal faster. About 5 it was abreast and the two vessels were signaling. I then went below and promenaded the deck until 6, when I had supper, afterwards going to my perch and watching the moon rising on the water. I then joined the three and we sang songs until 8, when I went below and had a stroll, going up into the foredeck to take a last look at the *Africa*, the light of which could just be seen. At 9 I turned in.

FEBRUARY 21. I had just gone to sleep when I was awakened by a terrible din, which turned out to be a couple of the crew serenading me. I looked at my watch and it was just 11. The two kept up the concert for probably an hour. I arose at 6:30, read the log and found we had made 160 miles in fourteen hours. I then went down below and promenaded for a few minutes, when I had breakfast. The wind had risen in the night and was now blowing a gale and this made it nice and cool. At 7:30 the outline of the land came in sight.

After eating I promenaded awhile and then went to my rest and wrote and watched the land. We slowly drew near and began to pass a great number of small narrow boats, almost like canoes, some of which had sails. The land seen to our right is mountainous and covered with a thick growth of trees. At 10 we took on the pilot and were just abreast of the outskirts of the city of Penang. After we took on the pilot we passed along the city to the other end, when we turned around slowly and worked in closely.

Penang is situated on an island with a strip of water about a mile wide separating it from the main land. It was in this spot we were manœuvring.

At 8 a doctor, accompanied by three assistants and a Chinese woman, came aboard and we were counted and examined. The Chinese woman was dressed in a long, brown, silk blouse and loose trousers and wore European shoes and stockings. The trousers came to within a few inches of her shoe tops, her hair was beautifully coiffured and gold hairpins held it in place. It was not until 12 that the crowd of touts and money changers came aboard. We then lost all of the Indian passengers and took on some Chinese instead. At 12:30 I had dinner. After this had to hurry back to my perch as the Chinese were taking possession. I marked off my berth and then came down and watched them starting unloading operations. The ship is surrounded by small boats which are mighty queer-looking affairs, almost like a canoe, and a number of native sailing vessels are continually passing. These were provided with tough-looking sails, looking as if they had been through the wars. The native boatmen wear flat hats that look like umbrellas. Coolies who are looking after the unloading of the cargo are Chinese.

At 4, being tired, I went up to my perch and slept until 6. At this time the three Chinese who share my stand are having supper. The sun is sinking behind the mountain back of the town and there is a nice breeze. I got down and watched the unloading for awhile and then had supper. I then wandered around rubbering and had a long discussion with a native steward. I then sat on the hatch abaft and listened to some one thumping the piano, and watched the animated scene around, when I turned in.

FEBRUARY 22. I rose at 6, after a good night's rest, and went down below. Strolled around awhile and then had breakfast. Got fixed up and went ashore with three of the crew. Penang is an island at the northwest extremity of the strait settlement on the Malay Peninsula. It has a population of 125,000, mostly Chinese. Just to the right of the landing stage is a splendid building, housing postoffice, telegraph office, etc. The next street to the shore, running parallel with it is Beach street and contains most of the great banks, shops, etc. There is a

branch of Whiteway & Laidlaw, of Calcutta, on this street. I went along for upwards of a mile. On the latter part of the way were restaurants, bazaars, etc. I stopped in one of these and bought some cards. Got to the market running through toward the beach. I went out to the shore road and then continued along this until I came upon a Chinese Temple. The shore was lined with native boats of all kinds. The tram line runs along this street. The temple is back from the street, there being a beautiful yellow and white stone wall surmounted by high fences in front. The building is small, about 60x30 feet and 20 feet high. It has a steep, pitched roof. Two sets of stone steps lead to the entrance and a sloping roof comes out over this. There are six small columns along the steps. Under the roof are hung a great many beautiful lamps. The walls are covered with fine paintings. The roof is a mass of enameled crockery, dragons and other figures. A little further along I noticed a strong smell of fish and came upon a great open space covered with boards and this was loaded down with millions of different kinds of fish drying in the sun. Just beyond this the car track turned to the right into the Penang road. I followed this for a mile to Gladstone road. The first street was lined with small shops which carried ship supplies. Gladstone road ran into Dato Ramata road, a wide street lined with fairly good-sized buildings. A short distance along this I came to a great Buddhist Temple. In front is a stone wall eight feet high and 150 feet long. There is a small entrance here about 50 feet long leading to the entrance into the temple.

There is another stone wall here about fifteen feet high, having a frontage of 100 feet. Above the first entrance, which is brick, is a small Buddha surrounded by figures of elephants and gods. Over the inner entrance is a great tower covered with a number of figures. On the walls are also three other towers covered with gods. Within the grounds are a number of beautiful palms. On either side of the street are various ditches lined with cement. These are the sewers. I sat down on the sidewalk with my feet resting against the side of this ditch and wrote a description of this temple.

I forgot to mention that just after landing, when turning into Beach street, part of the Penang Fire Department came along, a combination engine and ladder outfit, run by a motor.

While I was sitting in this ditch a huge motor sprinkling car passed me. This city must be right up-to-date. On going on a little farther I turned off in a side street and I went along this to the end and back on another street. These streets are lined with small native houses, built up from the ground on poles about 6 feet high. I then continued along the car track, shortly coming to grand houses, all built on blocks and having spacious grounds. It was now getting fearfully hot and I stopped in the shade for a few minutes to cool off. Just beyond where I was sitting was a large sports field containing a band-stand, a fine monument of David Brown, one of the great men in the early history of this country. Coming to the branch postoffice I went in, bought some stamps and sent away a number of cards. Just beyond this is the prison, which is surrounded by great walls, and here the tram line ends.

I then followed the beautiful avenue for more than half an hour, coming at last to the Catholic cemetery, and what I was heading for, the foot of the great hill beyond the town. Along this avenue, which is called Western road; are splendid residences, in spacious tree-covered grounds, most of the trees being cocoanut palm. Just at the edge of the cemetery is a small chapel. I took a seat on the steps of this and rested while I admired the beautiful surroundings. Beyond the small cemetery is a grove of cocoa palms. These run along to the foot of the hills, the sides of which are covered with a heavy growth of trees. Right up on the very peak which must be about a thousand feet above the sea, is a small cluster of buildings. After this I walked back to the car line and boarded a car for the jetty, going part of the way along the beach. Going out this morning the tide was out and the bottom could be seen forty rods from the shore. Now this was covered with water. We passed a splendid building containing the offices of the Federated Malay States Railway. On landing at the jetty I wandered around a little and

then went into a small market close by, where I had dinner. Here I found a table covered with fine eatables costing a cent apiece and I had a very good feed for a nickel. I then went along Light street, passing a number of grand banks and office buildings, stopped at the Supreme Court building, a huge structure of many wings, towers, etc. I found the public library in one of the wings, went in and read until 3, when I sallied forth again and walked along Light road, which follows the shore line. It was a continuous procession of grand residences, hospitals and public buildings, ensconced in beautiful grounds. I passed three different sport grounds and stopped to watch games of tennis, football and croquet. I came back on a different road and followed the shore to the jetty, then on to the railway office where I looked over some time-tables and maps. The railway starts across the strait on the mainland and a ferry takes passengers across. I then took another long walk, winding up at the jetty, where I boarded a small boat for the ship. The water was very rough and it seemed like a miracle to me how the boatman kept his small craft from capsizing. On arrival at the ship I soon got rid of surplus clothing and had a good wash, and then conversed with the three until supper time. While I was eating I had a chance to see how coolie labor is handled, as the foreman cuffed several on the side of the head a few times. After supper I went up to my berth and conversed with the three until 9, when I turned in.

FEBRUARY 23. Arose at 7, had breakfast, then went up to my perch and read and enjoyed the beautiful summer scene till 11. At this time a new arrival, the "Clan MacIvor," of Glasgow, came in from the west and anchored near us. Two boats came in during the night, one of them a large passenger boat. These are now busy discharging cargo. I was for going ashore to church, but it is not certain when we will sail and I could not run chances. Part of the time I had been reading a copy of the Montreal Witness which I obtained in Colombo.

At 12 I had dinner, consisting of rice, soup, sauerkraut

and bread. Just after I finished the coolies were fed rice mixed with curry, which they ate, using their hands instead of knives and forks. At this time a great raft passed, towed by a tug, and was taken ashore farther down the harbor.

After this I went up to my perch and took a siesta until 4 when I conversed with the three till 6, then went down to supper. Later I hunted up a pail and went back to my perch and did some laundry work, then conversed with the three till 9, when I turned in.

FEBRUARY 24. Arose at 6 and after breakfast I wrote on my letter to Detroit till 11, when I had to quit, being too nervous to hold the pencil any longer. I then talked with the three till 12, when I went down to dinner. Then came back and took a siesta till 3, when I had to move, as the crew had started to fill the hold near our camping place. On looking over the side a whole barge load of sacks of peanuts were to be seen. These nuts are smaller than ours, and although not roasted, taste fairly good. During the loading a sack fell overboard and for a wonder there were no small boats at hand, and as there is a swift eddy through the strait, the sack was nearly out of sight before a boat came along and was started in pursuit.

This morning we heard the ship would leave tonight or in the morning, while tonight an old Chinese checker said it would not leave for two or three days. This is a serious matter to me as the boat I intend to take from Singapore leaves on Saturday, and I want some time in Singapore. I would not mind waiting until Wednesday morning as I would have plenty of time then. The trouble is I do not know for certain whether the boat for Manila carries deck passengers. If it does not it would pay me better to go to Hongkong by this same boat and then to Manila. The three went on shore at 4. After that I sat in the ship and ate peanuts and watched the loading operations till 6, when I went down to supper.

I then strolled up and down the deck for a while and watched the hurrying throng of stewards and others for a time.

At 8 the three came back and I went up and talked with them till 9, when I turned in.

FEBRUARY 25. I arose at 6. Before this the boat-swain came along and made me feel good by saying we would leave today. After strolling around awhile I had breakfast at 7 and then went up and conversed and watched the scenery until 10, when I went down below and watched the loading operations until 12. Just before this a number of Chinese passengers came aboard.

There were three women among them and each had a baby on her back. At this time another boat, belonging to the same line, came from Singapore and anchored alongside and all the officers and crew signaled back and forth for some time.

At 12:30 a Japanese boat heaved her anchor and started for Rangoon. Altogether there must have been nearly fifty Chinamen on board. The lower deck was littered up with their cooking pots, wood, provisions, etc.

At 2 we finally pulled up anchor and started and I laid down and watched the shore until 5, when I went down to the lower deck and watched the Chinamen preparing food. There were two great receptacles for the fire and on top were cauldrons filled with rice and curry. When they had everything ready I envied them their food as besides the rice and curry they had eggs, sandwiches and melons. All the men and a couple of small boys about four years of age sat down on their haunches and went at it with chop sticks, and it was a comical sight to watch the two small boys.

After watching the chinks till they finished I went back to my perch and did some writing until 6, when we went down to supper, the best meal we had had for some time.

After this I sat down in a boat alongside the rail and conversed with one of the three while I enjoyed the sight of the moon shining on the water. I turned in at 9.

FEBRUARY 26. After a fairly good night's sleep I was awakened by the patter of raindrops and we all had an exciting time until 7, when the last shower was over. I

pushed my baggage into a corner and covered it up as well as I could with papers. I then put on my overcoat and held an umbrella over my head and let it rain. There was a great scurrying around among the Chinese.

At this time a large steamer came abreast on the port side, but she gradually forged ahead. At 6:30 I read the log and found we had covered 165 miles in fourteen hours.

At 7 I went down to breakfast, after which I promenade the whole deck for an hour. At this time cooking operations were being carried on by the Chinese. The Chinese babies are a comical sight, being dressed in pants and blouses like their parents. After this I went back to my perch and read and wrote until 11. I then talked to the three and watched the land on the left until 12, when I went down to dinner.

After a short stroll I read until 6 and went down to supper. This consisted of a plate of meat, dumplings and bread. Afterwards I read until 7, then conversed with the three until 9, when I turned in.

FEBRUARY 27. At 4 some of the crew took in the log so I knew we were nearing Singapore. Arose at 5 and got ready to disembark. At 6 we took on the pilot. Islands all around us. At 7 I had breakfast. We steamed slowly in and tied up at 8, not in at the dock but close up against another boat. This operation was a very ticklish piece of business. On the deck was a gang of Chinese women tearing up a portion of the flooring and carrying away the stuff. For the latter purpose they used a couple of baskets slung on poles.

At 8, having to go through no formalities, I went ashore. The town is a couple of miles from the dock so I boarded a tram which set me down at the postoffice. At 9 the office opened and I got a letter that had been posted in Detroit on November 14. After reading this I had some money changed and went to a ticket office where I procured a ticket to Manila. Although the distance was 200 miles less than from Colombo, it cost me three dollars more. I then took a walk back to the postoffice just outside of which I bought some cards, went in and wrote and posted the same to Detroit.



I then took a long walk and passed a number of grand buildings, notably the city hall, opera house and Hotel de Europe. The former was a huge structure of stone surmounted by a great tower. A little farther along was the St. Andrews' cathedral, the largest Protestant church I have seen in the East. It is situated in fine grounds and is built of stone and topped with a fine steeple. The interior is inclined to be after the luxurious order, there being a grand altar and three superb windows behind this. I passed a great number of stores, shops and bazaars, conducted mostly by Chinese, and turned off into a fine street.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has a fine building here. I went in and was directed to the Y. M. C. A. At a corner of this street, at Stamford road where I turned off for the Y. M. C. A., is a splendid three story brick building belonging to the Methodist Publishing Co. Just a short distance along the Stamford I came to another magnificent building, the Raffles Library and Museum. I went in and read till 3. The building is on an elevation in fine grounds and must be 300 feet long by 100 wide. There are two floors and it is built of red sandstone and in the center is a splendid dome.

While I was there we had several heavy showers. To one side up a side street on a hill is the Wesley M. E. Church, a beautiful building, and the next building to the Library is the Y. M. C. A., a fine large institution containing two floors. I went in and found on the main floor a reading room, billiard room and small cafe, a game room and the office. I stayed in the reading room until 6 when I went out and had supper and took a long walk out towards the outskirts and passed a large number of Chinese shops, bazaars and restaurants, also some fine hotels and splendid residences. Coming back at 7 I just missed another heavy rain. I then read till 10 when I inquired about lodgings.

I was told there was no one in authority around. As I had depended on this place and looked up nothing else I was up against it. I studied a few minutes and then concluded to go back to the dock and go aboard the Austria. I walked about a mile, then took the tram. Going some distance past the place, had to walk back and it was

11 before I reached the dock only to find the Austria had gone. As there were other ships there and loading operations were going on I made up my mind to stay until morning. Coming upon a truck not in use, I placed some matting over it, pushed it up alongside of the warehouse and prepared to obtain what rest I could. At 12 the crew that was loading the boat immediately in front of me quit for supper, and a few minutes afterwards a dock policeman came along. He could not talk much English, but he must have understood what I said for after looking at me a few minutes he went away and did not bother me any more.

The crew came back after awhile and kept at it until morning. I slept very little, although dead tired, as I was a little afraid some one might touch me for my watch and money. The crew were mostly Chinamen and I had a very good chance to see them work. There were ten of them doing what one American would consider easy work.

FEBRUARY 28. At 6 I walked back to the city. As it was about three miles it was 7 when I struck the market, not far from the postoffice. Here I had breakfast. I then went on a little further to the boat landing, stayed here for a few minutes and watched a lively scene. While doing so a man passed, whom I took for an American, and he looked at me pretty hard. In a few minutes he came back and asked me what part of the States I came from. We then got into conversation and he told me he was from Texas, but had been wandering around the eastern country for a year. On asking me where I was staying I told him of my experience, and he mentioned the name of a place where I could stay, and offered to guide me to it as he had nothing to do.

We spent an hour walking right out to end of Beech street, and then back by North Budge road, but did not find a place. It appeared that it was in the other direction.

We had a fine walk and talk. Most of the way was through the native quarter. Beech street especially was lined with small buildings, which appeared to be much alike.

There were bazaars of all kinds, restaurants, native

lodging houses and small manufacturing plants. I found that my Texas friend had no use for the natives or missionaries, especially the latter.

On coming upon the Sailors' Home I went in and inquired about lodging, and also the location of the Boustead Institute, that being the name of a place my friend had in mind.

I then went to the Library and read until 12 when I went down to the market for dinner, having a couple of plates of rice and curry. As far as food is concerned this is a very cheap place.

I went around the market rubbering for quite awhile, and then went into the postoffice and did some writing. Next to the Y. and was held up some time on the way by a very heavy shower.

I stood for half an hour under shelter and then being tired I hoisted my umbrella and bolted forth. The rickshaw men all had a good bath, but as it was warm it did not hurt them.

On gaining the Y., I read and wrote until 7, when I went downtown and got something to eat at a stall and then went to a place where I had promised to meet the Texan. Shortly after I got there it started to rain and although I waited until 8 my man did not show up: While standing here a continual stream of rickshaws was passing.

I then went to the Sailors' Home, a block away, and conversed with a couple of fellows until 10 when I turned in, but not to sleep.

I talked quite awhile to another man there and at 11 an English sailor came in and talked until late. I had to listen to the horrible language he was using. Every three words were filthy. I went to sleep at last.

The day was very hot tempered by a few showers.

MARCH 1. Rose at 6 and started for the Botanical Gardens. Had something to eat on the way. Went out by the Y. and onto a street called Orchard road, which I followed for a couple of miles, passing first through the native quarter of shops and then into the suburbs. Here

were beautiful residences amid large tree-covered grounds. Coming to a seat, in the shade just inside the gate, I sat down and rested while I watched the passersby. I then went on about a mile farther, coming to the end of the road. Asked a man here in regard to the Garden and he told me I was going wrong. As it was getting mighty hot and I had a long walk back to the Y., I passed it up, especially as I had seen a mighty good imitation of a garden all the way along. It was 9 when I struck the Y., and I read until 12, when I went down to the market and had dinner. I then went to Johnston's pier and landing jetty and watched the animated scene. An old Chinese woman appears to act as customs inspector and as I am writing this account, she is sitting in a chair cross-legged, busily sewing.

I stayed on the jetty until 5, as it was nice and cool, there being a strong wind blowing. While here I saw every kind of people, also witnessed the smashing of a boat belonging to a poor coolie. A couple of fine looking Japanese women came along. They must have spent several hours fixing up their hair and each wore a kimono-like garment. This fell to within six inches of their feet. One garment was white with black dots and the other white with black stripes. They were barefooted and wore wooden sandals.

At 5 I boarded a car and went out as far as the dock and then walked on another mile, looking for Boustead Institute, only to find that I was wrong and I had a walk back of about a mile. I located the place finally and had supper. I then went to the Institute, which is a magnificent building of three floors. I sat down at the table and read until 9, when I went up on the second floor and wrote while a bed was made up for me. Cots were brought out into the large room used for mission services. These cots were a novel affair to me, inasmuch as they have a framework, over which netting is hung to keep the mosquitos out. At 10 I turned in.

MARCH 2. At 7 I got up and started uptown and had some breakfast on the way. When I reached Johnston's

pier I went on the landing and enjoyed the breeze. Stayed there until 8:30, when I started for the Wesley M. E. Church. I timed myself, arriving just at 9, when the service was supposed to start.

I was in time to take part in the closing exercise of the Sunday School. Afterward we had a splendid sermon and service conducted by an American.

On the service ending I went to the Y., and stayed there until 6, reading and writing. I then started for the dock to see if my ship had come in. This was a long walk of nearly three miles.

I went the length of South Bridge street, passing two magnificent government buildings.

A little farther along I came to a temple which had a high stone wall one hundred feet long. On the top were a few images. At the entrance, which was in the center, was a great tower covered with animals, buddhas, etc. As I passed the entrance I had a glimpse of scattered small buildings within.

It was 6:30 before I reached the dock where I was informed my boat would not arrive until tomorrow. I then retraced my steps to the institute a few blocks away.

Had supper at a Chinese stall, then went to the institute where I read until 8. Hearing singing upstairs I went up, and joined in the service, which was splendid. They sang a dozen old favorite songs, and then we had a talk from an American. I afterward read for a little while and then went to bed at 10.

MARCH 3. Rising at 7, went across the street to a Chinese stall where I had breakfast.

It was raining heavily so I went back to the institute and read until 10, then down to the dock and found my ship, and was informed she would leave tomorrow. Went back to the institute where I read until noon.

After making a dinner of some kind of a confection obtained at a stall I went at my Detroit letter and finished it at 3. As the rain had now let up a little I went up-town and posted my letter, and went across to a jetty where I watched the crowd awhile. Tiring of this I went

to the steamer office and got my overcoat and baggage that I had left there and was told I would have to go aboard the boat tonight as it left very early in the morning.

I started for the institute, when the rain came down in torrents once more. Stopped in at a shelter for a few minutes, but as it showed no signs of letting up I finally struck out and by the time I reached the institute my shoes and trousers were wet through.

I then read until 6 when I went down to the ship. On going aboard I was at once asked for my ticket, and one of the stewards took me in hand and traveled nearly all over the ship. Then I was turned over to the boatswain, who took me below to the firemen's quarters.

Here, in the course of half an hour, a bunk was rigged up and I was provided with a tick, pillow and blanket. I then tried to get some supper, but it was too late and I wandered up and down the dock until 8 when I turned in.

MARCH 4. This is the day President Wilson is inaugurated. Had a fair night's sleep, although every time I woke up I could hear it raining.

I rose at 7 and tried to find out about breakfast. This is the worst boat I have struck yet. Apparently not a soul can speak English. After chasing around for nearly an hour I finally obtained a small chunk of poor hard bread.

The rain stopped at 8. I notice by the bulletin that the boat will not leave until 6 this evening. The rain must have interfered with the unloading of the cargo.

After breakfast I went on the dock and wandered around and observed the busy scene.

At 9 it started to rain once more and at 10 I went aboard and found this was the dinner hour. I was given a large dish of vegetable soup and a dish of meat, potatoes and beans. Here was more than I could eat, so I divided up with one of the poor chink coolies.

On taking a look at the notice board it now stated we would sail at 4. If it had not been raining I might have taken a trip uptown. As it was I wandered over the ship awhile, and then on to the dock and back again.

I conversed for a short time with a couple of Americans who were traveling first class. A couple of men in small canoes interested a bunch for awhile in diving for pieces of money.

In the dockhouse every kind of curio is displayed for sale. There seems to be quite a crowd of passengers. Among them I notice two monks, a priest and two nuns. The two latter are splendid looking, vivacious Spaniards.

I also watched the unpacking and setting up of a couple of Ford motor cars.

At 2 I went as far as the institute where I read until 3:30, when I went back to the ship, and at last we finally pulled up anchor and got under way at 5.

I then got into conversation with one of the Americans. There were two of them who had been out in the Philippine Islands since 1900, and were just coming back from a furlough spent in the States.

At 5 I had another dinner—a huge dish of soup and a dish of some kind of stew. I then watched the progress of the boat out of the harbor. This must have been shallow as we moved slowly.

As we were going away from the dock a man and boy showed marvelous skill in diving for pieces of money. At 8 I went below and turned in.

We are still moving slowly, and are in sight of land. Several ships are round about us, and the rain keeps pattering down. With the exception of about an hour this morning it rained all day.

MARCH 5. At 6 I got up and rustled a cup of coffee and a couple of biscuits for breakfast. I find that this boat goes a great deal faster than either of the Austrian Lloyds and as a consequence pitches and rolls considerably. After eating I sat down on some raised ventilators near the galley and observed the leaden sky and sea. I was in luck to get a bunk with the crew as every place on deck is sodden with water. There are four poor Indians on one of the hatches who, although having tarpaulins over them, are nearly flooded out. I stayed by my ventilators most of the time till we had first dinner at 10, most of the time

having as a companion a young Indian boy apparently about sixteen years of age, having a bright smart pleasant appearance.

It is quite a sight watching the crew at meals. About forty seat themselves along the decks on low individual seats singly or in crowds and they throw enough food overboard to feed at least a dozen. Certainly no one can complain of being hungry. At this meal I was given a large dish of vegetable soup, a dish of rice, and a kind of curry besides my portion of bread. After eating I sat in the same place until after 12 just rubbering, then I found a magazine and read most of the time until 5. I moved to the after deck and while reading also had the privilege of seeing coffee roasted for the ship's use. A small heater was used, to which was attached a revolving drum. This drum would hold about twenty pounds of coffee.

At 5 I read the log and found we had made thirteen knots an hour. I then had a second dinner and afterwards strolled up and down the deck awhile and spent the remainder of the time till 8 observing the passengers, when I turned in.

MARCH 6. Arose at 7. The ship rolled fearfully and I felt tough. The food had been too heavy and greasy. If I could have got a hold of something sour I would have been all right but in order to keep from being sick went to my bunk and, with the exception of a few minutes spent in the purser's office making out a customs declaration, I stayed there all day. This is another wet day and I am certainly thankful I have a roof over my head.

MARCH 7. Felt better but still thought it was advisable to stay in bed, and lay there planning, figuring and scheming. An Arab who could speak English came in several times while I was lying there and asked if he could do anything for me. Toward evening the thought of food didn't seem so repulsive so at 5 I ate some macaroni soup and bread, afterwards catching up with my diary, while sitting on an after hatch.

It had quit raining, cleared off and was just fine. Most



of the passengers were strolling up and down deck. Two Spanish girls about twenty years old, who looked like twins, seemed to receive considerable attention. After awhile an Indian steward came around and we conversed until 9, when I turned in.

MARCH 8. Not feeling too good I didn't leave my bunk until 10, getting up just in time for the first dinner. I had just come out of the galley with my dish of hot soup when a couple of the crew got into a fight and in the scuffle, part of the soup was spilled over my hand, burning it quite severely. For a change we had a kind of omelet which tasted all right. After this I went up into the foredeck and enjoyed the gentle breeze while I read and wrote. Scattered around the floor were eight sleeping firemen. I stayed right there until 5 when I went to a second dinner consisting of a portion of macaroni soup and another portion of potatoes and meat. It was not too bad.

After finishing I went back to the foredeck and read till it was dusk and then laid back and drank in the grand breeze and watched the passengers stroll up and down the deck. I then promenaded until 9, when I turned in.

MARCH 9. On turning out land could be seen off the port side, away ahead. I promenaded the deck and watched the land until 10, when we had first dinner, a dish of rotten fish and soup, which I could not eat, another of peas, potatoes and meat. Some of the latter I managed to do away with. Afterwards I had a cup of coffee. Finishing I went up to the foredeck and watched the land. This appeared to be an island of irregular shape, probably five miles in length, and at the lower end was a lighthouse and quite a stretch of level ground, which was covered with trees and plants. It then appeared to be of mountainous nature, sparsely covered with trees. A little later it appeared as if the lighthouse was on the small island and not on the main island. On the other island I could see, popping up above the trees, a large building. After a little I discovered that instead of a small island this was a part of the Island of Panay. We continued until within one-

half mile of shore, when we took on the pilot and then turned abruptly to the left, then followed the shore, which was rocky and covered with trees, passed by a number of small coves, in one of which there was a saw mill. All this time we had a shore line away to the left as well as one in front. In the afternoon at 3 we anchored in a narrow straight opposite the mouth of a river that runs through Ilo Ilo. It being Sunday the inhabitants turned out in force, three launches as well as a couple of motor boats coming out to meet us. It was fully an hour before the doctor could show a clean bill of health and then quite a number of the passengers went ashore. I did not bother because I understood that we would not sail before Monday night. I amused myself until 5 watching the natives unload the cargo, and also watched a number of sailing vessels. The latter were mostly small boats with outriggers on the side. One or two of the crew would be out on one side of this balancing the boat. After supper I noticed a bulletin board which said we would start at 7 in the morning, so at 6 I went ashore on a launch. This went to the mouth of the river and followed it for about a mile. The stream was not large and on either side were the houses of the natives, small and built on piles for the most part. Where we landed were a number of large buildings, warehouses, shops and offices, then a couple of blocks came on the main part of the place—a great square. In the center was a fine park, containing a band stand and quite a number of seats. Around the square were a number of shops, hotels, etc., as well as a large church, the latter a fine old edifice topped with a great tower at either front corner. It did not take long to see the main part of the town. I then wandered into the Y. M. C. A. rooms as there would be no launch to take us to the ship until 9. When I went down to the dock I had to wait until 10 before the launch started. I had been feeling miserable all that day, my head seemed to be on fire and on getting aboard I got a piece of ice and fixed up a cold drink. While doing this I heard a commotion aft and on investigating found that one of the natives was crazy drunk and running amuck. He was secured before doing much dam-

age and after considerable trouble was gotten aboard the launch. After watching this performance I went down and got my bedding and took it to the foredeck. About a dozen of the crew were there ahead of me but I managed to find room. A fine breeze was blowing this way and this was better than sleeping in the hold. When I went down the night before the place did not seem good to me and I shall not sleep there any more.

MARCH 10. Did not sleep, although a cool breeze was blowing. My head kept burning all night. I arose at 6 and after a good wash and a cup of coffee I felt better. Punctually at 7 our boat started back by the same route.

At 8 we dropped the pilot and then steamed up. I took a seat on the foredeck where there was a fine breeze and wrote up my diary. I am very sorry we made Ilo Ilo on Sunday as it prevented me from obtaining any post cards. The crew are now giving the deck an extra scrub and this is an amusing spectacle. One goes ahead and wets it down a little, then sand is sprinkled, then four men follow pushing bundles of twigs back and forth with their bare feet. It seems like an old-fashioned performance. The first day out I noticed a boy about ten years old being carried about by an Indian servant, almost in the same manner as the Indians carry their babies. I thought he must have been the pampered son of some rich planter. I since learned that he is a son of a missionary and is crippled. They are sending him to the States to be cured.

At 10 I had my first dinner of two dishes of very good bean soup, bread and a cup of coffee. I am allowed to help myself to the latter, since it is known I do not drink wine. I ate in company with the missionary boy's servant and another young Indian. Afterwards the former gave me a couple of small papers. I then went up to the foredeck and made my bed in a comfortable place on some ropes.

It is now very hot. It was not until 12 we rounded a lighthouse, passed when going in, that we caught a breeze. This was fine. In the meanwhile I read my papers and settled back for a siesta and slept until 3. We still had the land in sight a couple of miles away. It looked

like one mass of volcanic hills, burned and seamed. There were very few trees. I should have noted the fact with the exception of one small steamer, there were no vessels of any size in the harbor at Ilo Ilo. I sat on the deck and enjoyed the breeze until 5. I then had a second dinner. Just at this time a strong breeze strengthened into quite a gale and the sea was covered with whitecaps. I ate dinner with the two Indian boys and it seems the younger is in sore trouble. He has no ticket and will not be allowed to land. I felt sorry for the boy as I had taken a notion to him on account of his manly appearance. I had been trying to cheer him up but it was a poor try. Just at this time we came abreast of a small island on the port side, which contained a lighthouse.

At 7 I took it for granted by the number of lights that we were passing that it was a fair sized town. After strolling along deck for awhile at 8 I went up to another deck and fixed up my bed. The wind was blowing a gale and as I had no shelter this almost blew the hair off my head, but as I wanted the fresh air I stuck it out. I lay gazing at the sky until 11 before going to sleep. I never saw such a sight in my life, the sky seemed to be one mass of stars. This was a very hot day but I did not feel too bad.

MARCH 11. Was routed out at 5:30 by the crew washing down the deck. It is 11 months today since I left Detroit. Taking a look around I saw a beautiful sight. We were in a strait, land on every side. I sat down on one of the hatches and ate my bread and coffee, then went down and did some laundry work, then back to the hatch where I wrote and watched the passing scenery until 9. While sitting here the crew were drawing up mail sacks out of the hold. I saw a number of porpoises and flying fish. At 10 had dinner, afterward talked to the Arab fireman until 11, when I went up and took a seat on the after hatch. Land was still in sight and I heard we would arrive at Manila at 1 o'clock.

At 12 I went up on the foredeck. It was grand here. At 1 we passed between two sets of fortifications into Manila Bay. A lighthouse is being constructed in the narrow en-

trance. Manila can now be seen just above the horizon. I am now thinking of Dewey's trip into this harbor in May, 1898. We kept steaming on and on, it looking as though we would never get to the end. Finally, at 3, the city could be seen plainly. What I take to be Moro Castle is off the starboard side. At this time the sailors took down the awning and I went to the lower deck. We then were boarded by customs officers and at 4 entered the inner harbor, and maneuvered for some time trying to make the dock. In the meanwhile we all had to pass through the first class state room and be checked off. I wish we had gotten in this morning, as now the banks are closed and I have no change, nothing but a fifty dollar A. B. check.

The harbor is very pretty and two fine American gunboats are anchored in the offing. When within 100 feet of the docks, on account of the high wind, or for some other reason, our ship backed out into the stream and going out to the breakwater, tied up, and it was 6 before we started in launches for the customs house. On getting there I had a long walk to the Y., which was a fine large building. The first thing I noticed inside the lobby was a notice that a meeting was to be held in the Opera House, conducted by Fred Smith, International Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. On inquiring at the desk about lodgings I was told I would have to see the secretary and he was away at the meeting. I inquired the way and finally got to this place just as the meeting started. The building was like a great hall and was packed with men, mostly Filipinos. We sang a couple of songs, then were favored with a couple more songs by a quartette, then a prayer, another song, two more from the quartette, Scripture reading and then more than an hour's talk by Mr. Smith. It was a wonderful address. It was after 10 before the meeting was finished. I waited until the crowd got out, then located the secretary and told him my situation in regard to money. In reply he said they had no accommodation at the Y., but that he would give me the address of a hotel and told me where it was. I thanked him and started out, but was in exactly the same condition as before. I could not go to a hotel without baggage and expect them to put me up. I

kept going until at 11 I reached the pier where our boat had been going to tie up, knowing the boat was unloading there. The dock house was a great covered shed and a Filipino, a special policeman, was at the door, but I went right through as if I owned the place, continuing on to the end of the building, where I sat down on a truck and watched the crew work until 12, when they knocked off for supper, which they ate in a small shed outside of the entrance. I went out and sat on some poles and observed the crowd. Two women had brought their respective husbands their supper, and they were sitting at the other end of the log. When they had finished, women and all smoked cigarettes. In going from the Y. to the Opera House, I found out that this was a hustling, busy place.

MARCH 12. At 12:30 the men went back to work. I took a short walk and then came back and sat down on the poles till 2:30, then another walk to put my blood in circulation, as it was getting a little chilly. Next went into the dock house once more. I had only seated myself a few minutes when a white official of some kind wanted to know the reason, and when I explained, took me into the office and gave me a coat for a pillow and allowed me to lie down on a long table, where I slept till 7. I then started uptown, passing between two immense concrete warehouses to one of the gates of the walled part of the city. This wall is about eight feet high, built of small square stones. Just inside I was passed by a great auto ice wagon, and a little farther on came upon the Manila Cathedral, a great old structure 100 feet wide and 300 feet deep, built of stone. Over the fine entrance are four statues of saints. The interior is beautiful. Running down either side is a row of fine marble columns. There are several altars and some splendid painted windows. Outside the center is crowned by a great dome, and in front is a small park, in the center of which is a fountain, and on a stone pedestal a bronze statue of some old-time Spanish king. This is the Plaza de McKinley.

I then went over town and located the British Consul's office. There being no one there I sat down and read the

papers awhile, then a man came out and told me that the Consul would not be in before 10. I then hunted up the postoffice, but found no mail. This was a grievous disappointment, as I expected letters from Detroit.

I saw a policeman and asked about lodging, and was directed to a couple of places, and on inquiry I found the price to be too high for my purse.

Near this in the Plaza Santa Cruz is another large church, built of stone, dark with age. It has a great tower over the entrance. The interior is pretty rusty looking, but there are several fine altars.

After inspecting this I went back to the Consul's, stopping in at ticket offices on the way. I received the mortifying intelligence that I would have to pay \$20.50 for a ticket to Hongkong, which is only 640 miles away, and then I would have to expend \$85 for a ticket from there to America.

On getting back to the Consul's I read till he and his clerk came in, when my terrible anxiety was eased by finding the letter containing money, which I had expected. By 11 I had received my money.

As I had fasted since 3 the day before I was ready for food, and went to the market, which is quite a place, comprising three sheds filled with all kinds of produce. There were quite a number of eating stalls here and I picked out one at which they were serving rice and other Chinese food, and when there was an empty seat I sat down. Just as I seated myself a man touched me on the shoulder and motioned me to one side and then asked me if I knew what I was doing. I told him I preferred better food and company, but had no extra money to spare. He then invited me to come with him and I went along, although as he was not any too finely clothed I expected to pay my own way. He was an Irish American, and on the way he told me he had spent fourteen years on the Island, and although working for the government, had a grudge against the officials. We went into a fine restaurant and took seats at a table which was loaded down with food. As I figured I would have to pay a fancy price I did not stand on ceremony, but waded in. Finally having finished, my friend asked

if I had enough, and on my nodding, he paid the bill for both and we went down to the street. After a few minutes' desultory conversation he said he had to catch a car. I thanked him warmly as we parted. I then wandered around the block, then back and went across the street to a lodging house. They had lodgings but the price was prohibitive. Crossing the street I stood here for some time. Finally a man whom I took for a sailor came along and on accosting him found I had guessed right. He knew nothing of lodgings, but he named a couple of boats which he was sure were going to Hongkong. One of these he thought would be going about Saturday. This would suit me all right and I will try and look it up. Started out, but within a couple of blocks ran into a fire hall, and there being a bench on the shady side I sat down and did some writing. I then went to the postoffice, buying some more cards on the way, which I wrote and sent away. Then went across to an open shed on one of the many canals scattered through the town, and tried to keep from burning up. Unlike India, Ceylon and the Straits, all the people of this city wore clothing. Even the coolies, unloading boats, have on trousers and shirts, at least. The women look queer, whatever they are wearing being heavily starched and standing out quite a distance from them.

There are no rickshaws here, the vehicle in common use being a double-seated, covered, two-wheeled rig, drawn by a small pony. Most of the trucking is done on two-wheeled rigs drawn by bullocks. Some of these have horns close together, but most of them are spread apart, and branch out for a considerable distance on either side of the head. There was quite a number sitting in this shade and a few keeping the ice cream peddlers busy. At 4 I got into the walled town and hunted up the Library and stayed there until 6. I then went down to the dock to find out about the two boats, told me of by the sailor. One had left yesterday for Hongkong and the other is leaving for a trip around the islands tomorrow.

I then went back through the town, had something to eat and then took a long walk to the Y., just getting there a few minutes before 8, when the meeting started. After a cou-



ple of songs an address was given by Mr. Robins, a colleague of Mr. Smith, and he spoke for two hours. The subject was "Industrialism" and he handled it in a masterly way. When the meeting closed I walked to the lumber yard I had noticed and prepared to spend the night there. At this a Filipino watchman came along and questioned me and said it was all right, but I had just gotten nicely settled when he came back, accompanied by another man, and I had to move. They took me to a small shed adjoining the office and told me to camp there.

MARCH 13. At 3 a sailor was brought to my camp, an American who had gotten drunk and spent his money. He had also lost his hat. I did not get much sleep, but rested anyway.

At 6 we were routed out. The other fellow hurried away for a drink of whisky, but I had a wash and put myself in as presentable shape as possible before leaving. I stopped in at a big shed, close to the Bridge of Spain, stayed there until 7, then took a long walk to the market where I had breakfast at a stall. I then retraced my steps and continued on toward the Y. Just after crossing the Bridge of Spain there is what I thought was a pretty fine park for so central a location but on inquiring found out this was the Botanical Garden and the Zoo, and I spent some time going through. Every variety of trees growing in the tropics is found here. There is also a small collection of animals and birds but what especially drew my attention and caused me to look for some time was a lawn mower in operation, run by an electric motor. This was the first one of these machines I had seen. I then went on to the Y., where I stayed until 12, then back to the Garden. Had dinner in a stall at the side of the street. I then lay down on the grass and had a siesta until 2, when I went back to the Y. and read until 6. I then walked along Arroceres street, which runs alongside the Botanical Garden. A fine hospital, stores and army headquarters are on one side of the street. Near the end of the Garden is the approach of a bridge across the river. Here is situated a huge building, being the power house of

the Manila Railway and Lighting Plant. Just across the bridge is a great market. I went into this and had a plate of rice and curry for supper, then back to the Y., where I read until 10, afterwards going to my lodging in the lumber yard and after a few minutes' conversation with the watchman, fixed up as comfortably as I could and turned in.

MARCH 14. After a good wash I went down to the pier where I had breakfast, then took a walk along the water front, passing a grand monument of one of the kings of Spain and the massive five-story Beach Hotel. Next went up the Lunetta road, a fine boulevard, towards the Y. Going to a seat in the shade I sat down and did some writing. While here two companies of soldiers passed and in a few minutes came back and went through a number of evolutions. I have seen soldiers of every country I have passed through, but never such a fine body of men as these. In all other countries they appeared like automatons or children.

When the soldiers finished I went on to the Y., it now being about 8 o'clock and very hot, and wrote until 11. I then went to the market and had dinner at a stall, and then back to the park where I had a siesta until 2. Afterwards went to the Y., where I read until 7 then started out and walked slowly along to the Opera House, having something to eat at a stall on the way. I got to the building just before 8, and listened to a military band until 8:30, when the speaker arrived. Bishop Brent and General Bell gave short addresses, before Mr. Robins, the speaker of the evening, was called upon, and he gave us a wonderful address, taking two hours to deliver it. This was in the way of an autobiography. It was 11 before the meeting was over and I then hustled for my usual camping ground.

MARCH 15. Arose at 6, went down to the piers to try and find the Yuen Sang, which sails today. Had breakfast at a stall there. The Mongolia, one of the fastest steamers of the Pacific Steamship Line, was in dock.

As she was going to Hongkong I thought I would see if

I could make the trip by her. I located the steward, but he said "no," that second class was the best I could do, and he mentioned \$85 as the price to San Francisco, and all of a sudden it came to me that this was what I should do—buy a ticket right through and have no more trouble.

I would not have thought of this if I had not read an account yesterday in a magazine of a trip on one of the vessels of this same line, and I know from that she goes by the way of China and Japan and stops at all the places I care to see.

I would have to pay the same fare from Hongkong and I was figuring on going from there anyhow. On coming to this conclusion I headed for the ticket office to get all available information, stopping at a park in front of a cathedral to rest and write.

I then went on to the office and after a few inquiries bought my ticket right through to San Francisco and I am perfectly satisfied with the proposition. This is a case of ill wind, etc., because under the circumstances I am better off than if I had been able to go to Hongkong for nothing, as I had made up my mind to buy a through ticket from there and it would not have been over this line as I thought they only sold first class, but I would have gone by a Japanese boat and have missed seeing Honolulu, and landed at Seattle.

I also felt I deserved a little luxury after my hardships. The only fly in the ointment is that we will have to stay seven days in Hongkong, but I have the address of a lodging place there.

After finishing this business I went to the Y. and read until noon, then into the garden where I had dinner at a stall, then slept until 2. At this time the Indian boy, who on the Legazpi was looking after a missionary's son, came along and it seems his party was to go by the Mongolia, but the lady was taken ill so they had to postpone and will go by a later boat.

On my telling him the Mongolia, 27,000 tons burden, was one of the largest boats that traveled the Pacific, he expressed a desire to see it, so I took him down to the dock. On the way he pointed out a Methodist Church which I wanted to locate.

The boy almost went into hysterics when he glimpsed the monster vessel. I paced off the length and made it 750 feet. After observing the scene for a time we started back and after walking a few blocks parted.

I was passing along by the wall of the city when I came upon a ball game in progress and stayed until they finished. This is the first game I have seen since the day I left Detroit. Both teams played a fine game, the score being only one to nothing.

It seemed like home as boys were selling candy, drinks, ice cream, etc. After this I went to the Y. and watched the latter part of a game there. This lasted until 6. I then went about a block away where there was a stall and had supper. Then went to the Y. and read until 7, when I went to the Lunetta. Just reached the band-stand as the music started and stayed until they finished at 10.

This was a military band made up of Filipinos. All of the elite of the city were out. After this I went to my same old home and turned in at 11.

MARCH 16. At 2 the watchman awakened me and pointed to the main part of the town where a great fire was in progress. I watched it for awhile and then went back to bed. At 5:30 I turned out and went toward the main part of the town and passed where the fire had been doing business. It was in the Escolta, the main street, where several stores had been gutted. Two engines were still on the job. I then went on to the market where I had breakfast, and afterwards took a walk of a couple of miles out one street and back another, arriving at the market.

I went down to the river where a small steamer was loading up for a trip. I then went on across the bridge to the postoffice where I stayed and did some writing, then to the Y. where I read until 10, then to the Central Methodist Church where I enjoyed a good service. The church would hold about 300. When I got back to the Y. it was noon. I went to a stand close by and had dinner, then to a small park where I slept until 3. As I was thinking of getting up and going to the Y., the Indian boy came along and we conversed for awhile and then I showed him my collec-

tion of coins. I then went to the Y. and read until 8, then went to the church, getting my supper at a stand on the way. I enjoyed an especially fine service. The preacher wore a white suit. A large part of the congregation was made up of soldiers, officers and their wives. After service I went right across the walled city on Pallicio street to my usual lodging.

MARCH 17. Arose at 6, walked down to the Bridge of Spain, then a few blocks to one side where I had breakfast, then back to the shed near the bridge where I sat down and did some writing and watched the crowd until 10 when I started for the docks. As I was going to drop my letter in the post box, I concluded to go to the post-office. While there I thought I might as well ask for mail. I did not expect to get any, but was surprised to be handed a letter from Detroit. I then went to the boat where I hunted up the steward, but no place was ready as yet, so I went up to the stern and took a ramble around awhile. At 12 I went below to see what chances were for dinner and doing a little investigating I got the disappointment of my life, although I should have known that when a first class ticket cost \$180 and second \$85 there would be a great difference. I had not thought the second class accommodations would be so poor. Of course it would answer all right but it made me feel a little sore. There are about fifty bunks in one room. This is where I shall have to sleep. For dinner I just had a dish of macaroni with some bread and butter. There is no deck for promenading. After dinner I went down in the pier shed and watched for the Indian boy as he said he expected to be along at 2. He came and I took him aboard and showed him over the ship. There we talked until 3 when we started. He told me his party was leaving on the Nile which will get into San Francisco before us, but we agreed that whoever got there first was to meet the other. At 3:30 we pulled out slowly. My Indian friend kept waving until we were lost to view. This is the first time on my trip that any one has seen me off in this manner.

Going out a little ways we slowly turned around and

passed into the bay between two French men-of-war. We passed near enough to catch the name of one, the Montcalm. I went down below and conversed awhile with a man who was going to Yokohama and then went again on deck for the fresh air. At 5 went down to supper. This was all right, there being plenty of well-cooked food. Afterwards went up on deck and stayed until 8, when I went below and turned in.

MARCH 18. I arose at 6 and after a stroll on the upper deck had breakfast at 7. This consisted of chops, potato balls, nice biscuits and butter, cornmeal mush and milk and some good coffee. From the time I got up till 9 I was talking to my fellow passenger, also showed him my post cards. Then went up to the deck, hunted a shady place, wrote and enjoyed the fine air.

At 10 I went down for a few moments to see the wonderful peacock that one of the passengers was taking back to America. I then went upon deck and stayed till 12, most all the time talking to my fellow passenger. It seems fine to be traveling on an American ship, although the crew, except the officers, are Chinamen. There is even a Filipino band. There are only four of us in the second class. At 12 we had dinner.

Afterwards I went up to the deck and wrote and read. There must be about two hundred Chinese deck passengers besides about a dozen Indians. These are camped both in the bow and in the stern. Stayed on deck till 4. Finding a shady place, had a couple hours' siesta; then went down to talk to my friend awhile; then we both went up on deck and promenaded. Just at 5 when we started for supper, an alarm of fire was turned in and we stopped to see the crew getting life boats ready and lowering them almost to the water. This was a fine sight. I may say this was a false alarm, it being a fire drill.

We then went down to supper. Afterwards my friend and I had a discussion on matrimony. Afterwards going up on deck promenading and talking till 7, when he turned in. I sat up on deck till 9 when I went to bed.

MARCH 19. I arose at 6, had breakfast; afterwards had a long talk with my friend, then went on deck and talked and promenaded. It was now windy and quite cool and all the officers had shed their white suits. Land is now in sight and in a short time the harbor came in view and we slowly worked to the anchorage at 10. It was so foggy very little of the city could be seen. Before we anchored the boat was filled with hotel touts of every kind. My friend left, going to the mainland. At 11 I went ashore on a launch to the landing stage. Fronting the water were a number of splendid buildings. The postoffice was a splendid new brick and stone structure of five stories, next the Canadian Pacific Steamship office and several other fine buildings. All these buildings had outer covered galleries running all around the building. In fact most of the Hongkong buildings are thus built.

On landing from the launch the postoffice was right in front. I went in and bought some stamps in order to exchange a bill. Then went up the street and got some cards and sent them away. Then took a walk along the water front until I located a Canton boat and found out the fare and time of departure. The man in charge of the ticket office was a negro, born in Wyoming. I had quite a talk with him, then took a walk through the native streets, some of these being not more than eight feet wide and lined with four-story buildings. The outer galleries of the upper floor were packed with every kind of household stuffs and the ground floor was just a continuous small bazaar of some kind. At intervals, all along the way, I saw women repairing clothes and men repairing shoes. I had something to eat at a stand and then went over to the market which is a huge structure filled with all kinds of produce. After this I went back to the water front and wandered along for a considerable distance. Sat for some time watching a number of women loading sampans with some kind of mortar. I then went up to the landing stage and into the postoffice, where I sat down and did some writing. This place is a contrast to Manila, it being quite chilly. After stopping here awhile I started out to locate the Seaman's Institute, where I expected to lodge. I walked

along the front, passing fine buildings, the Queen's building being last. Right next in a fine square containing several grass plots, there are statues of Kings Edward and George, and Queens Alexandria and Mary, besides a fine monument to Queen Victoria.

This is a great sitting figure on a huge stone platform and covered by a canopy. To one side is the magnificent Supreme Court building, built of gray sandstone. The outside is entirely surrounded by huge stone pillars supporting the roof of the gallery. I continued along by a great manufacturing barracks and a naval yard. On the corner is the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, and a little further on is the Seamen's Institute. Both of these buildings are grand large structures. On the board outside the home I noticed this legend: "Cabins 40c and beds 20c. After noticing these prices I certainly will not sleep outside here. On coming to the institute I went into the reading room and read and wrote until 6, when I took a long walk farther down the water front and then back by the next street. For most of the distance along the latter street was filled with eating and other stands. I had supper at one of these stands.

I then stopped in at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home and read until 9. There was some kind of a concert going on just above me. I then walked down to the Canton boat, being accosted by innumerable rickshaw men who wanted a fare. I have been surprised at the great number of Chinamen dressed in American fashion. During my stroll this evening I noticed quite a number of little girls carrying a baby on their back. At 9:30 I reached the boat and went aboard. The first class have cabins, second have chairs and seats in a long enclosed cabin. The third are down in the hold. I chose the second as this was cheap enough. Even at that I was the only white person in this class. There were probably two hundred Chinese men and women.

All these were fairly well dressed and some of them looked like Fifth avenue dudes. There were several people going around selling different articles. At 10 sharp we started and shortly after, two young fellows went



through selling tickets and a few moments afterward another bunch went along and gathered them up.

MARCH 20. Spent a miserable night and I didn't get much sleep. Went outside several times to see, but the river was too wide. About 2 o'clock we ran into a fog and had to slow up, just barely moved after that. We were supposed to arrive at Canton at 5. At 6 my fellow passengers began to bestir themselves. A boy peddled basins of water amongst them while another brought food and drink. I promenaded a little and napped till 10 when I entered into conversation with a young Scotch engineer.

At 11 the fog lifted and we moved faster. At one time before the fog lifted entirely we had two boats off the bow and stern, but by 12 the fog lifted and we forged ahead at full speed. It was now an interesting sight. The river had narrowed down and was covered with sampans, junks and an occasional steamer. Closer to Canton we passed great stretches of land just above the level of the water. This was planted to rice. At one point was a great nine-story pagoda. This had small trees growing upon the top. Next we came to the river dwellers' houses built on piles, right over the river. As we neared our dock four different boats allowed the ship to almost run into them while one or two from each boat climbed aboard. And now we come to where the shore is lined with thousands of boats on which people live.

Before we landed at a small landing at least fifty boats ran up against us. One or two from each climbed aboard. The landing stage was a solid crush of people. It was 2 o'clock before I landed and as the boat was supposed to return at 6 I lost no time. Within the block I obtained some post cards and a little farther along came to a branch postoffice. Here I wrote and posted cards. There had been a great fire not long before which had burned out a stretch of the best buildings, along the front, and they have not cleared away the ruins yet. I went along for a couple of miles looking at the thousands of boats; the latter part of the way I was going along a canal. At the end, I crossed a short bridge to an island which belongs

to the foreign quarter, and it is covered with the legations, postoffices, banks and residences of the foreigners.

There is a fine promenade along the river, also a small park. The end of the island is near where the boat tied up. I crossed a bridge here and then came across an open air barber shop. I determined to have some work done. I should have been barbered in Manila. I had a barber clip my hair and beard. He also shaved my neck and clipped my beard, also forehead and eyebrows, and cut the hair in my ears. Maybe there wasn't a crowd. They got so thick that several policemen came along and tried to keep them moving. The Canton policemen wear a navy blue blouse and trousers, peaked cap, and shoes, and carry a revolver in a holster.

I have to admit that I feel less safe in a Chinese crowd than any other Eastern people so far. At 6 our boat pulled away from the dock. I went aboard at 5:30 and amused myself looking down into the sampans moored about, and took note of the different household arrangements, while watching a large boat passing, being propelled by a man in front having a long oar, while the wife and mother pulled on a long oar at the stern. Two babies were playing on the deck, being tied with ropes to keep them from going overboard. On pulling out we took a different route and I stayed outside at the stern until 8, when it was too dark to see.

During most of this time I was talking to a young Portuguese, born in China, and while standing there looked back and noticed a man about 100 feet behind looking as if the boat had run over him. There were a couple of small boats went near but I don't think they saw him. I am almost sure he drowned. The young fellow who was with me had some supper and gave me a very cordial invitation to join him, but I had supped on several varieties of stuff before leaving.

After he had eaten we stayed most of the time at the stern and conversed until the boat tied up at 12. We hadn't talked long after supper before he invited me to go home and stay with him until my boat left. Of course at first I refused but he kept on insisting claiming I would

not bother anyone, etc., until at last I agreed to go. Stayed the rest of the night there. His home was at Kowloon, across on the mainland from Hongkong. On getting off the boat we raced for the ferry but we were too late, so had to take a sampan. It took a half an hour to cross. Two men and a woman handled this boat, which had a sail, and we had two or three gusts of wind which they took advantage of. On leaving the boat we took rickshaws for my friend's home. This was my first ride in one of these. On reaching the house the young fellow called his people. He brought down a brother, who let us in. I was introduced, then taken into the parlor. A cot and some blankets were brought in and I was fixed up for the night. I finally got to bed at 1:30.

MARCH 21. Within a few minutes after I lay down I went to sleep and never woke up until 7, and then a whole colony of whistles blowing did the job. Hearing some noise in the house I got up and dressed, expecting every minute to be routed out. Afterwards I wrote up my diary. It was raining pleasantly and I noticed a number passing the window. They were all wearing umbrella-hats, and rain-coats made of bamboo leaves. Just then the brother came down and ordered breakfast for me, this consisting of a fine cup of cocoa, two fried eggs, some cheese and bread and butter. I ate in solitary state in the dining room.

Just after finishing my friend came down and informed me he had spoken to his father who had told him he had been somewhat premature in inviting me to the house on such short acquaintance, especially as he did not know how they were situated in regard to accommodations. I felt sorry for the poor kid, as he was almost crying, but blamed myself for accepting his invitation. I passed it off as well as I could and told him that I was intending to go over to Hongkong that morning anyway, and after saying good-by started out.

I stopped in at a place and bought some cards and sent them to Detroit, and then went down to the ferry dock and after a minute's wait I got a boat for Hongkong.

I wandered around until noon. Had something to eat and then went to the Y., where I read until 6. I had supper and went to the Seamen's Institute where I read until 8. Then turned in.

MARCH 22. Arose at 9. Went to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, where I read until 11, then down to the main part of town where I had some dinner. Then I spent the time until 2 strolling along the streets. Got up to the Botanical Gardens, then came upon the tramway which goes to the top of the mountain. It was raining and quite cold.

At 2 I went back to the Y. Here to my joy I found a fire in an open grate and planted myself in front of this and read until 6, when I went home, getting some supper on the way. I found a fire here, which I enjoyed until 8, when I turned in.

On my rambles I saw a good many people using both palanquins and rickshaws. Also saw thirteen men hitched up to a great ice wagon, and a number of coolies carrying bricks up a high hill. The day was cold and wet.

MARCH 23. On getting up went to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home. Inquired of a soldier the way to the Methodist Church. In reply he told me he was going and after a few minutes we went along together.

It was about fifteen minutes' walk, through the Chinese section along Queen's road. At 10 the service started and before this the small church was filled with the congregation, most of these being soldiers and sailors. Wanchai is the name of the church.

We had a very good Easter service. On the way back I passed a Joss house. This was a low structure, the front being covered with dragons and other grotesque creatures.

I had dinner at a stand near here. Coming back to the Home I found a grate fire and shivered over this until 3, when I attended a service at a building on the corner.

I then went back to the Home and hung over the fire until 6, when I went out after some supper, then back to the fire, staying there until 8, when I went to bed. While

I was sitting there the gentleman who was in charge came and sat down beside me and began asking me questions about my business.

At last noticing my shabby appearance he must have taken it for granted I was up against it and offered to supply me with clothing, but I told him that I had money and could get along all right.

MARCH 24. On getting up, there being no fire in the house, I went to the Sailors' Home. No fire there. I read until 10, when I was so cold I could not keep my teeth from chattering.

In desperation I got out and started to climb the mountain, back of the town, known as Victoria Peak, and spent the time until 1 going up and down.

It is certainly a grand climb. The top is about 2,000 feet above the sea. A winding concrete path leads up. After going up a few hundred feet a person could easily believe that he was in the wildest part of the mountains if it was not for the path.

And then what a wonderful view was obtained of the city and harbor. The view from the top is superb. On one side desolate mountains reaching to the sea. The other, the city, harbor, Kowloon and the mountains of the mainland.

Although a drizzly rain was falling a fairly good view was obtained. It was so cold that I did not feel tired after all this climbing.

I went up one way and came down another. There is a cable line which leads nearly to the top. This I would have taken if it had been warmer.

There are buildings all the way up and houses are now being built on the very top. And all materials are carried up by coolies. Coming down I met twenty-five women carrying sand. They carried two baskets at either end of a pole. They all had two loads. Would carry one load for a short distance, then go back after the other.

I lifted one of these baskets and would say that it weighed at least 100 pounds. Two of these would be a load of 200. Just think of a woman carrying that much up a hill.

On gaining the bottom I had some dinner and then went to the Y., where I was lucky enough to find a fire. Here I stayed until 6, reading and conversing with a couple of Canadians. Then went to the Home, getting my supper on the way. As there was a good fire there I stayed in the office reading until 8, when I went to bed.

MARCH 25. Arose at 8 and went downtown to Cook's office and had some money changed, and then did some more business, afterwards going to the Y. M. C. A., where I obtained a few old magazines.

I then went down to the dock where I waited till 10:30 when I went out to the ship. On arriving, found the ship loaded. The Monday paper stated that the Mongolia was taking out the largest number of passengers ever taken out by one of their boats.

I had been foolish enough to leave my overcoat behind. In this were all the post cards I had collected since leaving Rome.

I found my friend from Manila, two Americans, one Englishman and a Frenchman. They made such a holler about staying in the same room with the Chinese that the steward fixed up another cabin for us. This contained twenty-four bunks, and as we were only seven, there was plenty of room. The Frenchman is married to a Jap, and his wife camped in there, too.

At 1 we dined and finally at 2 weighed anchor and started for Shanghai. I stayed on deck for an hour and then went below and talked till 6, when we had supper. After that I wrote till 8, when I turned in.

The two Americans are going right through to San Francisco, so I will not be lonesome.

MARCH 26. Arose at 6, went up on deck, but only stayed a few minutes, as it was too cold. Came down and walked up and down for awhile, then talked till 8, when we had breakfast. I then wrote up my diary.

It was very cold, and the only way to keep warm was to go to bed and cover up. This I did, staying there till noon. After dinner I took a constitutional along the cor-

ridor, and then got under the covers again, and read and talked till 5, when we had supper, afterwards rolled into my bunk and talked till after 9, when I undressed and went to bed.

MARCH 27. Arose at 6, went aft and looked at the log, and then strolled up and down till 7, when we had breakfast. At 8 I started writing my Detroit letter and kept at it till 11, when I had to desist as the steward wanted to get the table ready for dinner. In the meantime the sun had come out and warmed everything up. I went up and talked and enjoyed the sunshine till 12, when we had dinner. I then went up on deck and wrote and sunned myself till nearly 1. I continued writing my letter till 4, then after a short constitutional on deck I wrote till 5, when we had supper. Afterwards we talked till 8, when we were startled by the boat stopping and on investigating found that she had to stop to wait for the flood tide. All afternoon we were among islands and the water was yellow on account of the huge volume being poured into the sea by the Yang-tse-Kiang river. At 9 I went to bed.

MARCH 28. At 1 the boat started up once more and at 5:30 we reached the mouth of the river and anchored off Woo Chang. At 6 I got up and strolled along the deck until 7, when we had breakfast. In the meanwhile two small steamers had come alongside to take passengers and baggage to Shanghai, which is fifteen miles up the river. At 9 everything was aboard and we started.

While waiting I had gone aft of the ship and found a regular bazaar. At least fifty Chinamen had something or other to sell. I amused myself watching the antics of an old man who was giving a ventriloquist performance for the benefit of a crowd of first class passengers, who were looking on from the upper deck. Although the air was a little chilly, the sun was shining and we had a fine trip. The river was full of boats of all kinds.

On land were quite a number of large factories of some kind. At 10 we came to a large city and it appeared to be a solid mass of factories, warehouses and steamships all

the way in. Among a number of other fine ships we passed two small American cruisers. Our boat tied up at the dock at 10:30.

The street running along the water is the Bund. The side facing the river is lined with grand buildings—banks, stores, hotels, etc. I went along this a couple of blocks, then turned into a street called Canton road. I followed this for more than two miles where it ended. There was a tram line most of the way and the first three or four blocks it was lined with great stores and warehouses. After this it was one continuous bazaar.

At intervals I struck off to a side street, followed it for a few blocks and then back again to the next street. These side streets were no more than eight feet wide and were nearly filled with a solid mass of people. In these streets I saw almost every industry being carried on. I had something to eat at one of the stalls.

Finally I came to the end of the street and here was a small canal and on the other side was the race course, a golf and games ground. The canal was filled with small junks, which as the tide was out, were resting on the bottom. These were manned by farmers and were loaded with all kinds of country produce. I followed this canal about half a mile to Nanking road.

At one place three boats were being loaded with mud from the bottom of the canal. Nanking road is a fine asphalt-paved avenue. Here I found some post cards, also located a postoffice. I then finished a letter I was writing and wrote on some of the cards and posted the outfit.

After this I boarded a car and took a long ride to the end of the line. We followed Nanking into Babbling Wells road, then Carter avenue, passing a procession of splendid stores, mansions, grounds, etc. At the end of the line is a small park. I spent a few minutes resting here, as it was now quite hot, then I came back by car to the race course, and slowly wandered along from there until I came to the Bund. I then went along to a small park on the front, stayed here some time observing the traffic, both on the street and water.

I saw all classes of Chinese from the beggar up. The



wealthy people wear grand silk coats trimmed with fur and some of the poorest were in rags, either barefooted or wearing sandals made out of straw. For the first time I saw a new vehicle here—a wheelbarrow. This had a high wheel and there was room for a person at each side.

After this I went down to the dock and our boat was there loading up. Just as I arrived on the scene a company of boy scouts marched by. It seemed strange to see them in this country. A few minutes before we started I noticed a few people in a great state of excitement. It seemed that one of their members had disappeared. As we pulled away at 5 they were conversing with the agent in regard to hunting her up.

Three members of our party had gone down to Shanghai and I found them aboard all right. It seems good to be going back home. We arrived alongside at 6:30 and I hustled to see if we could get something to eat, and asking the steward was told that supper would be sent in for those who had been away. After awhile I went out and watched them loading baggage. This is an interesting sight. A great sling made of steel wire is used. At 8 we had supper. We had lost our Cuban friend, and taken on a chief petty officer in his place. He was making an awful holler about the accommodation. I can see where we will have a bear for company. I conversed with some of the others until 9, when I turned in.

MARCH 29. I was awakened by the noise of the anchor being hauled up. On looking at my watch, when we started, I saw it was 1 o'clock. I arose at 6. The sailor was growling from that time on. At the breakfast table he kept it up. After breakfast I went on the after deck to look at the log, but did not stay as it was too cold. Walked up and down the corridor for an hour and then went to my room, and after doing some sewing, lay down in my bunk and read until dinner, it being too cold to do anything else. After dinner there was another hour's constitutional, when I again crawled into my bunk and read and talked until 5, when we had supper. In the meanwhile our sailor friend hunted up

the captain, and made such a holler that a place in the cabin was hunted up for him. After supper I took another walk. Ran across a couple of fine looking girls, dressed in European clothes. They were Koreans, the first Koreans I have seen. On speaking about it I found out also that our steward is a Korean. After my walk I went to the room and conversed until 8, when being nearly frozen I went to bed.

MARCH 30. Arose at 6. The time moved ahead one hour. Just had time to wash when breakfast was ready. After breakfast spent my usual hour promenading and then went back to the room. We expect to be at Nagasaki shortly and are going to lose our little Japanese lady and her husband here. We will certainly miss them. At 9 land was sighted and we steamed slowly in directly toward a mountain. Away to the right we could see the mountainous island where great fortifications are being built. As we came in closer it could be seen that every available foot of these hills was terraced and under cultivation. At 10 we were all lined up for the Japanese officials. Every man, woman and child aboard had to be examined. Our little Jap lady made a swell appearance in a beautiful grey silk kimono with dark stripes. Over this was a drab silk mantle with flowing sleeves. Her hair was done up on top of her head, stuck full of gilt pins. She wore white cotton stockings with a division for the big toe. A pair of wooden shoes, just the soles held by a strap, slipped between the big toe and the others, completed the outfit. At 10:30 we stopped for the doctor, who came aboard and looked us over, and at 11 the yellow flag came down and we started up and slowly wormed our way in and out. One of the quartermasters kept dropping the lead. The channel we were going through was about a half mile wide with great hills on either side, most of these being covered with vegetation. At 11:30 we passed a huge ship building plant, and just afterwards saw a great liner, which was on the stocks, launch into the water. This was a grand sight. Just after this barges loaded with coal, and manned by men and women, gathered on both sides of the

ship, and at least fifty men who trimmed in the hold came aboard. The women were dressed in short skirts and jackets, and had a fancy colored handkerchief tied over their heads to keep the dust out of their hair. At 12 we anchored and were called down to dinner. On coming up found they were busy coaling. This was a wonderful sight. They had steps tied all the way up from the barge to the deck and used a small basket holding about twenty-five pounds. These were passed up from hand to hand with extraordinary quickness. The baskets were dumped into a large tub and when filled was carried by a couple of small girls to the hold and dumped. At 2 I went ashore in a launch. While enroute I located the post-office and the first thing I did was to hunt it up. There was a crowd ahead of me, but I managed to connect after a few minutes' wait. From the ship it looked as if the hills came right down to the water and there was no room for much of the town. There are only a few buildings of any great size, but there are plenty of small ones. On account of the hills there are no motor or tram cars, nothing but rickshaws. After getting stamps I started out. The streets run in every direction. On going a few blocks I bought some post cards, then went on again. Most of the business men dress in European fashion, but the native costume for the men and women is a kimono of some kind. The babies are carried on the back. Continuing a little farther I came to a succession of stairways leading up to the top of the hill. Up here a place about 200 feet square had been leveled off. At one side were fifty paper umbrellas, which had just been freshly painted and were drying in the sun. In the center were a number of boys flying kites.

At the edge where I could overlook the town and harbor I sat down on a log and did some writing and rubbering. From here a splendid view was obtained. No streets could be seen. It looked like a solid mass of houses. I left here and kept going up until I came to a kind of a cemetery. This was enclosed and there were a number of monuments there.

I went down a little and started up the highest peak of

them all. I finally got by the houses and passed at least a hundred of small terraced gardens before I finally landed at the top where there is an observatory. All the way along at any open place, of any size, were boys flying kites. I stopped at one of these places to help a young fellow get his kite out of a tree.

I saw the interior of hundreds of houses—a raised platform in the center covered with mats.

On gaining the top I found a couple of first class passengers, one of whom I had passed the time of day with before. Had a few minutes' conversation, then they left and I afterwards sat down on a flat stone and wrote and enjoyed the grand view.

The weather was just right. The sun was shining brightly, but the breeze tempered the heat. I went down a different way, passed a few more gardens and six small houses, afterwards a number of better class residences, among them a consulate. Just as I got down to the level I came upon an open space. Here a couple of young fellows were playing a game like tennis, only they used a paddle and no net. Also three men were splitting wood. The axe was a large wedge, but they did the business all right. I then went along to the wharf where I met one of the passengers and he and I went to the postoffice, where I wrote some cards and sent them away. Then took a walk along the shore and then to the launch. Finding it did not leave for some time I made another excursion to a church I had noticed on the hill. After a couple of false turns I found the right road. The church proved to be of the Roman Catholic persuasion. There was a service going on so did not go in. On the outside there must have been 100 pairs of sandals. After this I went back to the launch and then on to the ship, just getting there in time for supper. As soon as I finished I hustled up on deck to see the coal passers. This was one of the most interesting sights I had ever seen. The swiftness with which the baskets were moved was almost incredible. I timed one string and found sixty-two were emptied in one minute. There were twenty-six crews in all, thirteen on either side of the boat. Twenty dumped directly into the

hold, the others dumped their baskets in tubs. These were carried to the hold. The coal tub weighed 200 pounds. A couple of girls about ten years old carried them back and forth. It was such a fascinating sight I could not get away and stayed on deck with one of my roommates until 11, when it was all over. I then went to bed.

MARCH 31. I arose at 6:30 and just had time to wash before we had breakfast at 7, then after waiting a little went up on deck. At 8 we hoisted the anchor and turned around and headed for Kobe. We were directly across from the shipbuilding yard and a company of women were driving piles. There were about thirty, fifteen on each side, and each one pulled on the rope attached to the main rope which was tied to the driver. This they worked like a trip hammer. It was cloudy when I came on deck but it had cleared off by this time. Shortly after we started I went to the foredeck.

At 9 we met the Persia, the smallest boat of this line, coming in. She was just a day late. At 10, getting tired, I went below and turned into my bunk and read until dinner. All this time we were in sight of land. After dinner I went up on deck. The sun was obscured but it was not cool. The view was grand—mountains on either side. We were then entering a body of water known as the Inland Sea of Japan, as it belongs to the Japanese. The wind started to blow and, getting cool on the foredeck, I went aft and stayed until 2. The Chinamen were carrying on a number of gambling games. At 2 I went below and spent a couple of hours on a letter to Detroit, then went up on deck just in time to see another large ship. It was cloudy and the wind quite cool but I walked up and down the deck until I was out of breath and thoroughly warmed up. Land could be seen on both sides. I then conversed with one of my roommates until I went down to supper at 5. Read after supper, went back on the foredeck and stayed until 8, when it was too dark to see. First we passed the mouths of two small harbors, then making a short turn to port were in what seemed like a river and there were cities on either side. The

channel was full of junks, sampans and steamers. A Russian ship had sunk in shallow water and her two smokestacks and the upper works were out of the water. After passing the cities the channel was so very narrow at times that we could almost reach out and touch land. At 8 I went down and turned in.

APRIL 1. Just got up in time for breakfast, then went to the afterdeck where I promenaded till 8. We were then passing small towns. I went down and spent the time until 9 on my Detroit letter. Then I went on the afterdeck, where the sun was shining brightly. It was warm out of the wind and the water was like a pond. Land was close on the port side. We passed a small town and a train was seen entering this place. The water between us and the shore was almost covered with junks of all sizes.

At 10:30 we came to the edge of Kobe. The smokestacks show that this is a great manufacturing town. At 11 we anchored and had a lineup once more for the doctor. We then moved down again and finally anchored at 12. As soon as the doctor finished we went down to an early dinner. All of our crowd went ashore about 12:30. As soon as I landed I went ahead until I came to a place where I bought some cards. I then wrote and posted some of them to Detroit. Then went along this street, which was lined with small bazaars, until I came to a fine wide street leading back toward the hill and this I followed until I came to a great hill, and traveled up an almost precipitous slope to the top. One thousand feet above the water the top is level and has an area of a couple of acres. Seats are scattered around and there are a number of games for children. At the top is a monument about fifty feet high, crowned by a small house and a couple of cannon. Back of this are some refreshment stands. There was another long climb to the top of the mountain. The path is sandy and very steep and slippery and is hard to navigate. The top of the mountain is 1,800 feet above the sea level and a magnificent view is obtained. The whole length of the town and har-

bor can be seen. Behind is an almost precipitous drop into a narrow field and above on the sides and at the back are other great peaks, all being covered with a thin growth of spruce. As the temperature was just right it was hard for me to draw myself away. On getting down I followed a street running parallel with the mountain for more than a mile, then turned down toward the dock, then along to our launch dock. On the way I passed a temple. This was in an enclosure and consisted of several small buildings built of brick and stone. The roof was peaked and covered with black tile. At each end was a vari-colored fish, and at the center a blue glass ball. On the other side of the entrance of the main building was a great dragon and the wall was covered with fantastic paintings.

Reaching the launch dock I went on a couple of blocks till I came to the tram line. This I followed for nearly a mile, then turned off again toward the docks. The name of the last street is Kyomachi. Scattered along this are a number of splendid buildings—banks, offices, stores, etc. At the docks I ran into a fine park which started at the launch dock. I walked through this to the dock. This street is called Kagan Dori, and on the street facing the water are the great hotels and postoffice, a lot of very fine buildings. I stopped to watch a number of wrestling matches in the park. I timed myself to get back to the launch just before it started at 5. I went aboard and had supper and afterwards went on deck and watched the cargo loaded until 6:30, when I went ashore in another launch. Spent a little over an hour walking up one side and down the other of the bazaar street. There were no street lights, just small gas and electric lights over the stores. It was certainly a wonderful sight—every imaginable article for sale, and especially curios of every kind, and not the least interesting sight were the people. Just at the last I ran into a huge place like a market which, besides a number of stands, contained a couple of moving picture shows. At 8 I went aboard and afterwards turned in.

APRIL 2. Arose at 6. We were just starting for Yokohama, 350 miles away. It was a dull cloudy morning. As soon as we got into the open I promenaded across the upper deck until 7 when we had breakfast. The old sailor and another of our passengers kicked at the grub. After breakfast I went up on deck, but it was cloudy and chilly, so didn't stay long, but went down and perched up in my berth beside the port and read until 9. After dinner I spent the time until 3 on my Detroit letter and then went up on deck for a few minutes, but didn't stay as the wind nearly blew me over. Went down to my bunk and read till 5, when we had supper.

Afterwards I went down the corridor near the engine room and slowly promenaded until 7 when I took a hot salt water bath and went to bed. The wind was now blowing a hurricane.

APRIL 3. Arose at 6. Every time I awakened during the night I could hear the wind howl and as it was dead ahead it kept us back. We should have reached Yokohama before this. After breakfast as I was not well and it was quite cold I stayed in my berth reading until 10 when the steward routed me out for muster. We all lined up on deck as usual. After the ship anchored and the doctor went through the rounds, just as they were finishing the Korea of this line passed on the way to Kobe. It was 11 before we anchored in the inner harbor. Just afterwards we had dinner and at 12 went ashore.

There were a couple of fine buildings belonging to the customs at this place. I went along past a couple of grand buildings and went on a couple of blocks farther when I came to a large park. Here I stayed for a long time watching the people. After this I hunted up a station as I wanted to find out about trains for Tokio. Here I ran across a paper giving an account of the death of J. P. Morgan. I stayed a while watching the crowd and trains and then went up one street and down another, part of the time following a canal. I passed by a small mission where there were books for sale. I bought a testament and after I had gone a few blocks a young Japanese



came after me and handed back my money and took my address. I stopped in another place and bought some clothes and at another got a pair of Jap sandals. I kept wandering around until it was time to head for the launch. On the way ran into a funeral procession. There must have been two hundred people. If there was a coffin it was probably inside what looked like a small wooden house. This was carried on staves by people. At 5 the launch started for the ship and I went aboard. After supper we all went down to the launch and went ashore again. As soon as I landed I started out and wandered up one street and down another, just getting back to the dock in time for the 8 o'clock boat. I was on three of the principal bazaar streets. On all three streets most of the buildings were usually only two stories, built of wood, and had peaked roofs facing the street. These were shingled with tiles. The streets were a wonderful sight and I could easily spend a week wandering through.

I stopped at one place and bought something to use for a scarf on the voyage. I almost forgot to mention one of the main sights we saw, and that was a gang of women driving piles for the foundation of a building. There were fifteen on either side of a frame. Each had hold of a rope and one woman on either side acted as a leader. They would dance a little jig, give a signal, and every one would pull, singing all the time. At 9 I went to the ship and turned in.

APRIL 4. Arose at 6 and walked the deck until breakfast time. After breakfast read until 8, when I went ashore on a launch. On landing I hustled for the station where I procured a ticket for Tokio and after a few minutes the train started at 9.

Of course, I bought a third class ticket and I was the only white person in a whole car filled with Japs. We passed several towns on the way. Took forty minutes to run the thirty miles. After finding out the time of re-turning trains I sallied forth.

Outside the station was a great square. To the left was a tram line running on Ginza, the main business

street of the city. This is a fine wide avenue, with a sidewalk on either side fifty feet wide, with trees planted at the edge.

The street is lined with stores of a better class, some being quite large structures. I passed the home of the Methodist Publishing Co., also headquarters of the Salvation Army.

Looking down a side street I saw a grand building which I took to be a temple of some kind, but on investigation found it was the headquarters of a telephone company. It was certainly a noble building, built of white pressed brick and grey sandstone, about 300 to 200 feet. It was three stories high.

On top in the center is a pagoda tower. A side street one side of which backs on the canal is entirely given over to small furniture factories. I sat down on a stone at the bank of the canal across from this fine building and did some writing, then watched a man and woman unloading sand from a small barge.

While I was writing two young Japs came along and rubbered. Going back to the main street I passed a number of lumber yards containing thousands of bunches of bamboos of all sizes.

In rapid succession I came upon a couple of funerals. The first was headed by about fifty men carrying plants and great bunches of artificial flowers, then eight bearers carrying a small house containing a coffin. Next were twenty-five mourners wearing funny-looking matting hats. Bringing up the rear were the relatives in rickshaws, and last of all was a fine-looking gentleman dressed in a frock suit and wearing a silk hat.

I kept along this street, branching off from time to time. At last I came to what looked like a skyscraper in course of erection, there being six floors, all steel work. The outside was entirely enclosed by matting and a number of Japs were rigging the scaffolding. I turned off here and passed several splendid buildings. One was a grand department store and the others were government buildings.

A little further on I crossed under an electric elevated

railway and a block to one side was a splendid building in course of erection. This was about 1,500 feet long by about 300 feet wide. It was four stories high, built of red pressed brick and sandstone, and about a quarter of the top was covered by a huge dome.

I passed through the construction yard which contained a town of buildings. There were tracks running in every direction for the conveyance of material.

At the end I came out upon a grand avenue, very wide and well paved, and for several blocks lined on either side with fine modern buildings. Most of them were built of red pressed brick with stone trimming. Among others were the New York Life and Equitable Life of New York, the two great Japanese steamship companies' office, and another huge government building.

This street ended at the canal and running along this was another splendid avenue. On the opposite side of the canal was a wall about eight feet above the water. This enclosed a tract of land of probably 200 acres. It looked like a common cut up by gravel drives running all over it in every direction.

There was a hill behind and on this an old pagoda castle. Just as I came to the park and I was leaning against the fence resting a few minutes, a young Jap came up to me and wanted to know if I spoke English. Upon my replying in the affirmative he wanted to know if he could be of any assistance, explaining that he was not a guide, not looking for money, but was a student from Kobe, just being there on a holiday.

We afterwards went into the park together. It was then 1:30. He asked me if I had had dinner yet. I said I had been a little under the weather and did not feel like eating. He insisted as a special favor that I go with him to a tea house and have lunch. On his assuring me that he would not pay much more than twenty-five cents, our money, for both of us, I agreed, and we walked back toward the main street. On the way we passed the Grand Imperial Theatre. This was a splendid building, built of sandstone. On reaching the main street we soon located a restaurant and we went in. Had to remove our

shoes and left them outside. Were then shown into a little private room having a sliding door. This room was about ten feet square and had matting on the floor. In the center was a low table and we were given cushions to sit on.

In a minute a girl came in and after bowing to the floor a couple of times, handed a menu card to the young Jap. After he ordered we talked until the feed came. This consisted of a small pot of tea, a pot of rice and bowl each of curry and a plate each of baked fish.

We were both given chopsticks but I could do nothing with them, so a knife and fork were brought in. It all tasted good and I made a fine meal.

After eating the Jap and I strolled and talked until I had to take the train at 5. He was a splendid fellow. He told me he was twenty years old, the second son in a wealthy family. He expected to graduate from college in two years, then serve one year as a soldier, then go to the States for a year and afterwards go into business. He told me that if he were living ten years from now that probably his name would be known a few miles from his home.

I took his name and address and promised, nothing happening, to write him a card from Detroit. While strolling we came upon another grand building. This was the Imperial Museum, one of the finest buildings of them all. It had a frontage of 500 feet and a depth of 300, and was built of stone. The entire front was a number of fine columns. On top was a great dome. At last we had to say good-bye and I went aboard the train. Coming up I was in a car that had end doors, seats for two on one side, and a long seat against the wall. The seats were covered.

Coming back the car was like the English ones—doors all along the side and seats across. It only took forty minutes to go to Tokio and eighty to go back.

This was on account of stopping at every station. Wherever there was a bit of land not used for building purposes this was planted in something or other.

It was 6 when I arrived and I hustled for the launch,

leaving for the ship at 6:30. On going aboard went below and I was given some supper. I spent the time until 9 writing and talking, then turned in.

APRIL 5. Arose at 6:30. After my ablutions I talked till breakfast, after which I went up on deck, going ashore at 8. I wandered around a couple of bazaar streets and I kept on till I came to steps leading up to a Shinto temple. This is called "The Temple of One Hundred Steps" on account of there being 100 steps leading up to it. At the foot was a small pool of water and this was nearly filled with mud-turtles. A board led out to the center, and I noticed a number of people going out. I do not know if this had any religious significance. On mounting the steps I found the temple was a low, narrow, long structure built of heavy timbers and lumber. Outside was a covered platform. Suspended from the ceiling was a gong and to this were attached two heavy ropes. Worshipers would come to this, throw a piece of money into a box, bow a few times, hammer the gong, say a prayer and depart.

There were a number of smaller shrines scattered around and at the very top of the hill was an open temple, like a shed, built of wood, supported by eight great posts. All around were small houses belonging to the priests. I stayed here for quite awhile, and then went down by the docks, then up by the fine buildings, hotels, banks, offices, etc. At last I bid farewell to Japan and went aboard the launch and to the ship at 11:30.

Had dinner on going aboard and then went up on deck, where I watched the last operations of taking on trunks, etc., getting ready to sail. At 2 we were mustered for the doctor and at 3 sharp started on our long trip to Honolulu. I stayed on deck till we passed out into the open sea, when I went below and wrote and read until 5, when we had supper. I then read for awhile and then borrowing a pair of trousers from one of the fellows I did some laundry work. Afterwards read till 8:30 when I turned in. At this time the wind was blowing a hurricane.

In all the four cities visited in Japan, I took particular

pains to observe dress and costumes, and I found the national costume to be a kind of kimono for both male and female. They use several kinds of sandals. The kind mostly used are made of wood, with two narrow cross-pieces on the bottom. They wear stockings having a separate compartment for the great toe, and on top of the sandal is a looped strap which is thrust between the toes. The women do not wear hats, the hair being beautifully coiffured, piled up on top of the head. Most of the men go bareheaded—a few wear a cap or European hat. The rickshaw is the principal vehicle used by all classes. Even in Tokio, where the streets are wide and well paved, there are very few carriages or autos. The rickshaw men dress in short, tight trousers and loose blouses, long stockings, sandals and a small white, black or brown umbrella hat. The women and men, too, carry babies on their backs. The boys and girls are miniatures of their parents as to dress. When friends meet they bow almost to the ground and this is continued until they pass. On going into a store the clerks keep up a continual bowing till you leave. As a people I like what I have seen of them. The police in each city wore blue suits, shoes and a plain peaked cap and carried a sword. Nothing bizarre-looking about them.

APRIL 6. I arose at 6:30. We had a very stormy night, water dashing up to the port above my head, and the wind is still raging.

This morning one more was added to our company, an East Indian who is an American citizen and spent many years in Alaska.

After a wash I wrote until breakfast, then spent a few minutes in writing, and as I was doing so several Chinamen and Koreans were singing gospel songs just outside our cabin. After this I went on deck and spent an hour promenading, and another hour talking to an old sailor. Although it was very windy, water coming up to the deck, yet it was warmer than at any time since we left Hongkong. I then went down to my berth and read until dinner, afterwards spending some time on deck. Then to my berth once more, where I read till supper. After

supper I got up in a vacant berth and talked until I went to bed.

APRIL 7. Rose at 6. The gale had kept up all night. Whenever I awakened I heard the water splashing against the port.

After breakfast went up on deck and promenaded, then wrote until 3, then went above and promenaded and talked till 4. The wind was worse, the spray coming on the deck at times. Went down and wrote until supper at 5, afterwards writing and talking until 8, when I turned in. Just before doing so, went up on deck and saw the grand-looking waves which were now coming over the side.

APRIL 8. Rose at 6. We had a terrible night. The big ship groaned and creaked and the water was continually dashing against the ports, the wind coming from our side of the vessel. The old ocean does not look very pacific this morning. After breakfast I went to the after-deck, where it was not so windy, and promenaded for an hour; also took a look at the log. I meant to keep track from Yokohama, but forgot to do so. Then went back to the cabin where I figured until 11; I am getting everything figured out in reference to my trip. Then went back to the afterdeck, staying until 12, when we had dinner. Afterwards wrote and figured until 4, when I took a trip along our deck. There are now about five hundred Chinamen, Japs and Filipinos, and a few Russians packed in like sardines. Among the Chinese there were several games going on. I looked around until 6, afterwards going back to the afterdeck to read the log, and stayed for an hour talking to one of the engineers. I then went down and watched a bunch of the Filipinos giving a performance until 8, when I turned in.

APRIL 9. Rose at 6 just in time for breakfast. On account of the gale the boat rocked a little during the night. Right after breakfast I went back on the after-deck, looked at the log, and then spent an hour promenading, the wind not being quite so strong here.

After this, there being nothing else to do, I went to my berth and sat by the port and read until dinner. After dinner went at it again until 4, then promenaded an hour between decks. Just before I went to supper a lady, a first class passenger, came along and asked me to direct her to the Chinese women's quarters, and this I did. After supper took a walk until 8, when I went to bed.

APRIL 10. Arose at 6, promenaded between decks until breakfast. The gale was worse last night and the boat pitched and groaned all night.

After breakfast I went aft to look at the log. As it was raining I didn't stay, but came back to the cabin and read until dinner time.

The wind had got worse and worse, so after a short promenade I crawled up into my berth and stayed there until bedtime, not feeling as fine as I might. I ate no supper. I was mighty near being sick, but managed to pull through. At 9 I disrobed and went to bed.

APRIL 11. Arose just in time for breakfast. I didn't eat much, not feeling as well as usual. After breakfast went back to the afterdeck, looked at the log and promenaded a little. The wind blew worse than ever all night.

It was just a year ago today since I left Detroit. I spent the time until noon reading.

After dinner I went out on deck and stayed promenading and admiring the sea view and the other attractions. The sun was nice and warm and the wind had moderated considerably.

At 2 I went below and spent a couple of hours on my Honolulu letter to Detroit, then read until 5, when I had supper. After supper went aft and promenaded until 8.

Eleven of the Chinese crew had games of some kind together and a good many of the passengers lost their money.

Among the crowd of deck passengers were three Russian families. Each family had a small child a few years old and it was fun to watch them toddling along getting into mischief.



At 8 I went down to the cabin where I talked until 9, when I turned in.

APRIL 11. No. 2. Arose just in time for breakfast. Some time in the early night we crossed the 180th degree of longitude and dropped back a day.

The wind wore up into a gale shortly after I went to bed, and at 2 I was awakened by the fog whistle, which continued to blow for about an hour.

After breakfast I went back to the afterdeck and examined the log. We had just made 310 knots in the last twenty-four hours. I then promenaded for a while and read until 9, when I went to the cabin and spent two hours on my Detroit letter. Then I went up on deck to bask in the sunshine until dinner.

After dinner read and talked until supper time, after which I went back to the afterdeck, promenaded a while, then had a short talk with a gentleman I met at Nagasaki.

After this a little lady, whom I took for a missionary, sized me up for a heathen, handed out a bunch of papers and asked a few questions.

There being several Jap women near by who were singing, she joined them and they sang several gospel hymns together. Before they finished a number of the first class joined in, among them a bishop who has been on the boat since we left Manila.

At 8 I went below and talked until 9, when I turned in.

APRIL 12. Arose just in time for breakfast. After breakfast went aft to look at the log. We had done a little better than 320 knots in the last twenty-four hours. I then went back to the cabin and wrote and read until noon. Was up on deck part of the time. The crew is busy painting everything. At 10 a crew came on deck with a great roll of canvas and proceeded to manufacture a swimming pool on the starboard side of the after part of the foredeck, the top coming even with the first class deck.

After dinner I went on deck, selected a cozy place and sat there most of the afternoon watching and listening to the indigo blue waves and wondering what they said.

After supper I went to the afterdeck and promenaded slowly, almost continuously, for a couple of hours, then conversed with my first class passenger and the deck engineer till after 9.

The Japs were having a hilarious time over a game, which we watched for a time. A man and woman were each blindfolded and one or the other had a pan. A ring of the others surrounded them. The one with the pan beat on it and the other tried to get hold of the pan. It was 10 when I turned in.

APRIL 13. Arose at 6 and promenaded till breakfast. We had eggs for a treat. After breakfast I went back to the log. We had only made 295 knots. It was very windy on deck—nearly blew the hair out of my head. Moved my watch ahead, as usual, this morning.

I spent most of the time till noon between deck on a bench beside one of the big grate doors, which opens out into the sea. Wrote and watched the mountainous billows. At 10:30 the bell rang for service in the saloon for the first class.

In the afternoon read most of the time. The Filipino band gave us a little music. Some young freak in the first class was training for some kind of a performance to be given in the saloon. Most all the afternoon the Filipinos were playing their game of Jacob and Rachel.

After supper I went to the afterdeck as usual, but did not stay long as the wind was fierce. Going down I sat down between deck with three of my companions and talked till 9, when I went to bed.

APRIL 14. Arose at 6 after a poor night. It stormed so bad the boat rocked and pitched terribly. After breakfast I went aft and looked at the log and promenaded a little. The wind was still blowing a gale and the waves ran mountain high. I then went down to the cabin and wrote and read until 10. Came down to see what land was in sight. I went up on the deck and discovered away in the distance a blurred outline of land. I sat up until 11 and watched the approach and receding of this land, a

small island a few acres in extent, known as Bird Island. After this I went down and read until noon.

After dinner spent an hour on my Honolulu letter, then read till 4, when we were all mustered on the after-deck for quarantine. It seems there was a government doctor on board and the ship's officers received word by wireless to do the job today and save time when we landed at Honolulu. By 5 we were gone over and dismissed. I then went below and had supper, afterwards going to the afterdeck, and although it was very windy and wet, stayed there till 7, when, after writing a letter, I went below and watched an entertainment given by the steerage passengers in which all the nationalities took part—Japs, Chinese, Filipinos, Indians and Russians. There were songs, speeches, dances and acrobatic performances. This lasted till 9 and was very good. I then went forward and turned in.

✓ APRIL 15. Arose at 5. Land is now in sight. I wrote until breakfast, which we had early, and then went on deck. Was just in time to see the pilot taken on board. The city of Honolulu was spread before us. The Wilhelmina, a boat which plies between 'Frisco and this port, had just gotten in ahead of us. A narrow channel which had been blasted out of the coral rock led to the dock where we tied up at 8.

I went ashore, hunted up some postcards and then to the postoffice, where I finished my letter to Detroit and wrote and posted some cards. I then went on the street that led back toward the hills, but after a walk of about a mile the sidewalk ended and as the road was very muddy I quit. I wandered around until nearly noon, when I headed for the boat.

The place just seems like a California city. The buildings are mostly all new and modern. There are quite a number of streets lined with fine blocks of all kinds, and then outside of this are splendid dwellings surrounded by cocoanut palms and other fine trees. There are several electric lines over which are run splendid cars, manned for the most part by Americans.

After dinner I boarded a car at the corner of King and Alakea streets and rode about five miles out to Capiulani Park. If it had not been for the sign over the car I should have easily made myself believe I was in an American city. American money is used here and I find this is the first place, since leaving New York, where they run cars on the American system—fare five cents, short or long ride. They also hand out transfers.

About one half of the ride was along a street lined on either side with splendid dwellings. The residence of ex-Queen Liliulano was one we passed. At the end of this stretch of residences we made a sharp turn and were out in the country. For about half a mile we were crossing a kind of swamp, a few shanties being built on the dry spots. Part of the land had quite a succession of ditches and strips of land, both being about equal. Part of this was not planted but was run over by a multitude of ducks and geese. The rest was planted to bananas. Across this we came close to the beach, but the rest of the way we followed along parallel to the shore. Grand residences in commodious grounds lined this road. Just before gaining the park we came upon a grand hotel. Bathing and surf-rushing were going on off the beach at the park. Men in canoes with outriggers go out about a mile, then come in with the breakers. This is a hair-raising performance.

After watching awhile I went about a mile farther out, then climbed up an almost perpendicular hill, getting a fair view from here. New buildings are going up all along. After this I went back to the end of the car line and then to town, and afterwards got on another car. On this was a sign, "Liliha and Emma Streets." The car ran pretty well up one of the great hills. The houses along this were smaller and were inhabited by Japs, Chinese and Hawaiians. At the end of the car line I started to climb and gained the top of one of the smaller hills. A very good view was obtained from this point. I then walked back up a different street, passing two splendid churches—the St. Andrew's Cathedral and the Central Union. The first (Episcopal) is built of light stone and

has several wings besides the main part. On one side is a high square tower. The interior is elaborately fitted up, the main point being a grand altar and some splendid memorial windows. I presume the other church is some kind of a union institution. It is a brand-new building of stone with a great steeple.

Coming down to the main part of the town I ran into the Y. M. C. A., a large new three-story stone building. I went in and looked around a minute, as it was time for me to go to the boat. After supper I went back to the Y. and read until 7, then went around awhile and finally ran into an open-air Salvation Army meeting. I stayed until they finished and then followed them to the hall, where they had a very good meeting, not getting out until 9:30. On going out I went right down to the ship and to bed at 10.

APRIL 16. Rose at 5 and wrote until we had an early breakfast at 6. I then took a stroll along the dock, just coming back in time to hear the beginning of the band concert of the Royal Hawaiian band. I stayed out in the wharf shed listening to them until the gang plank was about to be run in. Nearly all the passengers were more or less covered with garlands of flowers. I stayed on deck and watched the receding land until 11, when our crowd had dinner. It was then I saw some of the tremendous crowd of more than 400 taken on at Honolulu.

While we were eating the carpenters were busy at work making benches and tables. By 12 everything was ready and they sat down in batches of 100. Every bit of available space between decks was taken up with their stands of berths and tables. I sat down on the hatch and stayed there until 2 watching the different outfits. Most of these people were Portuguese and behaved like savages. After this I went up on deck and finding a shelter from the wind, stayed there until supper time. We are now headed a little north of east and the wind has changed so that it is coming right over the bow as usual. Our bunch ate supper in the forward cabin. After supper I again watched the crowd eat until all were through, then went

to the afterdeck where I talked until 8. Going down, I went ahead into the cabin and read until 9, when I went to bed. I then found every bunk in our place occupied. Among the lot were a couple of "smart" young Americans. The language they used was horrible.

APRIL 17. Rose at 6 and walked the deck until 7, when I had breakfast. When we were about through one of the young fellows who used the fine language the night before came in and started abusing the chink who waited on us. It made my blood boil and I could not refrain from drawing his attention to it. It is a positive shame how the English and Americans abuse all these Eastern people. After breakfast I went back to the afterdeck and looked at the log, but something must have got into it, as it did not register right. I then went down to my cabin and finished writing up my diary, after which I read until noon. After dinner I watched the crowd eat until 2, when I went up on the foredeck and read until 4, when a Japanese missionary came along and conversed with me a few minutes, and then I was invited to take part in the meeting among the Japs. He then brought down a couple of women missionaries and insisted on introducing them to me, and then the meeting was held, consuming nearly an hour. About twenty-six Japs took part. They had just finished when the bell rang for the fire drill, after which I went down for supper.

I had almost forgotten the most interesting event of the day. About 11 I heard someone cry that a ship was in sight and I hustled to the rail and watched her come up. She passed within 200 feet of us and turned out to be the Manchuria, a sister ship of this. My, what a blowing of whistles, ringing of bells, cheering and waving of handkerchiefs as there was! After supper I went up on deck for a few minutes, looked at the log and, going below, went into the aftercabin and talked until 9, when I took a Turkish bath and went to bed. I had a desperate cold and thought I could sweat it out.

APRIL 18. After breakfast went aft, looked at the log, only stayed a few minutes and then went down to the

forecabin and read until dinner. After eating I watched the crowd gormandizing until 2. Then read and talked until supper, after which I went up on the afterdeck, promenaded a little, looked at the log and then went to the forecabin, where I read and conversed until 9, when I turned in.

APRIL 19. Rose just in time for breakfast, then read until noon. After dinner went up on deck a few minutes, but it was too cold to stay. I then went down below and read until supper, then watched the people finish eating; afterward talked until 8, when I turned in.

APRIL 20. Rose at 6 and wrote until breakfast, then watched the crowd eat; afterward read until noon. After dinner, went right at the reading again and kept at it until 4, when I went up on the afterdeck. For the first time since we entered the Pacific at Kobe the great ocean was almost as still and placid as a mill pond. When I went aft I found, besides the Chinese gamblers' outfits, several small boys flying kites from the stern. After watching this a little I started promenading and shortly several ladies came down from the first class and distributed candy to the children. When I saw this I went all the way along to the stern and chased all the kids forward and there was a small sized row before the ladies finished the distribution. At 5 I went down to supper and afterwards watched the crowd until they finished eating. They were poor creatures and acted as if they were starved. After this I went into the forecabin, talked until 9, when I turned in.

APRIL 21. Rose at 6. Walked and talked until we had breakfast. This is the day we were supposed to reach 'Frisco, but on account of the bad weather we will be a day late. After watching the people feed a few minutes, I went to the forecabin and wrote on my letter to Detroit, then up on deck until noon. After eating I watched the bunch for awhile, then read until 4, when I went up on the afterdeck and ran into my missionary friend once

more and after the meeting, which was in progress, had a short conversation. On his telling me he expected to be in Detroit the latter part of May I gave him my address and asked him to hunt me up. I promenaded on deck until supper. Immediately after our crowd had supper the whole bunch were ordered on afterdeck to pass quarantine. There was such a crowd that it was not possible to line them up on deck, so they were run through one at a time and looked over. The wind, which had been gaining in violence all afternoon, had worked itself into a gale by 7. After we got through the quarantine I went down to the forecabin and gave the crowd there a short description of my trip. At 10 I went to bed.

APRIL 22. Arose at 6 and read until breakfast. It was stormier last night than at any time since I left Manila, and the boat was rolling so that the dishes could hardly be kept on the table.

After breakfast I read until 10, then on the cry of "land" I went up on deck and got a glimpse of it. At 11 we had an early dinner and at 12 we went through the Golden Gate and on gaining the lower harbor, anchored and waited until the quarantine doctor came aboard and gave us a clean bill of health.

After this, pulled up anchor and drew slowly into the company wharf. In the meanwhile we were all herded on the after part of the saloon deck and were examined by the immigration authorities, and at last at 2 I stepped upon the wharf. Having very little baggage to bother with, I said good-bye to the rest of the crowd and started out for Market street.

Located the Santa Fe office and found I could go by the way of Los Angeles and have a few days lay over. I intended to go to Los Angeles by boat but this way was better. I then walked up Market street to the postoffice, where I expected to find some letters waiting me, but was grievously disappointed only to find a postcard and the April number of a church paper. I then finished my last letter to Detroit and also wrote and posted some cards.

I then strolled slowly back to the foot of Market street,



looking at the fine buildings, and went into a couple of department stores and looked around a little. I then hunted up a hotel and, not feeling well, I stayed in and wrote and read until 9:30.

APRIL 23. Arose at 8 after a bad night, having a touch of fever. Not feeling hungry, I went right to the ferry house and got a boat for Oakland.

On landing there I wandered around until noon, had dinner at 1, took an electric train for the ferry, thence back to 'Frisco.

They were just putting the finishing touch to a beautiful city hall. It is built of white stone. The main part is four stories, then the center about half the size of the lower part runs up another ten stories. This is a very beautiful building.

On getting back to 'Frisco I went around a little, and then boarded a car for the Exposition grounds. This was a long ride—took nearly an hour.

The car stopped at the entrance to the Presidio park, a government reservation. A piece of ground containing about 200 acres running down to the water front is to be used for the exposition.

A force of men and teams is now busy grading and excavating. The soldiers have a ball ground here, and I watched a game for about an hour. Then went right through the park and then on to Golden Gate park. At one end was a high hill, surmounted by a huge high cross.

I climbed to the top of this and had a grand view of the city, harbor and ocean. After this clambered down, caught a car back to Market street, a few blocks from the ferry.

I then went back to my hotel, got a parcel I had left there and went to another place. After paying for my room I had some supper, then back, where I wrote and read until 8, when I went to a small mission and enjoyed the service until nearly 10, when I went to bed.

APRIL 24. After breakfast I started up Market street and ran across one of my roommates on the boat; talked

to him a few minutes then took him to an address he was trying to find. After bidding him good-bye I went out Market to Golden Gate avenue, going along a few blocks to the Y., a splendid, brand-new building. Here I read for a while, and cut across to Market street, and came across a couple of fine buildings—the City Hall and Hall of Records. Then made a last trip to the postoffice, then down to the United States mint, a building I visited more than seventeen years ago. Here I waited for half an hour while a party was gathered, and at 11:30 we were taken in hand and shown through the building. We were first taken to where copper was being smelted, the proper amount of alloy added and then cast into bars in another room. We saw employees take these ingots, run them through different machines until they were worked down to the required thinness. We were then shown a room where two million five hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold bars reposed. We were then taken to another room where Filipino money of different kinds was being coined. This finished the tour. I then went down to the restaurant near the ferry. Just after coming out I ran across another of my roommates on the boat, a Scotchman, and after standing talking a few minutes I guided him to the Flood building and after he had finished some business took him to the Mint, and we conversed until the guide was ready, and I said good-bye. I then went to the hotel near the ferry and read until time to go over to catch the train boat. At 4 it started, and after forty minutes' ride we landed at the train which immediately started for Los Angeles. It was very warm and I took off my coat and pushed up the window. I then kept my eye glued to the passing scene until it was too dark to see.

Our train was extra fast and we only stopped at a few large places. Up to midnight Stockton, Fresno, Hanford and Bakersfield were passed. While I could see we passed some very rough beautiful scenery. Hundreds of small orchards and farms were strung along the way.

APRIL 25. Did not get any sleep to amount to anything. About 2, at Teahachpi, we reached the highest

point, over 3,000 feet. We arrived at Barstow at 4, here branched off the main line for Los Angeles, some time after 12 got to sleep and did not waken until 5. At this time we were in the most mountainous district, which continued to within a few miles of San Bernardino, where we arrived at 7. From there on, a distance of 60 miles, our way was through fine orange orchards. There are at least 10,000 bushels of fruit lying on the ground, besides a great number of trees killed entirely, and there are a succession of small towns, every two or three miles, until Pasadena was reached. My, what a beautiful place this is. The train ran right through one of the streets and I had a good opportunity to observe its beauties. At 9 we landed at Los Angeles, and I strolled to the main part of the city. Just before reaching the main street I stepped into a restaurant and had breakfast, then a few blocks across to the Y. M. C. A. building. This, next to Detroit, is the finest and largest building I have seen since I started. A gentleman was kind enough to take me through the building. It is certainly a fine structure. Los Angeles has the largest membership of any city in the world.

After writing a few cards I located a place where I thought a young lady lived, whom I had known in Detroit. I went down along Broadway. This street, as well as Main and Spring, is lined with splendid impressive business houses of all kinds. Choicest of all the buildings were situated on this thoroughfare, viz., the City Hall and Court Houses, both magnificent buildings. Coming to Temple street I turned down to the postoffice, another grand building on Main street. I then went through a couple of department stores, bought something to eat, then took a car for Westchester, where I expected to find Miss Hilborn, my Detroit friend. This was a long ride out Broadway to Pico, which is the same as Thirteenth street, and then had a fine view for about three miles of splendid residences. I located the place on Westchester and found the house vacant. Upon inquiry at the next place, I found the people had just left the day before and I obtained the name of the family and found out that the head of the house was a doctor.

I then went back to town and spent a couple of hours going to different offices trying to find this doctor, but without success. After this I went to the Pacific Electric station and just got a car for Burbank at 4. This place is 10 miles north of Los Angeles. On arriving I inquired for O. C. Lane and was directed to a garage and found the proprietor was a namesake of mine and a second cousin. I conversed with him for a few minutes, then was directed to his father's ranch, about a mile from town. Found the lady of the house at home, went in for a few minutes, had supper and conversed until 10, when I turned in.

APRIL 26. Arose at 6 after a splendid night's rest. After breakfast Mr. Lane went to the city and I conversed with my cousin until 11.

I then took a long walk, coming upon an orchard where they were irrigating. Had a conversation with the owner and did not go back until 12. After dinner I read and conversed with Mrs. Lane until 5, when I took a walk to the old place where they used to live, about half a mile away.

They lived here when I was in this country seventeen years ago. I found the house vacant and pretty rickety looking. And coming to the back found a camping place for "Bos" and (two gentlemen of the road) sitting on the back porch.

I had quite a long talk with them about conditions throughout the country. Got back to the house at 6. Mr. Lane had returned and after supper we went out on the front porch and listened to the phonograph until 10 and then went to bed.

APRIL 27. Arose at 6 after another splendid night's rest, and after breakfast conversed with Mr. Lane until 9, when he started in his auto to Los Angeles to bring out some of his folks to spend the day.

I then went out on the porch and wrote up my diary, which I had been neglecting. I had just finished when Mr. Lane got back with his brother and wife, and her father and mother and his mother, and I was busy then the rest of the day telling my experiences.

About 5 my cousin's son and wife and baby came, and shortly after Mr. Lane took his first bunch home, but the last comers stayed until 9, and after they left Mr. Lane and I stayed up until 12 talking.

APRIL 28. Arose at 6 and had breakfast, then a last few words, and away to catch the electric car for Los Angeles. On coming to the end of the car line, having plenty of time, walked to the station, buying some provisions on the way.

At 9 we started on the long trip to Chicago. The seventy miles to San Bernardino were mostly through the finest orange district in the state. This was a different branch than the one I came over from San Francisco.

Riverside, one of the greatest orange districts in the state, was one of the cities we passed through. From San Bernardino on it was desert right through to The Needles, the last town in California.

Here we crossed the Colorado river into Arizona and it was after dark and too late for me to see any more. I went in the smoking car and stayed, although my ticket entitled me to a seat in the chair car, but I felt too shabby for that anyway, and there was plenty of room in the smoker.

APRIL 29. Arose at 5. The first thing I did was to put my watch on an hour, as the time had moved ahead. We have been gradually getting higher and just after I got up I saw a board which said, "The Continental Divide." This was 7,000 feet above sea level. Then we slipped down till where we stopped for breakfast at Winslow it was less than 4,000 feet. At the principal places along the line are hotels and lunch rooms run by Fred Harvey which are world noted. All through this higher country there was quite a bit of timber, but we are still in the desert. At 10 we crossed the line into New Mexico. Here we had reached an elevation of 6,800 feet, then down again at a place called Isletto, 15 miles from Albuquerque, we crossed the Rio Grande and followed the valley of this river for about 75 miles. A cer-

tain amount of farming is carried on here. Albuquerque was the largest place in the two states. About all the houses are adobe and inhabited by Mexicans.

From this last city we started to climb once more and at Larny, where we had supper, had got up 6,500 feet. Here a great ten-wheeled driver hooked on behind, and in the next ten miles we went up 1,000 feet more. The highest point reached in the whole trip was gained at Raton tunnel, 7,600 feet. This was in New Mexico, just at the Colorado line.

APRIL 30. Arose at 5. We were now in Colorado, in a prairie country, which got better the farther we went. By keeping a close watch I saw the monument that marked the boundary between Colorado and Kansas. We passed this just at 6. It was not until 9 that we stopped for breakfast at Dodge City.

As we had about half an hour at all these stops I had a chance to lay in some more provisions. I then pushed my watch ahead for the last time. We were now in a farming country, which looked fine after the desert. The fair-sized towns of Hutchinson, Newton and Emporia were passed and at 6:30 we drew into Topeka. We stayed here thirty minutes for supper, but didn't see much of the place, as the station was on the outskirts of the city. We passed Lawrence at 7, and arrived at Kansas City at 9. As we only stopped here a few minutes I did not leave the train.

In the early morning an Italian family, accompanied by a single man, got on our car. The single man had a cork leg and could hardly walk. I made myself useful by bringing him water several times.

On leaving Kansas City a young fellow sat beside me and said he was a Bohemian from Chicago, and we then had quite a conversation about both Bohemia and Chicago.

At 11 I turned in.

MAY 1. Arose at 5 after poor sleep. In the meanwhile we had passed through part of Missouri and a corner of Iowa, and we were now in Illinois—a beautiful farm-

ing country. We passed through Galesburg, Chillicothe, Streator and Joliet before reaching Chicago at 10. At Streator, which is 90 miles from Chicago, a man came in who said he was born in Chicago and had never been more than this ninety miles away in his life. I then started to tell him something of my great trip. We talked steadily until Chicago was reached. The Bohemian, this man and myself then exchanged addresses and said good-bye. I stayed behind to help the crippled Italian, carrying his suitcase. I took him to a seat, found out about his train and then sat down and read until 11, when it was time to help my friend to his train.

Then I went out and hunted up a restaurant, had dinner, then walked along State to Washington and took in the splendid new buildings that had been built since I was here last. I then went down to the Public Library and read until 4, when I went to the elevated station and got a train for the northwest part of the city, where an old chum of mine, Mr. Carroll, lived, where I expected to have a nice little visit, only to find out, on gaining the house, that his wife had received a telegram announcing the dying condition of his father, and that they would leave that night for Detroit and Ontario.

As I did not like the idea of not having any visit with him, and there was no reason for staying in Chicago, I decided to go with them, and we boarded a train at 12.

MAY 2. Spent most of the time from 12 until our arrival in Detroit at 8 talking about my trip. I then went with them to the Interurban station and stayed until they boarded a car for Marine City, and thus ended my great trip.

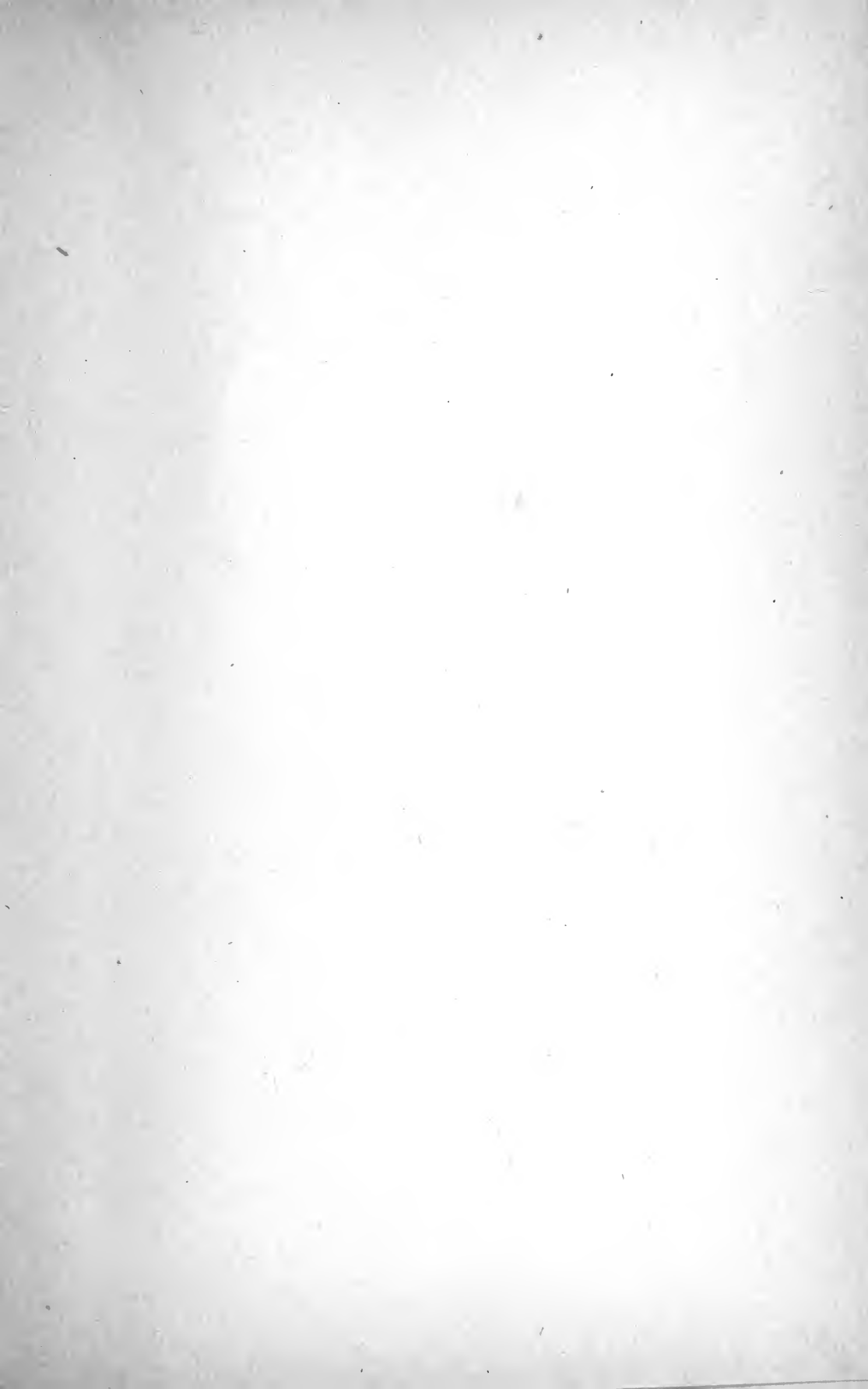
# TRANSPORTATION COST

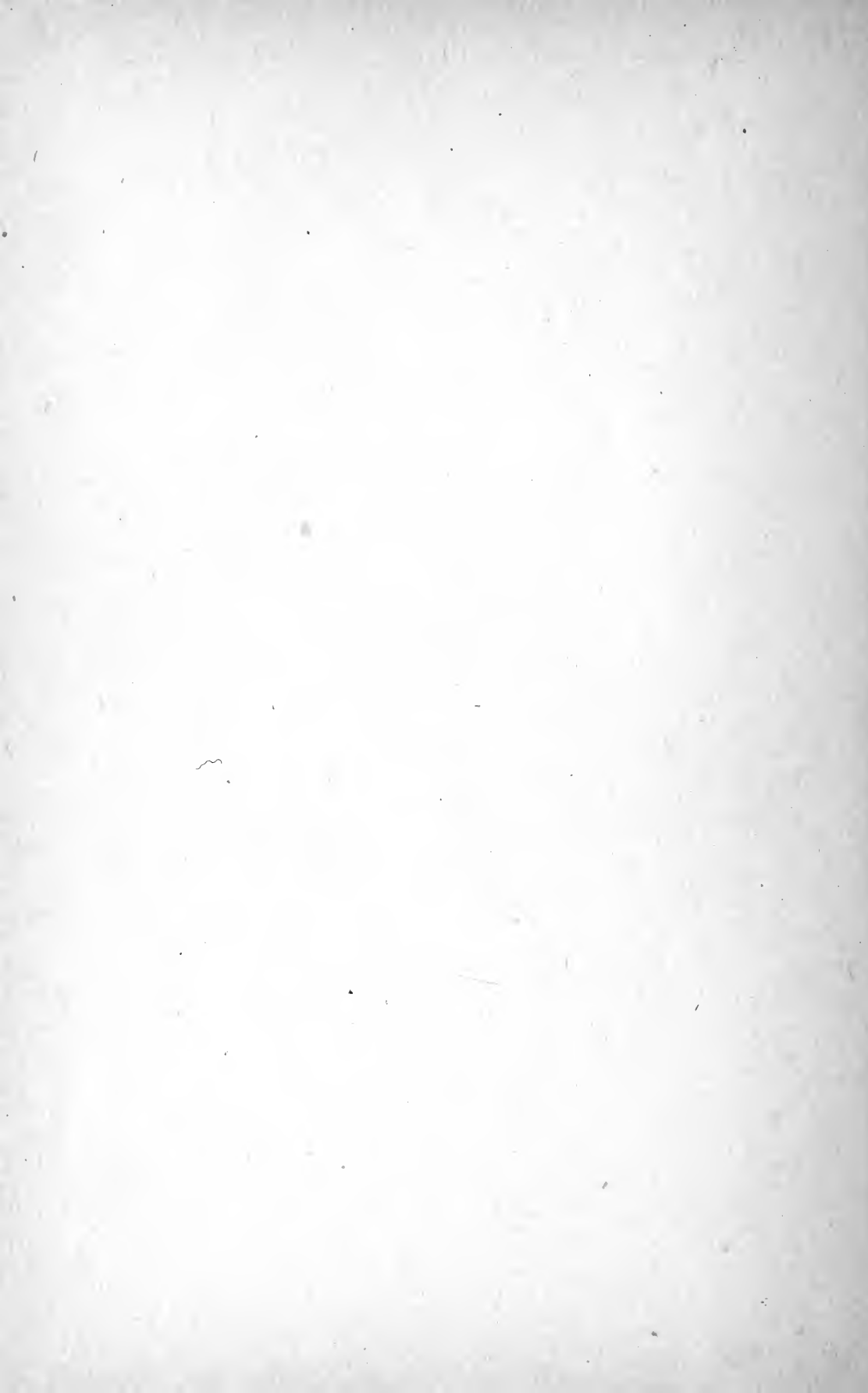
	Miles	Expense
Detroit to Cleveland .....	176	\$2.55
Cleveland to Pittsburgh .....	148	3.00
Pittsburgh to Washington .....	369	8.00
Washington to Arlington and return.....	14	.20
Washington to Mt. Vernon and return .....	30	.75
Washington to Baltimore .....	40	1.00
Baltimore to Philadelphia .....	80	2.40
Philadelphia to New York .....	100	1.50
New York to Queenstown (boat) .....	3100	35.00
Queenstown to Cork .....	14	.16
Cork to Blarney .....	5	.10
Blarney to Mallow .....	15	.30
Mallow to Killarney and return.....	81	.98
Mallow to Waterford .....	75	1.48
Waterford to Enniscorthy .....	39	.78
Enniscorthy to Ballymena and return.....	9	Walked
Enniscorthy to Dublin .....	78	1.54
Dublin to Lucan .....	8	.12
Lucan to Maynooth .....	7	Walked
Maynooth to Atheny .....	98	1.96
Atheny to Galway and return .....	26	.50
Atheny to Sligo .....	87	1.74
Sligo to Manorhamilton .....	23	.46
Manorhamilton to Enniskillen .....	25	.50
Enniskillen to Londonderry .....	60	1.20
Londonderry to Ballymena .....	61	1.22
Ballymena to Belfast .....	34	.58
Belfast to Ayr, Scotland (boat).....	82	.84
Ayr to Paisley .....	30	.60
Paisley to Glasgow .....	8	.12
Glasgow to Dunoon and return (boat).....	60	.28
Glasgow to Stirling .....	30	.58
Stirling to Perth .....	33	.66
Perth to Inverness .....	118	2.28
Inverness to Aberdeen (boat) .....	150	1.20
Aberdeen to Montrose .....	40	.81
Montrose to Arbroath .....	13	.25
Arbroath to Dundee .....	17	.33
Dundee to Edinburgh .....	51	1.01
Edinburgh to Leith and return.....	5	.04
Edinburgh to Abbotsford and return.....	85	.85
Leith to Copenhagen, Denmark (boat) .....	700	7.65
Copenhagen to Balerup and return.....	22	.24
Copenhagen to Helsingborg, Sweden (boat).....	40	.27
Helsingborg to Halmstad .....	60	.97
Halmstad to Stockholm .....	425	4.80
Stockholm to St. Petersburg, Russia, and return.....	1175	12.48
Stockholm to Christiania, Norway .....	375	3.70
Christiania to Hull, England (boat).....	700	7.38
Hull to Leeds .....	54	.54



	Miles	Expense
Leeds to Bradford .....	9	.12
Bradford to Liverpool .....	76	.78
Liverpool to Isle of Man and return (Douglass boat) .	160	.96
Liverpool to Manchester .....	37	.60
Manchester to Sheffield .....	41	.60
Sheffield to Ilkeston .....	60	.62
Ilkeston to Nottingham .....	8	.16
Nottingham to Birmingham .....	51	1.02
Birmingham to Stratford and return .....	55	.72
Birmingham to Bristol .....	92	.84
Bristol to Cardiff, Wales, and return (boat) .....	60	.60
Bristol to Bath .....	12	.23
Bath to Swindom .....	30	.59
Swindom to Oxford .....	36	.69
Oxford to London .....	63	.90
London to Greenwich and return .....	10	.12
London to Crystal Palace and return.....	24	.12
London to Rotterdam, Holland (boat) .....	183	3.12
Rotterdam to The Hague .....	15	.18
The Hague to Amsterdam .....	50	.42
Amsterdam to Zandam and return (boat) .....	10	.06
Amsterdam to Haarlem .....	18	.18
Haarlem to Leyden .....	17	.14
Leyden to The Hague .....	14	.12
The Hague to Scheveningen and return.....	7	.10
The Hague to Rotterdam .....	18	.18
Rotterdam to Antwerp, Belgium (boat).....	100	.50
Antwerp to Ghent .....	34	.44
Ghent to Brussels .....	38	.44
Brussels to Waterloo and return .....	25	.23
Brussels to Paris, France .....	192	2.97
Paris to Dijon .....	202	3.12
Dijon to Dole .....	30	.46
Dole to Mouchard .....	21	.32
Mouchard to Pontalier .....	41	1.14
Pontalier to Berne, Switzerland.....	76	1.12
Berne to Lucerne .....	61	1.00
Lucerne to Zurich .....	41	.61
Zurich to Basle .....	61	.93
Basle to Strassburg, Germany .....	90	.70
Strassburg to Karlsruhe .....	40	.30
Karlsruhe to Heidelberg .....	53	.42
Heidelberg to Darmstadt .....	38	.31
Darmstadt to Frankfurt .....	17	.15
Frankfort to Mayence .....	23	.19
Mayence to Bingen .....	12	.14
Bingen to Coblenz .....	46	.32
Coblenz to Bonn .....	37	.29
Bonn to Cologne .....	20	.15
Cologne to Dusseldorf .....	25	.21

	Miles	Expense
Dusseldorf to Essen .....	27	.22
Essen to Bremen .....	161	1.25
Bremen to Hamburg .....	73	.58
Hamburg to Berlin .....	180	1.40
Berlin to Potsdam and return .....	30	.22
Berlin to Leipsic .....	123	.80
Leipsic to Dresden .....	83	.56
Dresden to Prague, Bohemia .....	121	1.39
Prague to Vienna, Austria .....	255	2.46
Vienna to Trieste .....	368	4.20
Trieste to Venice, Italy (boat) .....	64	1.08
Venice to Milan .....	178	2.90
Milan to Florence via Bologna .....	218	3.68
Florence to Rome .....	194	3.40
Rome to Naples .....	156	2.60
Naples to Pompeii and return .....	34	.31
Naples to Brindisi .....	254	3.95
Brindisi to Patras, Greece (boat) .....	300	3.60
Patras to Athens .....	200	2.00
Athens to Piræus and return .....	10	Walked
Athens to Piræus .....	5	.10
Athens to Alexandria, Egypt (boat) .....	540	3.20
Alexandria to Port Said .....	230	1.75
Port Said to Jaffa, Palestine (boat) .....	134	2.00
Jaffa to Jerusalem .....	54	1.13
Jerusalem to Bethlehem and return .....	12	.20
Jerusalem to Bethany and Apostle's Spring and return ..	10	Walked
Jerusalem to Jaffa .....	54	1.13
Jaffa to Port Said, Egypt (boat) .....	134	1.80
Port Said to Cairo and return .....	260	2.40
Port Said to Bombay, India, via Aden (boat) .....	3050	31.80
Bombay to Delhi .....	953	2.84
Delhi to Lucknow .....	306	.98
Lucknow to Calcutta .....	616	2.09
Calcutta to Madras .....	1032	4.85
Madras to Tuticorin .....	444	1.30
Tuticorin to Colombo, Ceylon (boat) .....	150	1.75
Colombo via Penang to Singapore, Straits Settlements (boat) .....	1650	10.30
Singapore via Ilo Ilo to Manila, Philippines (boat) .....	1600	13.40
Manila via Hongkong and Shanghai, China, Naga- saki, Kobe and Yokohama, Japan and Honolulu to San Francisco .....	8200	85.00
Hongkong to Canton and return (boat) .....	200	.80
Yokohama to Tokio and return .....	60	.27
San Francisco to Oakland and return (boat) .....	12	.20
San Francisco to Chicago via Los Angeles .....	2867	49.95
Los Angeles to Burbank and return .....	20	.40
Chicago to Detroit .....	285	5.50
Total .....	37,460	\$408.68







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